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WINCHESTER

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THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS

THE
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS

OR
MIRTH AND MARVELS

BY
THOMAS INGOLDSBY, Esq.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER
MRS. EDWARD A. BOND



IN THREE VOLUMES
VOL. II.

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KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE
WINCHESTER

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TO RICHARD BENTLEY, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

You tell me that 'a generous and enlightened Public' has given a favourable reception to those extracts from our family papers, which, at your suggestion, were laid before it some two years since;—and you hint, with all possible delicacy, that a second volume might not be altogether unacceptable at a period of the year when 'auld warld stories' are more especially in request. With all my heart,—the old oak chest is not yet empty; in addition to which, I have recently laid my hand upon a long MS. correspondence of my great-uncle, Sir Peregrine Ingoldsby, a cadet of the family, who somehow contrived to attract the notice of George the Second, and received from his 'honour-giving hand' the *accolade* of knighthood. To this last-named source I am indebted for several of the accompanying histories, while my inestimable friend Simpkinson has bent all the powers of his mighty mind to the task. From Father John's stores I have drawn largely. Our 'Honourable' friend Sucklethumbkin—by the way, he has been beating our coverts lately, when he shot a woodcock, and one of the Governor's pointers—gives a graphic account of the Operatic 'row' in which he was heretofore so conspicuous; while even Mrs. Barney Maguire (*née Mademoiselle Pauline*), whose horror of Mrs. Botherby's

cap has no jot diminished, furnishes me with a legend of the 'Black Mousquetaire' from the *historiettes* of her own *belle France*.

Why will you not run down to Tappington this Christmas?—We have been rather busy of late in carrying into execution the enclosure of Swingfield Minnis under the auspices of my Lord Radnor, and Her Majesty's visit to the neighbourhood has kept us quite alive; the Prince in one of his rides pulled up at the end of the avenue, and, as A—— told Sucklethumbkin, was much taken with the picturesque appearance of our old gable-ends. Unluckily we were all at Canterbury that morning, or proud indeed should we have been to offer His Royal Highness the humble hospitalities of the Hall,—and then—fancy Mrs. Botherby's—'My Gracious!' By the way, the old lady tells me you left your night-cap here on your last visit; it is laid up in lavender for you;—come and reclaim it. The Yule log will burn bright as ever in the cedar room. Bin No. 6 is still one liquid ruby—the old October yet smiles like mantling amber, in utter disdain of that vile concoction of camomile which you so pseudonymously dignify with the title of 'Bitter Ale.'—Make a start, then;—pitch printer's ink to old Harry,—and come and spend a fortnight with

Yours, till the crack of doom,

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

TAPPINGTON EVERARD,

Dec. 16th, 1842.

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MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE has laid claim to Saint Odille as a countrywoman ; and 'Why wouldn't he?' when all the world knows the O'Dells were a fine ould, ancient family, sated in Tipperary,

'Ere the Lord Mayor stole his collar of gowld,
And sowld it away to a trader !'¹

He is manifestly wrong ; but, as he very rationally observes,
'No matter for that—she's a Saint any way !'

¹ The 'Inglorious Memory' of this 'ould, ancient' transaction is still, we understand, kept up in Dublin by an annual proclamation at one of the city gates. The jewel which has replaced the abstracted ornament is said to have been presented by King William, and worn by Daniel O'Connell, Esq.—T. I.

THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE¹

ODILLE was a maid of a dignified race ;
Her father, Count Otto, was lord of Alsace ;
Such an air, such a grace,
Such a form, such a face,
All agreed, 'twere a fruitless endeavour to trace
In the Court, or within fifty miles of the place.
Many ladies in Strasburg were beautiful, still
They were beat all to sticks by the lovely Odille.

But Odille was devout, and, before she was nine,
Had 'experienced a call' she considered divine
To put on the veil at St. Ermengarde's shrine.—
Lords, Dukes and Electors, and Counts Palatine
Came to seek her in marriage from both sides of the
Rhine.

But vain their design,
They are all left to pine,
Their oglings and smiles are all useless ; in fine
Not one of these gentlefolks, try as they will,
Can draw 'Ask my papa' from the cruel Odille.

At length one of her suitors, a certain Count Hermann,
A highly respectable man as a German,

¹ The legend of St. Odille, and the origin of her grotto (near Friburg, in the Black Forest), are given in Tennant's *Tour through Switzerland*, etc.

Who smoked like a chimney and drank like a
Merman,
Paid his court to her father, conceiving his firman



Would soon make her bend,
And induce her to lend
An ear to a love-tale in lieu of a sermon.

He gained the old Count, who said, 'Come, Mynherr,
fill !

Here's luck to yourself and my daughter Odille !'

The Lady Odille was quite nervous with fear
When a little bird whispered that toast in her ear.

She murmured, 'Oh, dear !

My Papa has got queer,

I am sadly afraid, with that nasty strong beer !

He's so very austere, and severe, that it's clear,

If he gets in his "tantrums," I can't remain here.

But St. Ermengarde's convent is luckily near ;

It were folly to stay

Pour prendre congé,

I shall put on my bonnet, and e'en run away !'

—She unlocked the back door and descended the hill,

On whose crest stood the towers of the sire of Odille.

When he found she'd levanted, the Count of Alsace

At first turned remarkably red in the face ;

He anathematized, with much unction and grace,

Every soul who came near, and consigned the whole race

Of runaway girls to a very warm place.

With a frightful grimace

He gave orders for chase :

His vassals set off at a deuce of a pace,

And of all whom they met, high or low, Jack or Jill,

Asked, 'Pray have you seen anything of Odille ?'—

Now I think I've been told,—for I'm no sporting
man,—

That the 'knowing ones' call this by far the best plan,—

'Take the lead and then keep it !'—that is if you can.

Odille thought so too ; so she set off and ran,

Put her best leg before,
Starting at score,
As I said some lines since, from that little back door,
And, not being missed until half after four,
Had what hunters call 'law' for a good hour and more;
Doing her best,
Without stopping to rest,
Like young Lochinvar who 'came out of the West.'
'Tis done!—I am gone!—over briar, brook, and rill!
They'll be sharp lads who catch me!' said young Miss
Odille.

But you've all read in Æsop, or Phædrus, or Gay,
How a tortoise and hare ran together one day;
How the hare, making play,
'Progressed right slick away,'
As 'them tarnation chaps' the Americans say;
While the tortoise, whose figure is rather *outré*
For racing, crawled straight on, without let or stay,
Having no post-horse duty or turnpikes to pay,
Till, ere noon's ruddy ray
Changed to eve's sober gray,
Though her form and obesity caused some delay,
Perseverance and patience brought up her lee-way,
And she chased her fleet-footed 'praycursor' until
She o'ertook her at last;—so it fared with Odille!

For although, as I said, she ran gaily at first,
And showed no inclination to pause, if she durst,
She at length felt opprest with the heat, and with thirst,
Its usual attendant; nor was that the worst,—
Her shoes went down at heel; at last one of them
burst.

Now a gentleman smiles
At a trot of ten miles;

But not so the Fair : then consider the stiles ;
And, as then ladies seldom wore things with a frill
Round the ankle, these stiles sadly bothered Odille.
Still, despite all the obstacles placed in her track,
She kept steadily on, though the terrible crack



In her shoe made of course her progression more slack,
Till she reached the Schwartz Forest (in English the Black).

I cannot divine

How the boundary line

Was passed which is somewhere there formed by the
Rhine—

Perhaps she'd the knack
To float o'er on her back—

Or, perhaps, crossed the old bridge of boats at Brisach
(Which Vauban, some years after, secured from attack
By a bastion of stone which the Germans call 'Wacke').
All I know is, she took not so much as a snack,
Till, hungry and worn, feeling wretchedly ill,
On a mountain's brow sank down the weary Odille.

I said on its 'brow,' but I should have said 'crown,'
For 'twas quite on the summit, bleak, barren and brown,
And so high that 'twas frightful indeed to look down
Upon Friburg, a place of some little renown
That lay at its foot: but imagine the frown
That contracted her brow, when full many a clown
She perceived coming up from that horrid post-town.

They had followed her trail,

And now thought without fail,
As little boys say, to 'lay salt on her tail';
While the Count, who knew no other law but his will,
Swore that Hermann that evening should marry Odille.

Alas, for Odille! poor dear! what could she do?
Her father's retainers now had her in view,
As she found from their raising a joyous halloo;
While the Count, riding on at the head of his crew,
In their snuff-coloured doublets and breeches of blue,
Was huzzaing and urging them on to pursue.—

What, indeed, *could* she do?

She very well knew,

If they caught her, how much she should have to go
through;

But then—she'd so shocking a hole in her shoe!
And to go further on was impossible:—true
She might jump o'er the precipice;—still there are few,

In her place, who could manage their courage to screw
 Up to bidding the world such a sudden adieu.
 Alack! how she envied the birds as they flew!
 No Nassau balloon, with its wicker canoe,
 Came to bear her from him she loathed worse than a Jew;
 So she fell on her knees in a terrible stew,
 Crying ' Holy St. Ermengarde!
 Oh, from these vermin guard
 Her whose last hope rests entirely on you:
 Don't let Papa catch me, dear Saint;—rather kill
 At once, *sur-le-champ*, your devoted Odille!'

It's delightful to see those who strive to oppress
 Get baulked when they think themselves sure of success.
 The Saint came to the rescue!—I fairly confess
 I don't see, as a Saint, how she well could do less
 Than to get such a votary out of her mess.
 Odille had scarce closed her pathetic address
 When the rock, gaping wide as the Thames at Sheerness,
 Closed again, and secured her within its recess,
 In a natural grotto,
 Which puzzled Count Otto,
 Who could not conceive where the deuce she had got to.
 'Twas her voice!—but 'twas *Vox et præterea Nil!*
 Nor could any one guess what was gone with Odille!

Then burst from the mountain a splendour that quite
 Eclipsed, in its brilliance, the finest Bude light,
 And there stood St. Ermengarde, drest all in white,
 A palm-branch in her left hand, her beads in her right;
 While, with faces fresh gilt, and with wings burnished
 bright,
 A great many little boys' heads took their flight
 Above and around to a very great height,
 And seemed pretty lively considering their plight;

Since every one saw,
With amazement and awe,
They could never sit down, for they hadn't *de quoi*.



All at the sight,
From the knave to the knight,
Felt a very unpleasant sensation, called fright ;

While the Saint, looking down,
 With a terrible frown,
 Said, 'My Lords, you are done most remarkably
 brown !—

I am really ashamed of you both ;—my nerves thrill
 At your scandalous conduct to poor, dear Odille !

'Come, make yourselves scarce !—it is useless to stay,
 You will gain nothing here by a longer delay ;
 "Quick ! Presto ! Begone !" as the conjurers say,
 For, as to the Lady, I've stowed her away
 In this hill, in a stratum of London blue clay ;
 And I shan't, I assure you, restore her to-day
 Till you faithfully promise no more to say "Nay,"
 But declare, "If she will be a nun, why she may."
 For this you've my word, and I never yet broke it,
 So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and smoke it !—
 One hint to your vassals ;—a month at the "Mill"
 Shall be nuts to what they'll get who worry Odille !'
 The Saint disappeared as she ended ; and so
 Did the little boys' heads, which, above and below,
 As I told you a very few stanzas ago,
 Had been flying about her, and jumping Jem Crow ;
 Though, without any body or leg, foot or toe,
 How they managed such antics I really don't know :
 Be that as it may, they all 'melted like snow
 Off a dyke,' as the Scotch say in sweet Edinbro'.

And there stood the Count,
 With his men, on the mount,
 Just like 'twenty-four jackasses all on a row.'
 What was best to be done ?—'twas a sad bitter pill—
 But gulp it he must, or else lose his Odille.

The lord of Alsace therefore altered his plan,
 And said to himself, like a sensible man,

‘I can’t do as I would,—I must do as I can ;
 It will not do to lie under any Saint’s ban,
 For your hide, when you do, they all manage to tan ;
 So Count Hermann must pick up some Betsy or Nan,
 Instead of my girl,—some Sue, Polly, or Fan ;—
 If he can’t get the corn he must do with the bran,
 And make shift with the pot if he can’t have the pan.’

With such proverbs as these

He went down on his knees

And said, ‘Blessed St. Ermengarde, just as you please—
 They shall build a new convent,—I’ll pay the whole bill
 (Taking discount)—its Abbess shall be my Odille !’

There are some of my readers, I’ll venture to say,
 Who have never seen Friburg, though some of them may,
 And others, ’tis likely, may go there some day.
 Now, if ever you happen to travel that way,
 I do beg and pray,—’twill your pains well repay,—
 That you’ll take what the Cockney folks call a ‘po-shay’
 (Though in Germany these things are more like a dray),—
 You may reach this same hill with a single relay,—

And do look how the rock,

Through the whole of its block,

Is split open, as though by some violent shock
 From an earthquake, or lightning, or horrid hard knock
 From the club-bearing fist of some jolly old cock
 Of a Germanised giant, Thor, Woden, or Lok ;

And see how it rears

Its two monstrous great ears,—

For when once you’re between them such each side appears ;
 And list to the sound of the water one hears
 Drip, drip, from the fissures, like rain-drops or tears,
 —Odille’s, I believe,—which have flowed all these years ;
 —I think they account for them so ;—but the rill
 I am sure is connected some way with Odille.

MORAL

Now then for a moral, which always arrives
 At the end, as the honey bees take to their hives,
 And the more one observes it the better one thrives :—
 We have all heard it said in the course of our lives,
 ‘ Needs must when a certain old gentleman drives.’
 ’Tis the same with a lady :—if once she contrives
 To get hold of the ribands, how vainly one strives
 To escape from her lash or to shake off her gyves !
 Then let’s act like Count Otto, and, while one survives,
 Succumb to *our* She-Saints—*videlicet* wives !
 (*Aside*) That is, if one has not a ‘ good bunch of fives.’—
 (I can’t think how that last line escaped from my quill,
 For I am sure it has nothing to do with Odille.)

Now, young ladies, to you !—

Don’t put on the shrew ;

And don’t be surprised if your father looks blue
 When you’re pert, and won’t act as he wants you to do !
 Be sure that you never elope ;—there are few,—
 Believe me, you’ll find what I say to be true,—
 Who run restive, but find ‘ as they bake they must brew,’
 And come off at last with ‘ a hole in their shoe ’ ;
 Since not even Clapham, that sanctified ville,
 Can produce enough saints to save *every* Odille.

‘*Nicolas, cytezyn of ye cyte of Pancraes, was borne of ryche and holge
kyne,*

And hys fader was named Epiphanus, and his moder Johane.’

HE was born on a cold frosty morning, on the 6th of December (upon which day his feast is still observed), but in what *anno Domini* is not so clear; his baptismal register, together with that of his friend and colleague, St. Thomas at Hill, having been ‘lost in the great fire of London.’¹

St. Nicholas was a great patron of Mariners, and, saving your presence—of Thieves also, which honourable fraternity have long rejoiced in the appellation of his ‘Clerks.’ Cervantes’ story of Sancho’s detecting a sum of money in a swindler’s walking-stick is merely the Spanish version of a ‘Lay of St. Nicholas,’ extant ‘in choice Italian’ a century before honest Miguel was born.

[This extraordinary child, on the first day of his birth, stood up with his hands joined in thanksgiving that he had been brought into this world. He no sooner knew what it was to feed than he knew what it was to fast, and every Wednesday and Friday he would take nourishment only once.]

¹ A squib this on the once well-known Tom Hill of the theatrical world, the *Mr. Hull* of *Gilbert Gurney*, and the original of Poole’s *Paul Pry*. He was to be seen everywhere in London—at sales, fêtes, dinner-parties, ‘first appearances,’ and above all at rehearsals. ‘Did you see the eclipse, Hill?’ asked some one at the Garrick. ‘Of course he did,’ replied Charles Dance; ‘he was at the private view on Wednesday.’ Communicative enough on most subjects—‘Pooh! pooh! I happen to know it’—he was absurdly reticent on that of his age, and all sorts of jokes about it were in consequence perpetrated by the wits of the day. Hook used to say that he took advantage of the register of his birth having been destroyed in the Fire of London to keep the secret, and that the earliest thing known of him for certain was, that he held a small post about the court in the reign of Charles II. By the help of a fresh complexion, a little heightened by art, he retained a comparatively youthful appearance to the last. He died, December 1840, in his eighty-first year, and was buried, according to a late secretary of the Garrick Club, in the caryatides (catacombs?) of St. Martin’s Church.

A LAY OF ST. NICHOLAS

‘Statim sacerdoti apparuit diabolus in specie puellæ pulchritudinis miræ ;
et ecce Divus, fide catholicâ, et cruce, et aquâ benedictâ armatus venit, et
aspersit aquam in nomine Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis ; quam, quasi arden-
tem, diabolus nequaquam sustinere valens mugitibus fugit.’

ROGER HOVEDEN.

‘**L**ORD ABBOT ! Lord Abbot ! I’d fain confess ;
I am a-weary, and worn with woe ;
Many a grief doth my heart oppress,
And haunt me whithersoever I go !’

On bended knee spake the beautiful Maid ;
‘ Now lithe and listen, Lord Abbot, to me !’—
‘ Now naye, Fair Daughter,’ the Lord Abbot said,
‘ Now naye, in sooth it may hardly be :

‘ There are Mess Michael and holy Mess John,
Sage Penitauncers I ween be they !
And hard by doth dwell, in St. Catherine’s cell,
Ambrose, the anchorite old and grey !’

‘ —Oh, I will have none of Ambrose or John,
Though sage Penitauncers I trow they be ;
Shrive me may none save the Abbot alone ;
Now listen, Lord Abbot, I speak to thee.

‘Nor think foul scorn, though mitre adorn
Thy brow, to listen to shrift of mine !
I am a Maiden royally born,
And I come of old Plantagenet’s line.

‘Though hither I stray in lowly array,
I am a damsel of high degree ;
And the Comte of Eu and the Lord of Ponthieu
They serve my father on bended knee !

‘Counts a many and Dukes a few
A suitoring came to my father’s hall ;
But the Duke of Lorraine, with his large domain,
He pleased my father beyond them all.

‘Dukes a many and Counts a few
I would have wedded right cheerfullie ;
But the Duke of Lorraine was uncommonly plain,
And I vowed that he ne’er should my bridegroom be !

‘So hither I fly, in lowly guise,
From their gilded domes and their princely halls ;
Fain would I dwell in some holy cell,
Or within some Convent’s peaceful walls !’

Then out and spake that proud Lord Abbot,—
‘Now rest thee, Fair Daughter, withouten fear ;
Nor Count nor Duke but shall meet the rebuke
Of Holy Church an he seek thee here.

‘Holy Church denieth all search
’Midst her sanctified ewes and her saintly rams,
And the wolves doth mock who would scathe her flock,
Or, especially, worry her little pet lambs.

‘Then lay, Fair Daughter, thy fears aside,
For here this day shalt thou dine with me!’—
‘Now naye, now naye,’ the fair Maiden cried;
‘In sooth, Lord Abbot, that scarce may be!

‘Friends would whisper and foes would frown,
Sith thou art a Churchman of high degree;
And ill mote it match with thy fair renown
That a wandering damsel dine with thee!

‘There is Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,
With beans and lettuces fair to see;
His lenten fare now let me share,
I pray thee, Lord Abbot, in charitie!’

—‘Though Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,
To our patron Saint foul shame it were
Should wayworn guest, with toil opprest,
Meet in his Abbey such churlish fare.

‘There is Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
And Roger the Monk shall our *convives* be;
Small scandal I ween shall then be seen;
They are a goodly companie!’

The Abbot hath donned his mitre and ring,
His rich dalmatic and maniple fine;
And the choristers sing, as the lay-brothers bring
To the board a magnificent turkey and chine.

The turkey and chine they are done to a nicety;
Liver, and gizzard, and all are there;
Ne’er mote Lord Abbot pronounce *Benedicite*
Over more luscious or delicate fare.

But no pious stave he, no *Pater* or *Ave*,
Pronounced, as he gazed on that Maiden's face :
She asked him for stuffing, she asked him for gravy,
She asked him for gizzard ;—but not for Grace !

Yet gaily the Lord Abbot smiled and pressed,
And the blood-red wine in the wine-cup filled ;
And he helped his guest to a bit of the breast,
And he sent the drumsticks down to be grilled.

There was no lack of old Sherris sack,
Of Hippocras fine, or of Malmsey bright ;
And aye, as he drained off his cup with a smack,
He grew less pious and more polite.

She pledged him once, and she pledged him twice,
And she drank as Lady ought not to drink ;
And he pressed her hand 'neath the table thrice,
And he winked as Abbot ought not to wink.

And Peter the Prior and Francis the Friar
Sat each with a napkin under his chin ;
But Roger the Monk got excessively drunk,
So they put him to bed, and they tucked him in !

The lay-brothers gazed on each other, amazed ;
And Simon the Deacon, with grief and surprise,
As he peeped through the key-hole, could scarce fancy real
The scene he beheld, or believe his own eyes.

In his ear was ringing the Lord Abbot singing,—
He could not distinguish the words very plain,
But 'twas all about 'Cole,' and 'jolly old Soul,'
And 'Fiddlers,' and 'Punch,' and things quite as
profane.

Even Porter Paul, at the sound of such revelling,
 With fervour himself began to bless ;
 For he thought he must somehow have let the Devil in,—
 And perhaps was not very much out in his guess.

The Accusing Buyers¹ 'flew up to Heaven's Chancery,'
 Blushing like scarlet with shame and concern ;
 The Archangel took down his tale, and in answer he
 Wept—(See the works of the late Mr. Sterne.)²

Indeed, it is said, a less taking both were in
 When, after a lapse of a great many years,
 They booked Uncle Toby five shillings for swearing,
 And blotted the fine out again with their tears !

But St. Nicholas' agony who may paint ?
 His senses at first were well-nigh gone ;
 The beatified saint was ready to faint
 When he saw in his Abbey such sad goings on !

For never, I ween, had such doings been seen
 There before, from the time that most excellent Prince,
 Earl Baldwin of Flanders, and other Commanders,
 Had built and endowed it some centuries since.

But hark !—'tis a sound from the outermost gate !
 A startling sound from a powerful blow.—
 Who knocks so late ?—it is half after eight
 By the clock,—and the clock's five minutes too slow.

¹ The Prince of Peripatetic Informers and terror of Stage Coachmen, when such things were. Alack ! Alack ! the railroads have ruined his 'vested interest.'—T. I.

² "He shall not die, by G— !" cried my Uncle Toby : and the accusing Spirit which flew up to Heaven's Chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in, and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the page and blotted it out for ever."

Never, perhaps, had such loud double raps
 Been heard in St. Nicholas' Abbey before ;
All agreed 'it was shocking to keep people knocking,'
 But none seemed inclined to 'answer the door.'

Now a louder bang through the cloisters rang,
 And the gate on its hinges wide open flew ;
And all were aware of a Palmer there,
 With his cockle, hat, staff, and his sandal shoe.

Many a furrow, and many a frown,
 By toil and time on his brow were traced ;
And his long loose gown was of ginger brown,
 And his rosary dangled below his waist.

Now seldom, I ween, is such costume seen,
 Except at a stage-play or masquerade ;
But who doth not know it was rather the go
 With Pilgrims and Saints in the second Crusade ?

With noiseless stride did that Palmer glide
 Across that oaken floor ;
And he made them all jump, he gave such a thump
 Against the Refectory door !

Wide open it flew, and plain to the view
 The Lord Abbot they all mote see ;
In his hand was a cup, and he lifted it up
 'Here's the Pope's good health with three !!'

Rang in their ears three deafening cheers,
 ' Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !'
And one of the party said, 'Go it, my hearty !'—
 When outspake that Pilgrim grey—

‘A boon, Lord Abbot! a boon! a boon!
Worn is my foot, and empty my scrip;
And nothing to speak of since yesterday noon
Of food, Lord Abbot, hath passed my lip.

‘And I am come from a far countree,
And have visited many a holy shrine;
And long have I trod the sacred sod
Where the Saints do rest in Palestine!’

‘An thou art come from a far countree,
And if thou in Paynim lands hast been,
Now rede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Thou Palmer grey, that thine eyes have seen.

‘Arede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Grey Palmer, that ever thine eyes did see,
And a manchette of bread, and a good warm bed,
And a cup o’ the best shall thy guerdon be!’

‘Oh! I have been east, and I have been west,
And I have seen many a wonderful sight;
But never to me did it happen to see
A wonder like that which I see this night!

‘To see a Lord Abbot, in rochet and stole,
With Prior and Friar,—a strange mar-velle!—
O’er a jolly full bowl, sitting cheek by jowl,
And hob-nobbing away with a Devil from Hell!’

He felt in his gown of ginger brown,
And he pulled out a flask from beneath;
It was rather tough work to get out the cork,
But he drew it at last with his teeth.

O’er a pint and a quarter of holy water
He made the sacred sign,

And he dashed the whole on the *soi-disant* daughter
Of old Plantagenet's line !



Oh ! then did she reek, and squeak, and shriek,
With a wild unearthly scream ;
And fizzled, and hissed, and produced such a mist,
They were all half-choked by the steam.

Her dove-like eyes turned to coals of fire,
Her beautiful nose to a horrible snout,
Her hands to paws, with nasty great claws,
And her bosom went in and her tail came out.

On her chin there appeared a long Nanny-goat's beard,
And her tusks and her teeth no man mote tell ;
And her horns and her hoofs gave infallible proofs
'Twas a frightful Fiend from the nethermost Hell !

The Palmer threw down his ginger gown,
His hat and his cockle ; and, plain to sight,
Stood St. Nicholas' self, and his shaven crown
Had a glow-worm halo of heavenly light.

The Fiend made a grasp the Abbot to clasp ;
But St. Nicholas lifted his holy toe,
And, just in the nick, let fly such a kick
On his elderly Namesake he made him let go.

And out of the window he flew like a shot ;
For the foot flew up with a terrible thwack,
And caught the foul demon about the spot
Where his tail joins on to the small of his back.

And he bounded away, like a foot-ball at play,
Till into the bottomless pit he fell slap,
Knocking Mammon the meagre o'er pursy Belphegor
And Lucifer into Beëlzebub's lap.

Oh ! happy the slip from his Succubine grip
That saved the Lord Abbot !—though, breathless
with fright,
In escaping he tumbled and fractured his hip,
And his left leg was shorter thenceforth than his right !



A Lay of St. Nicholas

George Cruikshank

On the banks of the Rhine, as he's stopping to dine,
From a certain inn-window the traveller is shown
Most picturesque ruins, the scene of these doings,
Some miles up the river, south-east of Cologne ;

And, while *sauer-kraut* she sells you, the Landlady tells
you

That there, in those walls, now all roofless and bare,
One Simon, a Deacon, from a lean grew a sleek one,
On filling a *ci-devant* Abbot's state chair.

How a *ci-devant* Abbot, all clothed in drab, but
Of texture the coarsest, hair shirt, and no shoes,
(His mitre and ring, and all that sort of thing
Laid aside), in yon cave lived a pious recluse ;

How he rose with the sun, limping 'dot and go one,'
To yon rill of the mountain, in all sorts of weather,
Where a Prior and a Friar, who lived somewhat higher
Up the rock, used to come and eat cresses together ;

How a thirsty old codger, the neighbours called Roger,
With them drank cold water in lieu of old wine !
What its quality wanted he made up in quantity,
Swigging as though he would empty the Rhine !

And how, as their bodily strength failed, the mental man
Gained tenfold vigour and force in all four ;
And how, to the day of their death, the 'Old Gentleman'
Never attempted to kidnap them more.

And how, when at length, in the odour of sanctity,
All of them died without grief or complaint,
The Monks of St. Nicholas said 'twas ridiculous
Not to suppose every one was a Saint.

And how, in the Abbey, no one was so shabby
As not to say yearly four masses a head,
On the eve of that supper and kick on the crupper
Which Satan received, for the souls of the dead !

How folks long held in reverence their reliques and
memories,
How the *ci-devant* Abbot's obtained greater still,
When some cripples, on touching his fractured *os*
femoris,
Threw down their crutches and danced a quadrille !

And how Abbot Simon (who turned out a prime one)
These words, which grew into a proverb full soon,
O'er the late Abbot's grotto stuck up as a motto,
'Who suppes with the Deville sholde have a longe spoone !!'



ROHESIA, daughter of Ambrose and sister to Sir Everard Ingoldsby, was born about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was married in 1526, at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in the City of London. The following narrative contains all else that is known of THE LADY ROHESIA.¹

¹ See *Note* appended to the story.

THE LADY ROHESIA

THE Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed !

So said the doctor,—and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters ; besides, Doctor Butts was the Court Physician :¹ he carried a crutch-handled staff, with its cross of the blackest ebony,—*raison de plus !*

‘Is there no hope, Doctor?’ said Beatrice Grey.

‘Is there no hope?’ said Sir Everard Ingoldsby.

‘Is there no hope?’ said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.—He was the Lady Rohesia’s husband ;—he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head : he looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hour-glass ;—its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Doctor Butts was a very learned man. ‘*Ars longa, vita brevis !*’ said Doctor Butts.

‘I am very sorry to hear it,’ quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Sir Guy was a brave knight and a tall ; but he was no scholar.

‘Alas ! my poor Sister !’ sighed Ingoldsby.

¹ Dr. Butts, physician to Henry VIII., one of the founders of the Royal College of Physicians. He is represented in the celebrated picture by Holbein of the delivery of the charter of the College of Surgeons by Henry VIII.

‘Alas ! my poor Mistress !’ sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed ;—his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

‘And how long, Doctor——?’ The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Doctor Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady ; he pointed to the horologe ; scarcely a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head ; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer, the rattling in the throat increased.

‘What’s become of Father Francis?’ whimpered Beatrice.

‘The last consolations of the Church—’ suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

‘Where *is* the Confessor?’ continued his grieving brother-in-law.

‘In the pantry,’ cried Marion Hacket pertly, as she tripped down-stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic ;—‘In the pantry, I warrant me.’ The bower-woman was not wont to be in the wrong ;—in the pantry was the holy man discovered,—at his devotions.

‘*Pax vobiscum !*’ said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

‘*Vita brevis !*’ retorted Doctor Butts :—he was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin,—and by a paltry Friar Minim, too. Had it been a Bishop, indeed, or even a mitred Abbot ;—but a miserable Franciscan !

‘*Benedicite !*’ said the Friar.

‘*Ars longa !*’ returned the Leech.

Doctor Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band ; drew his short, sad-coloured cloak closer around him ; and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment.—Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the Church. To all appearance he had little time to lose: as he concluded, the dismal toll of the passing-bell sounded from the belfry tower; little Hubert, the bandy-legged sacristan, was pulling with all his might.—It was a capital contrivance that same passing-bell:—which of the Urbans or Innocents invented it is a query; but, whoever he was, he deserved well of his country and of Christendom.

Ah! our ancestors were not such fools, after all, as we their degenerate children conceit them to have been. The passing-bell, a most solemn warning to imps of every description, is not to be regarded with impunity: the most impudent *Succubus* of them all dare as well dip his claws in holy water as come within the verge of its sound. Old Nick himself, if he sets any value at all upon his tail, had best convey himself clean out of hearing and leave the way open to Paradise.—Little Hubert continued pulling with all his might,—and St. Peter began to look out for a customer. The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia: she raised her head slightly; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips,—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis, indeed, were sharper: nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words, ‘A thousand marks to the priory of St. Mary Rouncival.’

Now the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions; much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal; and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by Act of Parliament.

‘Pious soul!’ ejaculated Father Francis. ‘A thousand marks, she said——’

‘If she did, I’ll be shot!’ said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

‘A thousand marks!’ continued the Confessor, fixing

his cold grey eye upon the knight, as he went on heedless of the interruption ;—‘a thousand marks! and as many *Aves* and *Paters* shall be duly said—as soon as the money is paid down.’

Sir Guy shrank from the monk’s gaze ; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like ‘Don’t you wish you may get it?’

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for Extreme Unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down-stairs.

‘A thousand thanks!’ said the latter.

‘A thousand marks!’ said the friar.

‘A thousand devils!’ growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri, from the top of the landing-place.

But his accents fell unheeded ; his brother-in-law and the friar were gone ; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed : his arms were crossed upon his bosom, his chin was sunk upon his breast ; his eyes were filled with tears ; the dim rays of the fading watch-light gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head ;—for Sir Guy was a middle-aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders, but ‘that not much’: his complexion was somewhat florid,—especially about the nose ; but his lady was *in extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

‘Bim! bome!’ went the bell. The knight groaned audibly ; Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines ; there was a moment’s pause,—a moment of intense affliction ; she let it fall,—all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb ;—

she looked at Sir Guy ; drew the thumb and forefinger of her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity ; she sobbed aloud : ‘ So kind a lady ! ’ said Beatrice Grey.—‘ So excellent a wife ! ’ responded Sir Guy.—‘ So good ! ’ said the damsel.—‘ So dear ! ’ said the knight.—‘ So pious ! ’ said she.—‘ So humble ! ’ said he.—‘ So good to the poor ! ’—‘ So capital a manager ! ’—‘ So punctual at matins ! ’—‘ Dinner dished to a moment ! ’—‘ So devout ! ’ said Beatrice.—‘ So fond of me ! ’ said Sir Guy.—‘ And of Father Francis ! ’—‘ What the devil do you mean by that ? ’ said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

The knight and the maiden had rung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing Lady, like the *Strophe* and *Antistrophe* of a Greek play. The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellences came under review :—She would drown a witch, drink lamb’s-wool at Christmas, beg Dominic Dump’s boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday !—A low moan from the subject of these eulogies seemed to intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was not altogether lost on her,—that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

‘ She was too good for earth ! ’ continued Sir Guy.

‘ Ye-ye-yes ! ’ sobbed Beatrice.

‘ I did not deserve her ! ’ said the knight.

‘ No-o-o-o ! ’ cried the damsel.

‘ Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind ; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another ? ’

‘ Not in broad England—not in the whole wide world ! ’ responded Beatrice Grey ; ‘ that is, not *just* such another ! ’—Her voice still faltered, but her accents on the whole were more articulate ; she dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief ; in fact,

her eyes were getting red,—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent ; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady. The single word ‘ Another ! ’ fell from his lips like a distant echo :—it is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is necessary.

‘ Bim ! bome ! ’ went the bell.—Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour ; he began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

‘ Beatrice Grey ! ’ said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, ‘ what’s to be done ? What’s to become of Montgomeri Hall ?—and the buttery,—and the servants ? And what—what’s to become of *me*, Beatrice Grey ? ’—There was pathos in his tones, and a solemn pause succeeded. ‘ I’ll turn monk myself ! ’ said Sir Guy.

‘ Monk ? ’ said Beatrice.

‘ I’ll be a Carthusian ! ’ repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured : he relapsed into a reverie.—Shave his head !—he did not so much mind that,—he was getting rather bald already ;—but, beans for dinner,—and those without butter !—and then a horsehair shirt !

The knight seemed undecided : his eye roamed gloomily around the apartment ; it paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not ; its sense was shut, and there was ‘ no speculation ’ in its glance : it rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased ; but her eyes were cast down, and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil’s tattoo.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you. Sir Guy turned round,—he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hand beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

‘I don’t think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what’s to become of me? Poor, miserable, old—that is, poor, miserable, middle-aged man that I am!—No one to comfort, no one to care for me!’—Beatrice’s tears flowed afresh, but she opened not her lips.—‘Pon my life!’ continued he, ‘I don’t believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged to-morrow!’

‘Oh don’t say so, Sir Guy!’ sighed Beatrice; ‘you know there’s—there’s Master Everard, and—and Father Francis—’

‘Pish!’ cried Sir Guy testily.

‘And—there’s your favourite old bitch.’

‘I am not thinking of old bitches!’ quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Another pause ensued: the knight had released her chin, and taken her hand;—it was a pretty little hand, with long taper fingers and filbert-formed nails, and the softness of the palm said little for its owner’s industry.

‘Sit down, my dear Beatrice,’ said the knight, thoughtfully; ‘you must be fatigued with your long watching. Take a seat, my child.’—Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand; but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bed-post.

Now this is a very awkward position for two people to be placed in, especially when the right hand of the one holds the right hand of the other:—in such an attitude, what the deuce can the gentleman do with his left? Sir Guy closed his till it became an absolute fist, and his knuckles rested on the bed a little in the rear of his companion.

‘Another!’ repeated Sir Guy, musing; ‘if, indeed, I could find such another!’—He was talking to his thought, but Beatrice Grey answered him.

‘There’s Madam Fitzfoozle.’

‘A frump!’ said Sir Guy.

‘Or the Lady Bumbarton.’

‘With her hump!’ muttered he.

‘There’s the Dowager——’

‘Stop—stop!’ said the knight, ‘stop one moment!’—

He paused; he was all on the tremble; something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp and swallowed it. ‘Beatrice,’ said he, ‘what think you of—’ his voice sank into a most seductive softness,—‘what think you of—Beatrice Grey?’

The murder was out:—the knight felt infinitely relieved; the knuckles of his left hand unclosed spontaneously; and the arm he had felt such a difficulty in disposing of found itself,—nobody knows how,—all at once, encircling the jimp waist of the pretty Beatrice. The young lady’s reply was expressed in three syllables. They were,—‘Oh, Sir Guy!’ The words might be somewhat indefinite, but there was no mistaking the look. Their eyes met; Sir Guy’s left arm contracted itself spasmodically: when the eyes meet,—at least, as theirs met,—the lips are very apt to follow the example. The knight had taken one long, loving kiss—nectar and ambrosia! He thought on Doctor Butts and his *repetatur haustus*,—a prescription Father Francis had taken infinite pains to translate for him:—he was about to repeat it, but the dose was interrupted *in transitu*. Doubtless the adage,

‘There is many a slip

’Twixt the cup and the lip,’

hath reference to medicine. Sir Guy’s lip was again all but in conjunction with that of his bride-elect.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round polished patch on the summit of the knight’s *pericranium*, from which his locks had gradually receded; a sort of *oasis*,—or rather a *Mont Blanc* in miniature, rising above

the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by Art and Nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term



from the Sister Island adequately to describe,—it was a ‘Whack!’

Sir Guy started upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started upon hers: but a single glance to the rear reversed her position,—she fell upon her knees and screamed.

The knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight

which might have turned a bolder man to stone. It was She!—the all but defunct Rohesia:—there she sat, bolt upright!—her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating like flint and steel; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff,—a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify. Words were yet wanting; for the quinsy, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. 'A husband oftentimes makes the best physician,' says the proverb. He was a living personification of its truth; still it was whispered he had been content with Doctor Butts; but his lady was restored to bless him for many years. Heavens, what a life he led!

The Lady Rohesia mended apace; her quinsy was cured; the bell was stopped; and little Hubert, the sacristan, kicked out of the chapelry. St. Peter opened his wicket and looked out;—there was nobody there; so he flung-to the gate in a passion and went back to his lodge, grumbling at being hoaxed by a runaway ring.

Years rolled on. The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and one fine morning Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the *porte-cochère* of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship, the *Darling*, commanded by Captain Keymis, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden

marble : it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood ; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age—

‘ Praie for ye soule of ye Lady Royse,
And for alle Christen soules ! ’

The date is illegible ; but it appears that she survived King Henry the Eighth, and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rouncival her thousand marks. As for Beatrice Grey, it is well known that she was alive in 1559, and then had virginity enough left to be a maid of honour to ‘ good Queen Bess.’

NOTE

THE LADY ROHESIA—written in imitation of the style of Sterne—was at first intended to be in verse. The poetical version, however, was not advanced beyond the following opening stanzas :—

The Lady Rohesia lies on her bed ;
She is sicke as sicke may be ;
The leech all mournfully shakes his head,
He deems it perchance his last penny-fee ;
And the passing-bell
Its funeral knell
Flings from the pinnaced tower to the breeze ;
As much as to say,
‘ Foul fiends, make a way ;
St. Peter, look sharp, and get ready your keys.’

’Tis a very fine thing that passing-bell !
For the imps most fell,
We know very well,
Wherever they roam or wherever they dwell,
Fly at its stroke to their nethermost cell :

Above or around,
In the verge of its sound,

The most impudent succubus dare not be found ;
Nay, Beëlzebub's self at the sound will quail,
And make himself scarce if he values his tail.

Ay, that passing-bell is a very fine thing,
Protecting alike the peasant and king,

Rolling in wealth or squalid in beggary ;
All praise to the Pope who invented the same ;
Altho' I'm obliged to confess, to my shame,
That I've really forgotten his Holiness' name ;
But 'twas Adrian, Innocent, Urban, or Gregory.

.

It has been already hinted that Mr. Peters had been a 'traveller' in his day. The only story which his lady would ever allow 'her P.' to finish—he began as many as would furnish an additional volume to the 'Thousand and One Nights'—is the next I shall offer. The subject, I fear me, is not over new, but will remind my friends

'Of something better they have seen before.'

THE BAGMAN'S DOG

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY---AND BILLITER SQUARE

‘ Stant littore Puppies ! ’—*Virgil*.

IT was a litter, a litter of five,
Four are drowned and one left alive,
He was thought worthy alone to survive ;
And the Bagman resolved upon bringing him up
To eat of his bread and to drink of his cup,
He was such a dear little cock-tailed pup !

The Bagman taught him many a trick :
He would carry and fetch, and run after a stick,
 Could well understand
 The word of command,
 And appear to doze
 With a crust on his nose
Till the Bagman permissively waved his hand :
Then to throw up and catch it he never would fail,
As he sat up on end, on his little cock-tail.
Never was puppy so *bien instruit*,
Or possessed of such natural talent as he ;
 And, as he grew older,
 Every beholder
Agreed he grew handsomer, sleeker and bolder.—

Time, however his wheels we may clog,
 Wends steadily still with onward jog,
 And the cock-tailed puppy's a curly-tailed dog !
 When, just at the time
 He was reaching his prime,
 And all thought he'd be turning out something sublime,



One unlucky day,
 How, no one could say,
 Whether soft *liaison* induced him to stray,
 Or some kidnapping vagabond coaxed him away,
 He was lost to the view ;
 Like the morning dew,
 He had been, and was not—that's all that they knew !
 And the Bagman stormed, and the Bagman swore
 As never a Bagman had sworn before ;
 But storming or swearing but little avails
 To recover lost dogs with great curly tails.—

In a large paved court, close by Billiter Square,
Stands a mansion, old, but in thorough repair ;
The only thing strange, from the general air
Of its size and appearance, is how it got there.
In front is a short semicircular stair
 Of stone steps,—some half score,—
 Then you reach the ground-floor,
With a shell-patterned architrave over the door.
It is spacious, and seems to be built on the plan
Of a Gentleman's house in the reign of Queen Anne ;
 Which is odd, for, although,
 As we very well know,
Under Tudors and Stuarts the City could show
Many Noblemen's seats above Bridge and below,
Yet fashion soon after induced them to go
From St. Michael Cornhill, and St. Mary-le-Bow,
To St. James, and St. George, and St. Anne in Soho.
Be this as it may,—at the date I assign
To my tale,—that's about seventeen sixty-nine,—
This mansion, now rather upon the decline,
Had less dignified owners,—belonging, in fine,
To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers and Pyne—
A respectable House in the Manchester line.

 There were a score
 Of Bagmen and more,
Who had travelled full oft for the firm before ;
But just at this period they wanted to send
Some person on whom they could safely depend—
A trustworthy body, half agent, half friend—
On some mercantile matter, as far as Ostend ;
And the person they pitched on was Anthony Blogg,
A grave, steady man, not addicted to grog,—
The Bagman, in short, who had lost this great dog.

'The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!—

That is the place where we all wish to be,

Rolling about on it merrily!—

So all sing and say

By night and by day,

In the *boudoir*, the street, at the concert and play,

In a sort of coxcombical roundelay.

You may roam through the City, transversely or straight,

From Whitechapel turnpike to Cumberland gate,

And every young Lady who thrums a guitar,

Ev'ry mustachio'd Shopman who smokes a cigar,

With affected devotion,

Promulgates his notion

Of being a 'Rover' and 'child of the Ocean';—

Whate'er their age, sex, or condition may be,

They all of them long for the 'Wide, Wide Sea!'

But, however they dote,

Only set them afloat

In any craft bigger at all than a boat,

Take them down to the Nore,

And you'll see that, before

The 'Wessel' they 'Woyage' in has made half her way

Between Shellness Point and the pier at Herne Bay,

Let the wind meet the tide in the slightest degree,

They'll be all of them heartily sick of 'the Sea!'

I've stood in Margate, on a bridge of size

Inferior far to that described by Byron,

Where 'palaces and pris'ns on each hand rise,'

—That too's a stone one, this is made of iron—

And little donkey-boys your steps environ,

Each proffering for your choicè his tiny hack,

Vaunting its excellence; and, should you hire one,

For sixpence, will he urge, with frequent thwack,

The much-enduring beast to Buenos Ayres—and back.

And there, on many a raw and gusty day,
 I've stood, and turned my gaze upon the pier,
 And seen the crews, that did embark so gay
 That self-same morn, now disembark so queer.
 Then to myself I've sighed and said, 'Oh dear!
 Who would believe yon sickly-looking man's a
 London Jack Tar,—a Cheapside Buccaneer!'—
 But hold, my Muse!—for this terrific stanza
 Is all too stiffly grand for our Extravaganza.

'So now we'll go up, up, up,
 And now we'll go down, down, down,
 And now we'll go backwards and forwards,
 And now we'll go roun', roun', roun'.—
 —I hope you've sufficient discernment to see,
 Gentle Reader, that here the discarding the *d*
 Is a fault which you must not attribute to me :
 Thus my Nurse cut it off when, 'with counterfeit glee,'
 She sang, as she danced me about on her knee,
 In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and three :—¹
 All I mean to say is, that the Muse is now free
 From the self-imposed trammels put on by her betters,
 And no longer like Filch, midst the felons and debtors
 At Drury Lane, dances her hornpipe in fetters.²

Resuming her track,
 At once she goes back
 To our hero, the Bagman.—Alas ! and alack !
 Poor Anthony Blogg
 Is as sick as a dog,
 Spite of sundry unwonted potations of grog,
 By the time the Dutch packet is fairly at sea,
 With the sands called the Goodwins a league on her lee.

And now, my good friends, I've a fine opportunity
 To obfuscate you all by sea terms with impunity,

¹ A misleading date ; the author was born in December 1788.

² The 'hornpipe in fetters' used to form one of the attractions of the *Beggars' Opera*.

And talking of 'caulking,'
 And 'quarter-deck walking,'
 'Fore and aft,'
 And 'abaft,'
 'Hookers,' 'barkeys,' and 'craft,'
 (At which Mr. Poole has so wickedly laught,¹)
 Of binnacles,—bilboes,—the boom called the spanker,—
 The best bower cable,—the jib,—and sheet anchor ;
 Of lower-deck guns,—and of broadsides and chases,—
 Of taffrails and topsails, and splicing main-braces,
 And 'Shiver my timbers !' and other odd phrases
 Employed by old pilots with hard-featured faces ;—
 Of the expletives seafaring Gentlemen use,
 The allusions they make to the eyes of their crews ;—
 How the sailors, too, swear,
 How they cherish their hair,
 And what very long pigtails a great many wear.—
 But, Reader, I scorn it—the fact is, I fear,
 To be candid, I can't make these matters so clear
 As Marryat, or Cooper, or Captain Chamier,
 Or Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, who brought up the rear
 Of the 'Nauticals' just at the end of the year
 Eighteen thirty-nine—(how Time flies !—Oh, dear !)—
 With a well-written preface, to make it appear
 That his play, the 'Sea-Captain,' 's by no means small-beer.
 There !—'brought up the rear'—you see there's a mistake
 Which none of the authors I've mentioned would make :
 I ought to have said, that he 'sailed in their wake.'—
 So I'll merely observe, as the water grew rougher
 The more my poor hero continued to suffer,
 Till the sailors themselves cried, in pity, 'Poor Buffer !'

Still rougher it grew,
 And still harder it blew,

¹ In a capital mock nautical novel called *The Admiral's Daughter*.

And the thunder kicked up such a halliballoo
That even the Skipper began to look blue ;
 While the crew, who were few,
 Looked very queer, too,
And seemed not to know what exactly to do,
And they who'd the charge of them wrote in the logs,
' Wind N.E.—blows a hurricane—rains cats and dogs.'
In short, it soon grew to a tempest as rude as
That Shakespeare describes near the ' still vext Bermudas,'
 When the winds, in their sport,
 Drove aside from its port
The King's ship, with the whole Neapolitan Court,
And swamped it, to give ' the King's Son, Ferdinand,' a
Soft moment or two with the Lady Miranda,
While her Pa met the rest, and severely rebuked 'em
For unhandsomely doing him out of his Dukedom.
You don't want me, however, to paint you a storm,
As so many have done, and in colours so warm ;
Lord Byron, for instance, in manner facetious,
Mr. Ainsworth more gravely,—see also Lucretius,
—A writer who gave me no trifling vexation
When a youngster at school on Dean Colet's foundation.¹—
 Suffice it to say
 That the whole of that day,
And the next, and the next, they were scudding away
 Quite out of their course,
 Propelled by the force
Of those flatulent folks known in classical story as
Aquilo, Libs, Notus, Auster, and Boreas,
 Driven quite at their mercy
 'Twixt Guernsey and Jersey,
Till at length they came bump on the rocks and the shallows
In West longitude, one, fifty-seven, near St. Maloes.

¹ St. Paul's School, of which Thomas Ingoldsby had been ' Captain.'

There you'll not be surprised
 That the vessel capsized,
 Or that Blogg, who had made, from intestine commotions,
 His specifical gravity less than the ocean's,
 Should go floating away,
 Midst the surges and spray,
 Like a cork in a gutter, which, swoln by a shower,
 Runs down Holborn-hill about nine knots an hour.

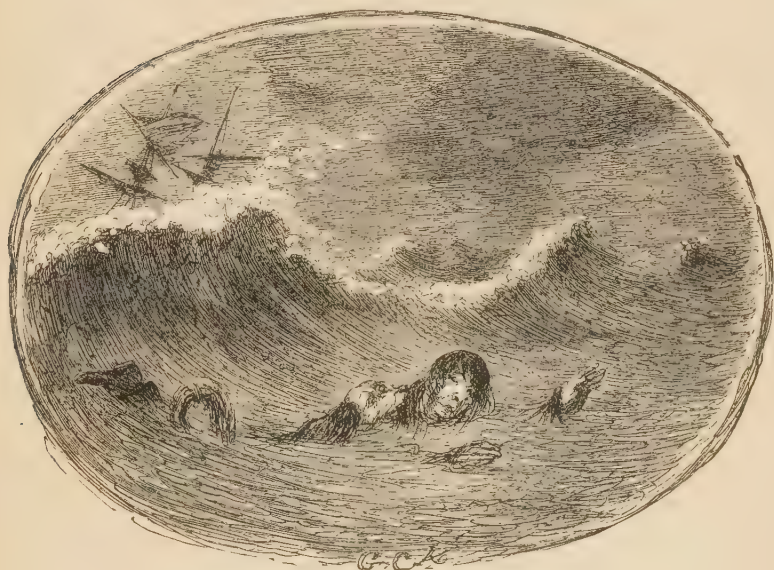
You've seen, I've no doubt, at Bartholomew fair,
 Gentle Reader,—that is, if you've ever been there,—
 With their hands tied behind them, some two or three pair
 Of boys round a bucket set up on a chair,
 Skipping, and dipping
 Eyes, nose, chin, and lip in,
 Their faces and hair with the water all dripping,
 In an anxious attempt to catch hold of a pippin,
 That bobs up and down in the water whenever
 They touch it, as mocking the fruitless endeavour ;
 Exactly as Poets say,—how, though, they can't tell us,—
 Old Nick's Nonpareils play at bob with poor Tantalus.
 —Stay !—I'm not clear,
 But I'm rather out here ;
 'Twas the water itself that slipped from him, I fear ;
 Faith, I can't recollect—and I haven't Lempriere.—
 No matter,—poor Blogg went on ducking and bobbing,
 Sneezing out the salt water, and gulping and sobbing,
 Just as Clarence, in Shakespeare, describes all the qualms he
 Experienced while dreaming they'd drowned him in
 Malmsey.

'O Lord,' he thought, 'what pain it was to drown !'
 And saw great fishes with great goggling eyes,
 Glaring as he was bobbing up and down,
 And looking as they thought him quite a prize ;

When, as he sank, and all was growing dark,
A something seized him with its jaws!—A shark?—

No such thing, Reader :—most opportunely for Blogg,
'Twas a very large, web-footed, curly-tailed Dog !

I'm not much of a trav'ller, and really can't boast
That I know a great deal of the Brittany coast,



But I've often heard say,
That e'en to this day
The people of Granville, St. Maloes and thereabout,
Are a class that society doesn't much care about ;
Men who gain their subsistence by contraband dealing,
And a mode of abstraction strict people call ' stealing ' ;
Notwithstanding all which, they are civil of speech,
Above all to a stranger who comes within reach.

And they were so to Blogg,
When the curly-tailed Dog
At last dragged him out, high and dry on the beach.
But we all have been told,
By the proverb of old,
By no means to think 'all that glitters is gold';
And, in fact, some advance
That most people in France
Join the manners and air of a *Maitre de danse*
To the morals—(as Johnson of Chesterfield said)—
Of an elderly Lady, in Babylon bred,
Much addicted to flirting, and dressing in red.
Be this as it might,
It embarrassed Blogg quite
To find those about him so very polite.

A suspicious observer perhaps might have traced
The *petites soins*, tendered with so much good taste,
To the sight of an old-fashioned pocket-book, placed
In a black leather belt well secured round his waist,
And a ring set with diamonds his finger that graced,
So brilliant, no one could have guessed they were paste.

The group on the shore
Consisted of four.

You will wonder, perhaps, there were not a few more;
But the fact is they've not, in that part of the nation,
What Malthus would term a 'too dense population.'
Indeed the sole sign there of man's habitation

Was merely a single
Rude hut, in a dingle

That led away inland direct from the shingle,
Its sides clothed with underwood, gloomy and dark,
Some two hundred yards above high-water mark:
And thither the party,
So cordial and hearty,

Viz. an old man, his wife and two lads, made a start ; he,
 The Bagman, proceeding,
 With equal good breeding,
 To express, in indifferent French, all he feels,—
 The great curly-tailed Dog keeping close to his heels.
 They soon reached the hut, which seemed partly in ruin,
 All the way bowing, chattering, shrugging, *Mon-Dieu*ing,
 Grimacing, and what sailors call *parley-vooring*.

Is it Paris,¹ or Kitchener, Reader, exhorts
 You, whenever your stomach's at all out of sorts,
 To try, if you find richer viands won't stop in it,
 A basin of good mutton broth with a chop in it ?
 (Such a basin and chop as I once heard a witty one ²
 Call, at the Garrick, 'a c——d Committee one,'—
 An expression, I own, I do not think a pretty one.)

However, it's clear

That, with sound table-beer,

Such a mess as I speak of is very good cheer ;

Especially too

When a person's wet through,

And is hungry and tired, and don't know what to do.

Now just such a mess of delicious hot pottage

Was smoking away when they entered the cottage,

And casting a truly delicious perfume

Through the whole of an ugly, old, ill-furnished room.

' Hot, smoking hot,'

On the fire was a pot,

Well replenished, but really I can't say with what ;

For, famed as the French always are for *ragoûts*,

No creature can tell what they put in their stews,

Whether bull-frogs, old gloves, or old wigs, or old shoes ;

Notwithstanding, when offered, I rarely refuse,

¹ Dr. Paris, the eminent physician, a special authority on diet.

² See *Note* at the end of the legend.

Any more than poor Blogg did, when, seeing the reeky
Repast placed before him, scarce able to speak, he
In ecstasy muttered, 'By Jove, Cocky-leeky!'

In an instant, as soon

As they gave him a spoon,
Every feeling and faculty bent on the gruel, he
No more blamed Fortune for treating him cruelly,
But fell tooth and nail on the soup and the *bouilli*.

Meanwhile that old man standing by,
Subducted his long coat-tails on high,
With his back to the fire, as if to dry
A part of his dress which the watery sky
Had visited rather inclemently.
Blandly he smiled, but still he looked sly,
And a something sinister lurked in his eye.
Indeed, had you seen him his maritime dress in,
You'd have owned his appearance was not prepossessing.
He'd a 'dreadnought' coat, and heavy *sabots*
With thick wooden soles turned up at the toes,
His nether man cased in a striped *quelque chose*,
And a hump on his back, and a great hooked nose ;
So that nine out of ten would be led to suppose
That the person before them was Punch in plain clo'es.

Yet still, as I told you, he smiled on all present,
And did all that lay in his power to look pleasant.

The old woman, too,

Made a mighty ado,

Helping her guest to a deal of the stew.

She fished up the meat, and she helped him to that,
She helped him to lean, and she helped him to fat,
And it looked like Hare—but it might have been Cat.
The little *garçons* too strove to express

Their sympathy towards the 'Child of distress,'
With a great deal of juvenile French *politesse*.

But the Bagman bluff
Continued to 'stuff'

Of the fat and the lean, and the tender and tough,
Till they thought he would never cry 'Hold, enough!'
And the old woman's tones became far less agreeable,
Sounding like *peste!* and *sacre!* and *diable!*

I've seen an old saw, which is well worth repeating,

That says,—'Good Eatynge
Deserveth good Drynkyng.'

You'll find it so printed by *Carton* or *Wynkyn*,
And a very good proverb it is to my thinking.

Blogg thought so too ;—

* As he finished his stew,

His ear caught the sound of the word '*Morbleu!*'
Pronounced by the old woman under her breath.
Now, not knowing what she could mean by 'Blue Death!'
He conceived she referred to a delicate brewing
Which is almost synonymous,—namely, 'Blue Ruin';
So he pursed up his lip to a smile, and with glee,
In his cockneyfied accent, responded 'Oh, *Vee!*'

Which made her understand he

Was asking for brandy ;

So she turned to the cupboard, and, having some handy,
Produced, rightly deeming he would not object to it,
An orbicular bulb with a very long neck to it.
In fact you perceive her mistake was the same as his,
Each of them 'reasoning right from wrong premises.'

—And here by the way,

Allow me to say,

—Kind Reader, you sometimes permit me to stray—
'Tis strange the French prove, when they take to aspersing,
So inferior to us in the science of cursing.

Kick a Frenchman down stairs,
 How absurdly he swears !
 And how odd 'tis to hear him, when beat to a jelly,
 Roar out, in a passion, ' Blue Death ! ' and ' Blue Belly ! '

' To return to our sheep ' from this little digression :—
 Blogg's features assumed a complacent expression
 As he emptied his glass, and she gave him a fresh one.

Too little he heeded,
 How fast they succeeded.
 Perhaps you or I might have done, though, as he did ;
 For, when once Madam Fortune deals out her hard raps,
 It's amazing to think
 How one ' cottons ' to Drink !
 At such times, of all things in nature, perhaps,
 There's not one that is half so seducing as *Schnaps*.

Mr. Blogg, beside being uncommonly dry,
 Was, like most other Bagmen, remarkably shy,
 —' Did not like to deny,'
 ' Felt obliged to comply,'
 Every time that she asked him to ' wet t'other eye ' ;
 For 'twas worthy remark that she spared not the stoup,
 Though, before, she had seemed so to grudge him the soup.
 At length the fumes rose
 To his brain ; and his nose
 Gave hints of a strong disposition to doze,
 And a yearning to seek ' horizontal repose.'—
 His queer-looking host,
 Who, firm at his post,
 During all the long meal had continued to toast
 That garment 'twere rude to
 Do more than allude to,
 Perceived, from his breathing and nodding, the views
 Of his guest were directed to ' taking a snooze ' :

So he caught up a lamp in his huge dirty paw,
With (as Blogg used to tell it) '*Mounseer, swivvy maw!*'
And 'marshalled' him so
'The way he should go,'
Upstairs to an attic, large, gloomy and low,
Without table or chair,
Or a movable there,
Save an old-fashioned bedstead, much out of repair,
That stood at the end most removed from the stair.
With a grin and a shrug
The host points to the rug,
Just as much as to say, 'There!—I think you'll be snug!'
Puts the light on the floor,
And walks to the door,
Makes a formal *salaam*, and is then seen no more;
When, just as the ear lost the sound of his tread,
To the Bagman's surprise, and, at first, to his dread,
The great curly-tailed Dog crept from under the bed!—

It's a very nice thing when a man's in a fright,
And thinks matters all wrong, to find matters all right;
As, for instance, when going home late-ish at night
Through a Churchyard, and seeing a thing all in white,
Which, of course, one is led to consider a Sprite,
To find that the Ghost
Is merely a post,
Or a miller, or chalky-faced donkey at most;
Or, when taking a walk as the evenings begin
To close, or, as some people call it, 'draw in,'
And some undefined form, 'looming large' through the haze,
Presents itself, right in your path, to your gaze,
Inducing a dread
Of a knock on the head,
Or a severed carotid, to find that, instead

Of one of those ruffians who murder and fleece men,
It's your uncle, or one of the 'Rural Policemen.'—

Then the blood flows again

Through artery and vein ;

You're delighted with what just before gave you pain ;
You laugh at your fears ;—and your friend in the fog
Meets a welcome as cordial as Anthony Blogg
Now bestowed on *his* friend—the great curly-tailed Dog.

For the Dog leaped up, and his paws found a place
On each side his neck in a canine embrace,
And he licked Blogg's hands, and he licked his face,
And he wagged his tail as much as to say,
'Mr. Blogg, we've foregathered before to-day !'

And the Bagman saw, as he now sprang up,

What, beyond all doubt,

He might have found out

Before, had he not been so eager to sup :

'Twas Sancho !—the Dog he had reared from a pup !—

The Dog who when sinking had seized his hair,—

The Dog who had saved, and conducted him there,—

The Dog he had lost out of Billiter Square !!

It's passing sweet,

An absolute treat,

When friends long severed by distance meet :—

With what warmth and affection each other they greet !

Especially too, as we very well know,

If there seems any chance of a little *cadeau*,

A 'Present from Brighton,' or 'Token' to show,

In the shape of a work-box, ring, bracelet or so,

That our friends don't forget us, although they may go
To Ramsgate, or Rome, or Fernando Po.

If some little advantage seems likely to start,

From a fifty-pound note to a two-penny tart,

It's surprising to see how it softens the heart ;
 And you'll find those whose hopes from the other are
 strongest,
 Use, in common, endearments the thickest and longest.
 But it was not so here ;
 For although it is clear,
 When abroad and we have not a single friend near,
 E'en a cur that will love us becomes very dear,



And the balance of interest 'twixt him and the Dog
 Of course was inclining to Anthony Blogg,
 Yet he, first of all, ceased
 To encourage the beast,
 Perhaps thinking 'Enough is as good as a feast' ;
 And besides, as we've said, being sleepy and mellow,
 He grew tired of patting, and crying 'Poor fellow !'
 So his smile by degrees hardened into a frown,
 And his 'That's a good dog!' into 'Down, Sancho ! down !'

But nothing could stop his mute fav'rite's caressing,
 Who, in fact, seemed resolved to prevent his undressing,

Using paws, tail and head,
 As if he had said,
 ‘Most beloved of masters, pray, don’t go to bed ;
 You had much better sit up and pat me instead !’
 Nay, at last, when, determined to take some repose,
 Blogg threw himself down on the outside the clo’es,
 Spite of all he could do,
 The Dog jumped up too,
 And kept him awake with his very cold nose ;
 Scratching and whining,
 And moaning and pining,
 Till Blogg really believed he must have some design in
 Thus breaking his rest ; above all, when at length
 The Dog scratched him off from the bed by sheer strength.

Extremely annoyed by the ‘tarnation whop,’ as it
 Is called in Kentuck, on his head and its opposite,
 Blogg showed fight ;—
 When he saw, by the light
 Of the flickering candle, that had not yet quite
 Burnt down in the socket, though not over bright,
 Certain dark-coloured stains, as of blood newly spilt,
 Revealed by the dog’s having scratched off the quilt,—
 Which hinted a story of horror and guilt !
 ’Twas ‘no mistake !’—
 He was ‘wide awake’
 In an instant ; for, when only decently drunk,
 Nothing sobers a man so completely as ‘funk.’

And hark !—what’s that ?—
 They have got into chat
 In the kitchen below—what the deuce are they at ?—
 There’s the ugly old Fisherman scolding his wife—
 And she !—by the Pope ! she’s whetting a knife !

At each twist
Of her wrist,
And her great mutton fist,
The edge of the weapon sounds shriller and louder!—
The fierce kitchen fire
Had not made Blogg perspire
Half so much, or a dose of the best James's powder.
It ceases—all's silent!—and now, I declare
There's somebody crawls up that rickety stair.

The horrid old ruffian comes, cat-like, creeping ;—
He opens the door just sufficient to peep in,
And sees, as he fancies, the Bagman sleeping!
For Blogg, when he'd once ascertained that there was some
'Precious mischief' on foot, had resolved to play 'Pos-
sum' ;—

Down he went, legs and head,
Flat on the bed,
Apparently sleeping as sound as the dead ;
While, though none who looked at him would think such
a thing,

Every nerve in his frame was braced up for a spring.

Then, just as the villain
Crept, stealthily still, in,
And you'd not have insured his guest's life for a shilling,
As the knife gleamed on high, bright and sharp as a razor,
Blogg, starting upright, 'tipped' the fellow 'a facer' ;—
Down went man and weapon.—Of all sorts of blows,
From what Mr. Jackson¹ reports, I suppose
There are few that surpass a flush hit on the nose.

Now, had I the pen of old Ossian or Homer,
(Though each of these names some pronounce a misnomer,

¹ A celebrated master of the noble art of self-defence ; the friend and instructor of Lord Byron and the 'Corinthians' of the day.

And say the first person
 Was called James M'Pherson,
 While, as to the second, they stoutly declare
 He was no one knows who, and born no one knows where,)
 Or had I the quill of Pierce Egan, a writer¹
 Acknowledged the best theoretical fighter
 For the last twenty years,
 By the lively young Peers,
 Who, doffing their coronets, collars and ermine, treat
 Boxers to 'Max,'² at the 'One Tun' in Jermyn Street ;—
 I say, could I borrow these Gentlemen's Muses,
 More skilled than my meek one in 'fibblings' and bruises,
 I'd describe now to you
 As prime a 'set-to,'
 And 'regular turn-up,' as ever you knew ;
 Not inferior in 'bottom' to aught you have read of
 Since Cribb, years ago, half knocked Molyneux' head off.
 But my dainty Urania says, 'Such things are shocking !'
 Lace mittens she loves,
 Detesting 'the Gloves,'
 And turning, with air most disdainfully mocking,
 From Melpomene's buskin, adopts the silk stocking.
 So, as far as I can see,
 I must leave you to 'fancy'
 The thumps and the bumps, and the ups and the downs,
 And the taps and the slaps, and the raps on the crowns,
 That passed 'twixt the Husband, Wife, Bagman, and Dog,
 As Blogg rolled over them, and they rolled over Blogg ;
 While what's called 'the Claret'
 Flew over the garret ;
 Merely stating the fact,

¹ Editor of *Bell's Life*, and author, so far as the letterpress goes, of the adventures of *Tom and Jerry*. Editor and mainly author of *Boxiana ; or, Sketches of Modern Pugilism*, a periodical work of the years 1818-1824, when 'the science' was more favourably regarded than at present.

² A slang term for gin. See Egan's *Life in London*, p. 284.

As each other they whacked,
 The Dog his old master most gallantly backed,
 Making both the *garçons*, who came running in, sheer off,
 With 'Hippolyte's' thumb, and 'Alphonso's' left ear off;
 Next, making a stoop on
 The buffeting group on
 The floor, rent in tatters the old woman's *jupon*;



Then the old man turned up, and a fresh bite of Sancho's
 Tore out the whole seat of his striped Calimancoes.—

Really, which way
 This desperate fray

Might have ended at last I'm not able to say,
 The Dog keeping thus the assassins at bay—
 But a few fresh arrivals decided the day;

For bounce went the door,
 In came half a score

Of the passengers, sailors, and one or two more
 Who had aided the party in gaining the shore!

It's a great many years ago—mine then were few—
 Since I spent a short time in the old *Courageux*.

I think that they say

She had been, in her day,

A First-rate,—but was then what they term a *rasée* ;—
 And they took me on board in the Downs, where she lay,
 (Captain Wilkinson held the command, by the way.)

In her I picked up, on that single occasion,
 The little I know that concerns navigation,
 And obtained, *inter alia*, some vague information
 Of a practice which often, in cases of robbing,
 Is adopted on shipboard—I think it's called 'cobbing.'
 How it's managed exactly I really can't say,
 But I think that a Boot-jack is brought into play—
 That is, if I'm right :—it exceeds my ability

To tell how 'tis done ;

But the system is one

Of which Sancho's exploit would increase the facility.
 And, from all I can learn, I'd much rather be robbed
 Of the little I have in my purse than be 'cobbed.'

That's mere matter of taste ;

But the Frenchman was placed—

I mean the old scoundrel whose actions we've traced—
 In such a position, that, on this unmasking,
 His consent was the last thing the men thought of asking.

The old woman, too,

Was obliged to go through,

With her boys, the rough discipline used by the crew,
 Who, before they let one of the set see the back of them,
 'Cobbed' the whole party,—ay, 'every man Jack of them.'

MORAL

And now, Gentle Reader, before that I say
 Farewell for the present and wish you good day,
 Attend to the moral I draw from my lay !

If ever you travel, like Anthony Blogg,
 Be wary of strangers!—don't take too much grog!—
 And don't fall asleep, if you should, like a hog!—
 Above all—carry with you a curly-tailed Dog!

Lastly, don't act like Blogg, who, I say it with blushing,
 Sold Sancho next month for two guineas at Flushing;
 But still on these words of the Bard keep a fixed eye,
 INGRATUM SI DIXERIS, OMNIA DIXTI!!!

L'ENVOYE

I felt so disgusted with Blogg, from sheer shame of him,
 I never once thought to inquire what became of him.
 If *you* want to know, Reader, the way, I opine,
 To achieve your design,—
 Mind, it's no wish of mine,—
 Is,—(a penny will do't,)—by addressing a line
 To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne.

APPENDIX

SINCE penning this story,¹ a learned Antiquary
 Has put my poor Muse in no trifling quandary,
 By writing an essay to prove that he knows a
 Spot which, in truth, is
 The *real* 'Bermoothes,'
 In the Mediterranean,—now called Lampedosa;²
 For proofs, having made, as he farther alleges, stir,
 An entry was found in the old Parish Register,

¹ See p. 45.

² The Rev. Joseph Hunter, in a 'Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, etc., of Shakespeare's *Tempest*,' 1839, identifies Prospero's Island with that of Lampedosa in the Mediterranean.

The which at his instance the excellent Vicar extracted : *viz.* ‘Caliban, base son of Sycorax.’

—He had rather, by half,

Have found Prospero’s ‘Staff’ ;

But ’twas useless to dig, for the want of a pick or axe.

Colonel Pasley, however, ’tis everywhere said,

Now he’s blown up the old Royal George at Spithead,

And the great cliff at Dover, of which we’ve all read,

Takes his whole apparatus, and goes out to look

And see if he can’t try and blow up ‘the Book.’

—Gentle Reader, farewell !—If I add one more line,

He’ll be, in all likelihood, ‘blowing up’ *mine* !

NOTE

‘*Such a basin and chop as I once heard a witty one.*’—P. 49.

MR. STEPHEN PRICE, the American manager of Drury Lane Theatre, was the ‘witty one’ alluded to—a gentleman remarkable, among other conversational peculiarities, for the force of his epithets, and whose manners were, to say the least, a little peculiar. It was delightful to watch him approaching the table of a new member with the inquiry, ‘Well, sir, what have ye got there—a chop, sir? Waiter,’ taking up the chop—not a committee one—on his victim’s fork, ‘d’ye call that a chop fit to set before a gentleman? Take it away, sir, and get the gentleman another.’ Of course he had his enemies, all ‘truly great men’ have. Old Dowton, the actor, used to say of him, ‘He promised to be a brother to me. So he was ; renounced me ! Abel had a brother, and his name was Cain !’ A wager was his delight. ‘I’ll bet you a guinea, sir,’ he said one day to Mr. Hope Vere, with reference to some point in dispute. ‘No, Mr. Price,’ replied his friend, ‘I am not in the habit of betting on such matters.’ ‘Then, pray sir,’ returned the agreeable Stephen, ‘what right have you to make an assertion which you are not prepared to *substantiate* with a bet?’ Mr. Price’s antipathy to the committee of the Garrick was cordial, and, I think, reciprocated.

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE

A LEGEND OF FRANCE

CANTO I

FRANÇOIS XAVIER AUGUSTE was a gay Mousquetaire,

The Pride of the Camp, the delight of the Fair ;
He'd a mien so *distingué* and so *débonnaire*,
And shrugged with a grace so *recherché* and rare,
And he twirled his moustache with so charming an air,
—His moustaches I should say, because he'd a pair,—
And, in short, showed so much of the true *savoir faire*,
All the Ladies in Paris were wont to declare

That, could any one draw

Them from Dian's strict law

Into what Mrs. Ramsbottom calls a 'Fox Paw,'

It would be François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix.

Now, I'm sorry to say,

At that time of day,

The Court of Versailles was a little too gay ;

The Courtiers were all much addicted to Play,

To Bourdeaux, Chambertin, Frontignac, St. Peray,

Lafitte, Château Margaux,

And Sillery (a cargo

On which John Bull sensibly (?) lays an embargo),

While Louis Quatorze
 Kept about him, in scores,
 What the Noblesse, in courtesy, termed his 'Jane Shores,'
 —They were called by a much coarser name out of doors.
 This, we all must admit, in
 A King's not befitting!
 For such courses, when followed by persons of quality,
 Are apt to detract on the score of morality.

François Xavier Auguste acted much like the rest of them,
 Dressed, drank, and fought, and *chassé'd* with the best of
 them ;

 Took his *œil de perdrix*
 Till he scarcely could see,
 And would then sally out in the streets for a 'spree.'
 His rapier he'd draw,
 Pink a *Bourgeois*,
 (A word which the English translate 'Johnny Raw') ;
 For your thorough French Courtier, whenever the fit he's in,
 Thinks it prime fun to astonish a citizen.
 And, perhaps, it's no wonder that this kind of scrapes,
 In a nation which Voltaire, in one of his japes,
 Defines 'an amalgam of Tigers and Apes,'
 Should be merely considered as 'Little escapes' ;
 But, I'm sorry to add,
 Things are almost as bad
 A great deal nearer home, and that similar pranks,
 Amongst young men who move in the very first ranks,
 Are by no means confined to the land of the Franks.

 Be this as it will
 In the general, still,
 Though blame him we must,
 It is really but just
 To our lively young friend, François Xavier Auguste,

To say, that, howe'er
 Well known his faults were,
 At his Bacchanal parties he always drank fair,
 And, when gambling his worst, always played on the square;
 So that, being much more of pigeon than rook, he
 Lost large sums at faro (a game like 'Blind Hookey'),
 And continued to lose,
 And to give I. O. U.'s,
 Till he lost e'en the credit he had with the Jews.
 And, a parallel if I may venture to draw
 Between François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix
 And his namesake, a still more distinguished François,
 Who wrote to his '*sœur*'¹
 From Pavia, '*Mon Cœur*,
 I have lost all I had in the world *fors l'honneur*,'²
 So St. Foix might have wrote
 No dissimilar note,
 '*Vive la bagatelle !—toujours gai—idem semper—*
 I've lost all I had in the world but—my temper !'
 From the very beginning,
 Indeed, of his sinning,
 His air was so cheerful, his manners so winning,

¹ Mrs. Ingoldsby, who is deeply read in Robertson, informs me that this is a mistake; that the lady to whom this memorable *billet* was delivered by the hands of Pennalosa, was the unfortunate monarch's mamma, and not his sister. I would gladly rectify the error, but, then,—what am I to do for a rhyme?—On the whole, I fear I must content myself, like Talleyrand, with admitting that 'it is worse than a fault—it's a blunder!' for which enormity,—as honest old Pepys says when he records having kissed his cookmaid,—'I humbly beg pardon of Heaven and Mrs. Ingoldsby.'—T. I.

² The current version of the letter of Francis I. to his mother is one of the innumerable results of the flirtation of 'History's Muse' with Romance. So far from existing in the epigrammatic form commonly quoted—*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*—the real epistle is a prosy one, and does not even contain the passage in question, which is attributed to a Spanish historian, who thus translates the alleged billet :—'*Madama, tote se ha perdido sino es la honora.*' The original has been printed by M. Champollion, and commences :—'*Madame, —Pour vous advertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est saulve; et pour ce que en nostre adversité cette nouvelle vous fera quelque resconfort, j'ay prié qu'on me laissat pour escrire ces lettres, ce qu'on m'a agréablement accordé.*' (See *Quarterly Review*, 1861.)

That once he prevailed—or his friends coin the tale for him—

On the bailiff who ‘ nabbed ’ him, himself to ‘ go bail ’ for him.

Well—we know in these cases
Your ‘ Crabs ’ and ‘ Deuce Aces ’
Are wont to promote frequent changes of places.
Town doctors, indeed, are most apt to declare
That there’s nothing so good as the pure ‘ country air,’
Whenever exhaustion of person, or purse, in
An invalid cramps him and sets him a-cursing,—
A habit, I’m very much grieved at divulging,
François Xavier Auguste was too prone to indulge in.

But what could be done ?

It’s clear as the sun

That, though nothing’s more easy than say ‘ Cut and run!’
Yet a Guardsman can’t live without some sort of fun :

E’en I or you,

If we’d nothing to do,

Should soon find ourselves looking remarkably blue.

And, since no one denies

What’s so plain to all eyes,

It won’t, I am sure, create any surprise

That reflections like these half reduced to despair

François Xavier Auguste, the gay Black Mousquetaire.

Patience par force !

He *considered*, of course,

But in vain—he could hit on no sort of resource.

Love ?—Liquor ?—Law ?—Loo ?

They would each of them do,

There’s excitement enough in all four, but in none he

Could hope to get on *sans l’argent*—*i.e.* money.

Love?—no ;—ladies like little *cadeaux* from a suitor.
 Liquor?—no,—that won't do, when reduced to 'the
 Pewter.'—

Then Law?—'tis the same,
 It's a very fine game,
 But the fees and delays of 'the Courts' are a shame,
 As Lord Brougham says himself—who's a very great
 name ;
 Though the TIMES made it clear he was perfectly lost in his
 Classic attempt at translating Demosthenes,
 And don't know his 'particles.'—
 Who wrote the articles,
 Showing his Greek up so, is not known very well ;
 Many thought Barnes, others Mitchell,—some Merivale ;
 But it's scarce worth debate,
 Because from the date
 Of my tale one conclusion we safely may draw,
Viz. : 'twas not François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix !

Loo?—no ;—that he had tried ;
 'Twas, in fact, his weak side,
 But required more than any a purse well supplied.
 'Love?—Liquor?—Law?—Loo? No ! 'tis all the same
 story.

Stay ! I have it ;—*Ma foi !* (that's 'Odd's Bobs !') there
 is GLORY !

Away with dull care !
Vive le Roi ! Vive la Guerre !
Peste ! I'd almost forgot I'm a Black Mousquetaire !
 When a man is, like me,
Sans six sous, sans souci,
 A bankrupt in purse
 And in character worse,
 With 'a shocking bad hat' and his credit at zero,
 What on earth can he hope to become,—but a Hero ?

What a famous thought this is !
 I'll go as Ulysses
 Of old did—like him I'll see manners and know countries ;¹
 Cut Paris,—and gaming,—and throats in the Low
 Countries.'

So said and so done :—he arranged his affairs
 And was off like a shot to his Black Mousquetaires.

Now it happened just then
 That Field-Marshal Turenne
 Was a good deal in want of 'some active young men,'
 To fill up the gaps
 Which, through sundry mishaps,
 Had been made in his ranks by a certain 'Great Condé,'
 A General unrivalled—at least in his own day—
 Whose valour was such
 That he did not care much
 If he fought with the French,—or the Spaniards,—or
 Dutch,—
 A fact which has stamped him a rather 'cool hand,'
 Being nearly related to *Louis le Grand*.
 It had been all the same had that King been his brother ;
 He fought sometimes with one and sometimes with another,
 For war, so exciting,
 He took such delight in,
 He did not care whom he fought, so he *was* fighting,
 And, as I've just said, had amused himself then
 By tickling the tail of Field-Marshal Turenne ;
 Since which, the Field-Marshal's most pressing concern
 Was to tickle some other Chief's tail in his turn.

What a fine thing a battle is !—not one of those
 Which one saw at the late Mr. Andrew Ducrow's,

¹ Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes,
Who viewed men's manners, London's, York's, and Derby's.—T. I.

Where a dozen of scene-shifters, drawn up in rows,
Would a dozen more scene-shifters boldly oppose,
 Taking great care their blows
 Did not injure their foes,
And alike, save in colour and cut of their clothes,
Which were varied to give more effect to '*tableaux*' ;
 While Stickney the Great
 Flung the gauntlet to Fate,
And made us all tremble, so gallantly did he come
On to encounter bold General Widdicombe ;—
But a real, good fight, like Pultowa or Lützen,
(Which Gustavus the Great ended all his disputes in),
Or that which Suwarrow engaged without boots in,¹
Or Dettingen, Fontenoy, Blenheim, or Minden,
Or the one Mr. Campbell describes, Hohenlinden,
 Where 'the sun was low,'
 The ground all over snow,
And dark as mid-winter the swift Iser's flow,—
Till its colour was altered by General Moreau ;
While the big-drum was heard in the dead of the night,
Which rattled the Bard out of bed in a fright,
And he ran up the steeple to look at the fight.
 'Twas in just such another one,
 (Names only bother one—
Dutch ones, indeed, are sufficient to smother one—)
In the Netherlands somewhere—I cannot say where—
 Suffice it that there
 La Fortune de guerre
Gave a cast of her calling to our Mousquetaire.
One fine morning, in short, François Xavier Auguste,
After making some scores of his foes 'bite the dust,'

¹ In the conflict which took place during Suwarrow's celebrated passage of the St. Gothard Alps, he is represented as continuing the whole day in his shirt, with a boot on one leg and a shoe on the other, in accomplishment, as was generally supposed, of some vow or other superstitious observance.

Got a mouthful himself of the very same crust ;
 And though, as the Bard says, ' No law is more just
 Than for *Necis artifices*,'—so they called fiery
 Soldados at Rome,—' *arte sua perire*,

Yet Fate did not draw

This poetical law

To its fullest extent in the case of St. Foix.

His Good Genius most probably found out some flaw,

And diverted the shot

From some deadlier spot

To a bone which, I think, to the best of my memory, 's
 Called by Professional men the '*os femoris*' ;

And the ball being one of those named from its shape,
 And some fancied resemblance it bears to the grape,

St. Foix went down,

With a groan and a frown,

And a hole in his small-clothes the size of a crown.—

Staggered a bit

By this ' palpable hit,'

He turned on his face and went off in a fit !

Yes !—a Battle's a very fine thing while you're fighting,
 These same ' ups-and-downs ' are so very exciting ;

But a sombre sight is a Battle-field

To the sad survivor's sorrowing eye,

Where those who scorned to fly or yield

In one promiscuous carnage lie ;

When the cannon's roar

Is heard no more,

And the thick dun smoke has rolled away,

And the victor comes for a last survey

Of the well-fought field of yesterday !

No triumphs flush that haughty brow,—
No proud exulting look is there,—
His eagle eye is humbled now,
As, earthward bent, in anxious care,
It seeks the form whose stalwart pride
But yester morn was by his side !

And there it lies !—on yonder bank
Of corpses, which themselves had breath
But yester morn—now cold and dank,
With other dews than those of death !
Powerless, as it had ne'er been born,
The hand that clasped his—yester morn !

And there are widows wand'ring there,
That roam the blood-besprinkled plain,
And listen in their dumb despair
For sounds they ne'er may hear again !
One word, however faint and low,—
Ay, e'en a groan,—were music now !

And this is Glory !—Fame !—
But, pshaw !
Miss Muse, you're growing sentimental ;
Besides, such things *we* never saw ;
In fact, they're merely 'continental.'
And then your Ladyship forgets
Some widows came for epaulettes.

So go back to your canter ; for one, I declare,
Is now fumbling about our capsized Mousquetaire,
A beetle-brow'd hag,
With a knife and a bag,
And an old tattered bonnet which, thrown back, discloses

The ginger complexion and one of those noses
 Peculiar to females named Levi and Moses,
 Such as nervous folks still, when they come in their way,
 shun,
 Old vixen-faced tramps of the Hebrew persuasion.

 You remember, I trust,
 François Xavier Auguste
 Had uncommon fine limbs and a very fine bust.
 Now there's something—I cannot tell what it may be—
 About good-looking gentlemen turned twenty-three,
 Above all, when laid up with a wound in the knee,
 Which affects female hearts, in no common degree,
 With emotions in which many feelings combine,
 Very easy to fancy though hard to define :
 Ugly or pretty,
 Stupid or witty,
 Young or old, they experience, in country or city,
 What's clearly not Love—yet it's warmer than Pity ;
 And some such a feeling, no doubt, 'tis that stays
 The hand you may see that old Jezebel raise,
 Armed with the blade
 So oft used in her trade,
 The horrible calling e'en now she is plying,—
 Despoiling the dead, and despatching the dying !
 For these ' nimble Conveyancers,' after such battles,
 Regarding 'as *treasure trove* all goods and chattels,
 Think nought, in 'perusing and settling' the titles,
 So safe as six inches of steel in the vitals.

 Now don't make a joke of
 That feeling I spoke of ;
 For, as sure as you're born, that same feeling,—whate'er
 It may be,—saves the life of the young Mousquetaire !

The knife that was levelled, erewhile, at his throat
 Is employed now in ripping the lace from his coat,
 And from what, I suppose, I must call his *culotte* ;
 And, his pockets, no doubt,
 Being turned inside out,
 That his *mouchoir* and gloves may be put 'up the spout,'
 (For of coin, you may well conceive, all she can do
 Fails to ferret out even a single *écu*)
 As a muscular Giant would handle an elf,
 The virago at last lifts the soldier himself,
 And, like a she Samson, at length lays him down
 In a hospital formed in the neighbouring town !
 I am not very sure,
 But I think 'twas Namur ;
 And there she now leaves him, expecting a cure.

CANTO II

I abominate physic—I care not who knows
 That there's nothing on earth I detest like 'a dose'—
 That yellowish-green-looking fluid, whose hue
 I consider extremely unpleasant to view,
 With its sickly appearance, that trenches so near
 On what Homer defines the complexion of Fear ;
 Χλωρὸν δέος, I mean,
 A nasty pale green,
 Though, for want of some word that may better avail,
 I presume, our translators have rendered it 'pale.'
 For consider the cheeks
 Of those 'well-booted Greeks' ;
 Their Egyptian descent was a question of weeks,
 Their complexion, of course, like a half-decayed leek's ;
 And you'll see in an instant the thing that I mean in it,—
 A Greek face in a funk had a good deal of green in it.

I repeat, I abominate physic ; but then,
 If folks *will* go campaigning about with such men
 As the Great Prince de Condé and Marshal Turenne,
 They may fairly expect
 To be now and then checkt
 By a bullet or sabre-cut. Then their best solace is
 Found, I admit, in green potions and boluses.
 So, of course, I don't blame
 St. Foix, wounded and lame,
 If he swallowed a decent *quant. suff.* of the same.
 Though I'm told, in such cases, it's not the French plan
 To pour in their drastics as fast as they can,—
 The practice of many an English *Savant*,—
 But to let off a man
 With a little *ptisanne*,
 And gently to chafe the *patella* (knee-pan).

'Oh, woman !' Sir Walter observes, 'when the brow
 's wrung with pain, what a minist'ring Angel art thou !'
 Thou'rt a 'minist'ring Angel' in no less degree,
 I can boldly assert, when the pain's in the knee ;
 And medical friction
 Is, past contradiction,
 Much better performed by a She than a He.
 A fact which, indeed, comes within my own knowledge ;
 For I well recollect, when a youngster at College,—
 And, therefore, can quote—
 A surgeon of note,
 Mr. Grosvenor of Oxford, who not only wrote
 On the subject a very fine treatise, but, still as his
 Patients came in, certain soft-handed Phyllises
 Were at once set to work on their legs, arms and backs,
 And rubbed out their complaints in a couple of cracks.
 Now they say,
 To this day,

When sick people can't pay,
On the Continent, many of this kind of nurses
Attend, without any demand on their purses ;
And these females,—some old, others still in their teens,—
Some call ' Sisters of Charity,' others ' Beguines.'
They don't take the vows ; but, half Nun and half Lay,
Attend you ; and when you've got better they say,
' You're exceedingly welcome ! ' There's nothing to pay !

Our task is now done,

You are able to run ;

We never take money ; we cure you for fun !'
Then they drop you a court'sey and wish you good day,
And go off to cure somebody else the same way.
—A great many of these at the date of my tale,
In Namur walked the hospitals, workhouse and jail.

Among them was one,

A most sweet Demi-nun ;

Her cheek pensive and pale ; tresses bright as the sun,—
Not carrotty—no ; though you'd fancy you saw burn
Such locks as the Greeks loved, which moderns call auburn,
These were partially seen through the veil which they
wore all.

Her teeth were of pearl, and her lips were of coral ;
Her eyelashes silken ; her eyes, fine large blue ones,
Were sapphires (I don't call these similes new ones ;
But, in metaphors, freely confess I've a leaning
To such, new or old, as convey best one's meaning.)
Then for figure ! In faith it was downright barbarity

To muffle a form

Might an anchorite warm

In the fusty stuff gown of a *Sœur de la Charité* ;
And no poet could fancy, no painter could draw
One more perfect in all points, more free from a flaw,
Than hers who now sits by the couch of St. Foix,

Chafing there,
 With such care
 And so dove-like an air,
 His leg, till her delicate fingers are charr'd
 With the Steer's opodeldoc, joint-oil, and Goulard ;
 —Their Dutch appellations are really too hard
 To be brought into verse by a transmarine Bard.

Now you'll see,
 And agree,
 I am certain, with me,
 When a young man's laid up with a wound in his knee,
 And a Lady sits there,
 On a rush-bottomed chair,
 To hand him the mixtures his doctors prepare,
 And a bit of lump-sugar to make matters square ;
 Above all, when the Lady's remarkably fair
 And the wounded young man is a gay Mousquetaire ;
 It's a ticklish affair, you may swear, for the pair,
 And may lead on to mischief before they're aware.

I really don't think, spite of what friends would call his
 ' *Penchant for liaisons* ' and graver men ' follies '
 (For my own part, I think planting thorns on their
 pillows,
 And leaving poor maidens to weep and wear willows,
 Is not to be classed among mere peccadilloes),
 His ' *faults*,' I should say—I don't think François Xavier
 Entertained any thoughts of improper behaviour
 Tow'rds his nurse, or that once to induce her to sin he
 meant
 While superintending his draughts and his liniment ;
 But, as he grew stout
 And was getting about,
 Thoughts came into his head that had better been out ;

While Cupid's an urchin
We know deserves birching,
He's so prone to delude folks and leave them the lurch in.
'Twas doubtless his doing
That absolute ruin
Was the end of all poor dear Thérèse's shampooing.—
'Tis a subject I don't like to dwell on ; but such
Things will happen—ay, e'en 'mongst the phlegmatic
Dutch.

'When Woman,' as Goldsmith declares, 'stoops to folly,
And finds out too late that false man can betray,'
She is apt to look dismal and grow 'melan-choly,'
And, in short, to be anything rather than gay.

He goes on to remark that 'to punish her lover,
Wring his bosom, and draw the tear into his eye,
There is but one method ' which he can discover
That's likely to answer—that one is 'to die !'

He's wrong—the wan and withering cheek ;
The thin lips, pale, and drawn apart ;
The dim yet tearless eyes, that speak
The misery of the breaking heart ;

The wasted form, th' enfeebled tone
That whispering mocks the pitying ear ;
Th' imploring glances heavenward thrown,
As heedless, helpless, hopeless here ;

These wring the false one's heart enough,
If 'made of penetrable stuff.'
And poor Thérèse
Thus pines and decays,
Till, stung with remorse, St. Foix takes a post-chaise

With, for 'wheelers,' two bays,
 And, for 'leaders,' two greys,
 And soon reaches France by the help of relays,
 Flying shabbily off from the sight of his victim,
 And driving as fast as if Old Nick had kicked him.

She, poor sinner,
 Grows thinner and thinner,
 Leaves off eating breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner,
 Till you'd really suppose she could have nothing in her.
 One evening—'twas just as the clock struck eleven—
 They saw she'd been sinking fast ever since seven,—
 She breathed one deep sigh, threw one look up to heaven,
 And all was o'er!—
 Poor Thérèse was no more.
 She was gone!—the last breath that she managed to draw
 Escaped in one half-utter'd word—'twas 'St. Foix!'

Who can fly from himself? Bitter cares, when you feel 'em,
 Are not cured by travel—as Horace says, '*Cælum
 Non animum mutant qui currunt trans mare!*'
 It's climate, not mind, that by roaming men vary—
 Remorse for temptation to which you have yielded, is
 A shadow you can't sell as Peter Schlemil¹ did his;
 It haunts you for ever—in bed and at board,—
 Ay, e'en in your dreams;
 And you can't find, it seems,
 Any proof that a guilty man ever yet snored!
 It is much if he slumbers at all, which but few,
 —François Xavier Auguste was an instance—can do.
 Indeed, from the time
 He committed the crime
 Which cut off poor Sister Thérèse in her prime,

¹ See the curious allegorical story by Chamisso, where the hero sells his shadow to the devil for an inexhaustible purse.

He was not the same man that he had been : his plan
Was quite changed—in wild freaks he no more led the
van.

He'd scarce sleep a wink in
A week ; but sit thinking,
From company shrinking.
He quite gave up drinking.

At the mess-table, too, where now seldom he came,
Fish, *fricassee*, *fricandeau*, *potage*, or game,
Dindon aux truffes, or *turbot à la crème*,
No !—he still shook his head,—it was always the same,
Still he never complained that the cook was to blame !
'Twas his appetite failed him—no matter how rare
And *recherché* the dish, how delicious the fare,—
What he used to like best he no longer could bear ;

But he'd there sit and stare
With an air of despair :
Took no care, but would wear
Boots that wanted repair ;

Such a shirt too ! you'd think he'd no linen to spare.
He omitted to shave ;—he neglected his hair,
And looked more like a Guy than a gay Mousquetaire.

One thing, above all, most excited remark ;—
In the evening he seldom sat long after dark.
Not that then, as of yore, he'd go out for ' a lark '
With his friends ; but when they,
After taking *café*,

Would have broiled bones and kidneys brought in on a
tray,
—Which I own I consider a very good way,
If a man's not dyspeptic, to wind up the day,—
No persuasion on earth could induce him to stay ;
But he'd take up his candlestick, just nod his head
By way of ' Good evening ! ' and walk off to bed.

Yet even when there he seemed no better off,
 For he'd wheeze, and he'd sneeze, and he'd hem ! and he'd
 cough ;

And they'd hear him all night,
 Sometimes, sobbing outright,
 While his valet, who often endeavoured to peep,
 Declared that ' his master was never asleep !
 But would sigh, and would groan, slap his forehead and
 weep ;

That about ten o'clock
 His door he would lock,
 And then never would open it, let who would knock !—
 He had heard him,' he said,
 ' Sometimes jump out of bed,
 And talk as if speaking to one who was dead !
 He'd groan and he'd moan,
 In so piteous a tone,

Begging some one or other to let him alone,
 That it really would soften the heart of a stone
 To hear him exclaim so, and call upon Heaven :
 Then—the bother began always *just at eleven !*'

François Xavier Auguste, as I've told you before,
 I believe, was a popular man in his *corps* ;

And his comrades, not one
 Of whom knew of the Nun,
 Now began to consult what was best to be done.

Count Cordon Bleu
 And the Sieur de la Roue
 Confessed they did *not* know at all what to do ;
 But the Chevalier Hippolyte Hector Achille
 Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville

Made a fervent appeal
 To the zeal they must feel
 For their friend, so distinguished an officer,'s weal.

‘The first thing,’ he said, ‘was to find out the matter
That bored their poor friend so and caused all this clatter :

Mort de ma vie !

—Here he took some rappee—

‘Be the cause what it may, he shall tell it to me !’

He was right, sure enough—in a couple of days
He worms out the whole story of Sister Thérèse,
Now entombed, poor dear soul ! in some Dutch *Père*
La-chaise.

—‘But the worst thing of all,’ François Xavier declares,
‘Is, whenever I’ve taken my candle up-stairs,
There’s Thérèse sitting there—upon one of those chairs !

Such a frown, too, she wears,

And so frightfully glares,

That I’m really prevented from saying my pray’rs,
While an odour—the very reverse of perfume,—
More like rhubarb or senna,—pervades the whole room !’

Hector Achille

Stanislaus Emile,

When he heard him talk so, felt an odd sort of feel.
Not that *he* cared for Ghosts—he was far too genteel ;
Still a queerish sensation came on when he saw

Him whom, for fun,

They’d, by way of a pun

On his person and principles, nicknamed *Sans Foi*,

—A man whom they had, you see,

Marked as a Sadducee,—

In his horns, all at once, so completely to draw,
And to talk of a Ghost with such manifest awe !
It excited the Chevalier Grandville’s surprise ;
He shrugged up his shoulders, he turned up his eyes,
And he thought with himself that he could not do less
Than lay the whole matter before the whole Mess.

Repetition's detestable ;—
 So, as you're best able,
 Paint to yourself the effect at the Mess-table—
 How the bold Brigadiers
 Pricked up their ears,
 And received the account, some with fears, some with
 sneers ;
 How the *Sieur de la Roue*
 Said to Count Cordon Bleu,
 ' *Ma foi—c'est bien drôle*—Monseigneur, what say you ? '
 How Count Cordon Bleu
 Declared he ' thought so too ' ;—
 How the Colonel affirmed that ' the case was quite new ' ;—
 How the Captains and Majors
 Began to lay wagers
 How far the Ghost part of the story was true ;—
 How, at last, when asked ' What was the best thing
 to do ? '
 Everybody was silent,—for nobody knew !—
 And how, in the end, they said, ' No one could deal
 With the matter so well, from his prudence and zeal,
 As the Gentleman who was the first to reveal
 This strange story—*viz.* Hippolyte Hector Achille
 Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville ! '

I need scarcely relate
 The plans, little and great,
 Which came into the Chevalier Hippolyte's pate
 To rescue his friend from his terrible foes,—
 Those mischievous Imps, whom the world, I suppose
 From extravagant notions respecting their hue,
 Has strangely agreed to denominate ' Blue ' ;
 Inasmuch as his schemes were of no more avail
 Than those he had, early in life, found to fail,
 When he strove to lay salt on some little bird's tail.

In vain did he try
 With strong waters to ply
 His friend, on the ground that he never could spy
 Such a thing as a Ghost, with a drop in his eye ;
 St. Foix never would drink now unless he was dry ;
 Besides, what the vulgar call 'sucking the monkey'
 Has much less effect on a man when he's funky.
 In vain did he strive to detain him at table
 Till his 'dark hour' was over—he never was able,
 Save once, when at Mess,
 With that sort of address
 Which the British call 'Humbug,' and Frenchmen '*Finesse*,'
 (It's 'Blarney' in Irish—I don't know the Scotch,)
 He fell to admiring his friend's English watch.¹
 He examined the face,
 And the back of the case,
 And the young Lady's portrait there, done on enamel, he
 'Saw by the likeness was one of the family' ;
 Cried '*Superbe !—Magnifique !*'
 (With his tongue in his cheek)—
 Then he opened the case, just to take a peep in it, and
 Seized the occasion to pop back the minute-hand.
 With a *demi-congé*, and a shrug, and a grin, he
 Returns the *bijou* and—*c'est une affaire finie*—
 'I've done him,' thinks he, 'now, I'll wager a guinea !'

It happened that day
 They were all very gay ;
 'Twas the *Grand Monarque's* birthday—that is, 'twas St.
 Louis's,
 Which in Catholic countries, of course, they would view as
 his—

So, when Hippolyte saw
 Him about to withdraw,

¹ 'Tompion's, I presume ?'—FARQUHAR.

He cried, 'Come—that won't do, my fine fellow, St. Foix,—
Give us five minutes longer and drink *Vive le Roi!*'

François Xavier Auguste,
Without any mistrust

Of the trick that was played, drew his watch from his fob,
Just glanced at the hour, then agreed to 'hob-nob,'

Filled a bumper, and rose
With '*Messieurs*, I propose—'

He paused—his blanched lips failed to utter the toast!

'Twas *eleven!*—he thought it half-past ten at most—

Every limb, nerve, and muscle grew stiff as a post,—

His jaw dropped—his eyes
Swelled to twice their own size—

And he stood as a pointer would stand—at a Ghost!

—Then shrieked, as he fell on the floor like a stone,

'Ah! Sister Thérèse! now—do let me alone!'

It's amazing by sheer perseverance what men do,—

As water wears stone by the '*sæpe cadendo*,'¹—

If they stick to Lord Somebody's motto, '*Agendo!*'

Was it not Robert Bruce?—I declare I've forgot,

But I think it was Robert—you'll find it in Scott—

Who, when cursing Dame Fortune, was taught by a
Spider,

'She's sure to come round, if you will but abide her.'

Then another great Rob,
Call'd 'White-headed Bob,'

Whom I once saw receive such a thump on the 'nob,'

From a fist which might almost an elephant brain,

That I really believed, at the first, he was slain,

For he lay like a dog on his back on the plain,

Till a gentleman present accustomed to *train*,

Drew out a small lancet and opened a vein

¹ The old Latin proverb—

'Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.'

Just below his left eye, which relieving the pain,
He stood up, like a trump, with an air of disdain,

While his 'backer' was fain,

—For he could not refrain—

(He was dressed in pea-green, with a pin and gold chain,
And I think I heard somebody call him 'Squire Hayne,'¹)
To whisper *ten words* one should always retain,

—'TAKE A SUCK AT THE LEMON, AND AT HIM
AGAIN !!!'—

A hint ne'er surpassed, though thus spoken at random,
Since Teucer's apostrophe—*Nil desperandum!*—

Grandville acted on it, and ordered his Tandem.

He had heard St. Foix say,

That no very great way

From Namur was a snug little town called Grandpré,
Near which, a few miles from the banks of the Maas,
Dwelt a pretty twin sister of poor dear Thérèse,
Of the same age, of course, the same father, same mother,
And as like to Thérèse as one pea to another :

She lived with her Mamma,

Having lost her Papa,

Late of contraband *schnaps* an unlicensed distiller,

And her name was Des Moulins (in English, Miss Miller).

Now, though Hippolyte Hector

Could hardly expect her

To feel much regard for her sister's 'protector,'

When she'd seen him so shamefully leave and neglect her,

Still, he very well knew

In this world there are few

¹ Mr. 'Pea-green' Hayne, as he was called, from a light green coat and waistcoat which he displayed in the Park, was a buck of the period. He made himself especially conspicuous in the year 1825, by appearing as defendant in an action for 'breach of promise,' brought by the celebrated Miss Foote, afterwards Countess of Harrington. The lady got £3000 damages.

But are ready much Christian forgiveness to show
 For other folk's wrongs—if well paid so to do ;
 And he'd seen to what acts '*Res angustæ*' compel *beaux*
 And *belles* whose affairs have once got out at elbows,
 With the magic effect of a handful of crowns
 Upon people whose pockets boast nothing but 'browns.'

A few *francs* well applied

He'd no doubt would decide

Miss Agnes des Moulins to jump up and ride
 As far as head-quarters, next day, by his side ;
 For the distance was nothing, to speak by comparison,
 To the town where the Mousquetaires now lay in garrison.

Then he thought, by the aid

Of a veil and gown, made

Like those worn by the lady his friend had betray'd,
 They might dress up Miss Agnes so like to the Shade
 Which he fancied he saw of that poor injured maid
 Come each night, with her pale face, his guilt to upbraid,
 That, if once introduced to his room thus array'd,
 And then unmasked as soon as she'd long enough stay'd,
 'Twould be no very difficult task to persuade
 Him the whole was a scurvy trick, cleverly play'd,
 Out of spite and revenge, by a mischievous jade !

With respect to the scheme—though I do not call that a
 gem—

Still I've known soldiers adopt a worse stratagem,
 And that, too, among the decided approvers
 Of General Sir David Dundas's '*Manœuvres*.'

There's a proverb, however,

I've always thought clever,

Which my Grandmother never was tired of repeating,
 'The proof of the pudding is found in the eating !'
 We shall see, in the sequel, how Hector Achille
 Had mixed up the suet and plums for *his* meal.

The night had set in;—'twas a dark and a gloomy one;—
Off went St. Foix to his chamber;—a roomy one,

Five stories high,

The first floor from the sky,

And lofty enough to afford great facility

For playing a game, with the youthful nobility

Of 'crack *corps*' a deal in

Request, when they're feeling,

In dull country quarters, *ennui* on them stealing ;

A wet wafer's applied

To a sixpence's side,

Then it's spun with the thumb up to stick on the ceiling ;

Intellectual amusement, which custom allows old troops,—

I've seen it here practised at home by our Household
troops.

He'd a table, and bed,

And three chairs ; and all's said.—

A bachelor's barrack, where'er you discern it, you're

Sure to find not overburthened with furniture.

François Xavier Auguste locked and bolted his door

With just the same caution he'd practised before.

Little he knew

That the Count Cordon Bleu,

With Hector Achille and the Sieur de la Roue,

Had been up there before him and drawn ev'ry screw !

And now comes the moment—the watches and clocks

All point to *eleven* !—the bolts and the locks

Give way—and the party turn out their bag-fox !

With step noiseless and light,

Though half in a fright,

'A cup in her left hand, a draught in her right,'

In her robe long and black, and her veil long and white,

Ma'amselle Agnes des Moulins walks in as a Sprite !—

She approaches the bed

With the same silent tread,
 Just as though she had been at least half a year dead !
 Then, seating herself on the 'rush-bottomed chair,'
 Throws a cold stony glance on the Black Mousquetaire.

If you're one of the 'play-going public,' kind Reader,
 And not a Moravian or rigid Seceder,
 You've seen Mr. Kean,
 I mean in that scene
 Of Macbeth,—by some thought the crack one of the piece,
 Which has been so well painted by Mr. M'Clise,—
 When he wants, after having stood up to say grace,¹
 To sit down to his haggis, and can't find a place.
 You remember his stare
 At the high-backed arm-chair,
 Where the Ghost sits that nobody else knows is there,
 And how, after saying 'What man dares I dare !'
 He proceeds to declare
 He should not so much care
 If it came in the shape of a 'tiger' or 'bear,'
 But he don't like its shaking its long gory hair !
 While the obstinate Ghost, as determined to brave him,
 With a horrible grin,
 Sits, and cocks up his chin,
 Just as though he was asking the tyrant to shave him.
 And Lennox and Rosse
 Seem quite at a loss
 If they ought to go on with their sheep's head and sauce ;
 And Lady Macbeth looks uncommonly cross,
 And says in a huff
 It's all 'Proper stuff !'—
 All this you'll have seen, Reader, often enough ;

¹ 'May good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both.'

So, perhaps 'twill assist you in forming some notion
 Of what must have been François Xavier's emotion,
 If you fancy what troubled
 Macbeth to be *doubled*,
 And, instead of *one* Banquo to stare in his face
 Without 'speculation,' suppose he'd *a brace* !

I wish I'd poor Fuseli's pencil, who ne'er I believe
 was exceeded in painting the terrible,

 Or that of Sir Joshua
 Reynolds, who was so adroit in depicting it—*vide* his piece
 Descriptive of Cardinal Beaufort's decease,¹

 Where that prelate is lying
 Decidedly dying,
 With the King and his *suite*
 Standing just at his feet,

And his hands, as Dame Quickly says, fumbling the sheet ;
 While, close at his ear, with the air of a scorner,
 'Busy, meddling,' Old Nick's grinning up in the corner.

But painting's an art I confess I am raw in,
 The fact is I never took lessons in drawing ;

 Had I done so, instead
 Of the lines you have read,

I'd have giv'n you a sketch should have filled you with
 dread :—

François Xavier Auguste squatting up in his bed,
 His hands widely spread,

¹ A reference this to Sir Joshua's treatment of the death of Cardinal Beaufort, in introducing a demon close to the pillow of the dying Prelate, waiting apparently for the 'wretch's soul' ; or, as a critic of the work says, 'exulting in his agonies.' It is added, 'This personification of a tormented conscience was condemned as an unnatural intermixture of fancy with reality, but Reynolds was simply expressing Shakespeare's image—

 " Oh, beat away the busy, meddling fiend,
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul."
 Henry VI. Part II. Act iii. Scene 3.'

His complexion like lead,
Ev'ry hair that he has standing up on his head,



As when, Agnes des Moulins first catching his view,
Now right and now left rapid glances he threw,
Then shrieked with a wild and unearthly halloo,

'*Mon Dieu ! voila deux !!*

BY THE POPE THERE ARE TWO !!!'

He fell back—one long aspiration he drew.

In flew De la Roue,

And Count Cordon Bleu,

Pommade, Pomme-de-terre, and the rest of their crew.

He stirred not,—he spoke not,—he none of them knew !

And Achille cried, 'Odzooks !

I fear, by his looks,

Our friend, François Xavier, has popped off the hooks !'

'Twas too true !

Malheureux !!

It was done !—he had ended his earthly career,—

He had gone off at once with a flea in his ear !

—The Black Mousquetaire was as dead as Small-beer !!¹

L'ENVOYE

A moral more in point I scarce could hope

Than this, from Mr. Alexander Pope.²

If ever chance should bring some Cornet gay,

And pious Maid—as, possibly, it may,—

From Knightsbridge Barracks, and the shades serene

Of Clapham Rise, as far as Kensal Green ;

O'er some pale marble when they join their heads

To kiss the falling tears each other sheds ;

Oh, may they pause !—and think, in silent awe,

He, that he reads the words, '*Ci gît St. Foix !*'

¹ Mr. Barham did in fact supply the design for this as for many other of the illustrations of the Legends. See letter to Mr. Bentley in the *Life* by his son, vol. ii. p. 105. In the same letter he says: 'I am glad you like the "Mousquetaire," and the rather because he is a greater favourite of my own than poor "Jack" [Jackdaw of Rheims] ever was.'

² See the conclusion of the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.

She, that the tombstone which her eye surveys
Bears this sad line,—‘*Hic jacet Sœur Thérèse !*’—
Then shall they sigh, and weep, and murmuring say,
‘Oh ! may we never play such tricks as they !’
And if at such a time some Bard there be,
Some sober Bard, addicted much to tea
And sentimental song—like Ingoldsby—
If such there be—who sings and sips so well,
Let him this sad, this tender story tell !
Warned by the tale, the gentle pair shall boast,
‘I’ve ’scaped the Broken Heart !’—‘And I the Ghost !!’



l'homme et le monde

THE next in order of these 'Lays of many Lands' refers to a period far earlier in point of date, and has for its scene the banks of what our Teutonic friends are wont to call their 'own imperial River!' The incidents which it records afford sufficient proof (and these are days of demonstration), that a propensity to flirtation is not confined to age or country, and that its consequences were not less disastrous to the mail-clad *Ritter* of the dark ages than to the silken courtier of the seventeenth century. The whole narrative bears about it the stamp of truth, and from the papers among which it was discovered I am inclined to think it must have been picked up by Sir Peregrine in the course of one of his valetudinary visits to 'The German Spa.'

[This story is a version of a melodrama which appeared at the Adelphi Theatre, and in which Mrs. Honey, dressed in the highly appropriate costume described in the poem, sustained the part of the water-nymph, Lurline.]

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS¹

A LEGEND OF GERMANY

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS, a gallant young knight,
Was equally ready to tipple or fight,
Crack a crown, or a bottle,
Cut surloin, or throttle ;
In brief, or, as Hume says, 'to sum up the tottle,'
Unstained by dishonour, unsullied by fear,
All his neighbours pronounced him a *preux chevalier*.

Despite these perfections, corporeal and mental,
He had one slight defect, *viz.* a rather lean rental.
Besides, as 'tis owned there are spots in the sun,
So it must be confessed that Sir Rupert had one ;
Being rather unthinking,
He'd scarce sleep a wink in
A night, but addict himself sadly to drinking,
And, what moralists say
Is as naughty—to play,—
To *Rouge et Noir*, Hazard, Short Whist, *Ecarté* ;
Till these, and a few less defensible fancies,
Brought the Knight to the end of his slender finances.

¹ First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April 1834.

When at length, through his boozing,
And tenants refusing
Their rents, swearing 'times were so bad they were losing,'
His steward said, 'Oh, sir,
It's some time ago, sir,
Since aught through my hands reached the baker or grocer,
And the tradesmen in general are grown quite complainers.'
Sir Rupert the Brave thus addressed his retainers :

'My friends, since the stock
Of my father's old Hock
Is out, with the Kirchwasser, Barsac, Moselle,
And we're fairly reduced to the pump and the well,
I presume to suggest,
We shall all find it best
For each to shake hands with his friends ere he goes,
Mount his horse, if he has one, and—follow his nose.
As to me, I opine,
Left *sans* money or wine,
My best way is to throw myself into the Rhine,
Where pitying trav'lers may sigh, as they cross over,
"Though he lived a *roué* yet he died a philosopher."'

The Knight, having bowed out his friends thus politely,
Got into his skiff, the full moon shining brightly ;
By the light of whose beam
He soon spied on the stream
A dame, whose complexion was fair as new cream ;
Pretty pink silken hose
Covered ankles and toes,
In other respects she was scanty of clo'es ;
For, so says tradition, both written and oral,
Her *one* garment was looped up with bunches of coral.

Full sweetly she sang to a sparkling guitar,
With silver cords stretched over Derbyshire spar,
 And she smiled on the Knight,
 Who, amazed at the sight,
Soon found his astonishment merged in delight.
 But the stream by degrees
 Now rose up to her knees,
Till at length it invaded her very chemise,
While the heavenly strain, as the wave seemed to swallow
 her,
And slowly she sank, sounded fainter and hollower.
 —Jumping up in his boat
 And discarding his coat,
'Here goes,' cried Sir Rupert, 'by Jingo I'll follow her !'
Then into the water he plunged with a souse
That was heard quite distinctly by those in the house.

Down, down, forty fathom and more from the brink,
Sir Rupert the Fearless continues to sink ;
 And, as downward he goes,
 Still the cold water flows
Through his ears, and his eyes, and his mouth, and his nose,
Till the rum and the brandy he'd swallowed since lunch
Wanted nothing but lemon to fill him with punch.
Some minutes elapsed, since he entered the flood,
Ere his heels touched the bottom and stuck in the mud.

 But oh ! what a sight
 Met the eyes of the Knight,
When he stood in the depth of the stream bolt upright !—
 A grand stalactite hall,
 Like the cave of Fingal,
Rose above and about him ;—great fishes and small
Came thronging around him, regardless of danger,
And seemed all agog for a peep at the stranger.

Their figures and forms to describe language fails—
 They'd such very odd heads and such very odd tails ;



Of their genus or species a sample to gain,
 You would ransack all Hungerford market¹ in vain ;

¹ A market of old foundation, near Charing Cross, rebuilt in 1831, but removed to make way for the South-Eastern Railway Station.

E'en the famed Mr. Myers
Would scarcely find buyers,
Though hundreds of passengers doubtless would stop
To stare, were such monsters exposed in his shop.

But little recked Rupert these queer-looking brutes,
Or the efts and the newts
That crawled up his boots,
For a sight, beyond any of which I've made mention,
In a moment completely absorbed his attention.
A huge crystal bath, which with water, far clearer
Than George Robins's filters, or Thorpe's (which are
dearer),
Have ever distilled,
To the summit was filled,
Lay stretched out before him,—and every nerve thrilled
As scores of young women
Were diving and swimming
Till the vision a perfect quandary put him in ;—
All slightly accoutred in gauzes and lawns,
They came floating about him like so many prawns.

Sir Rupert, who (barring the few peccadilloes
Alluded to) ere he leapt into the billows
Possessed irreproachable morals, began
To feel rather queer, as a modest young man ;
When forth stepped a dame, whom he recognised soon
As the one he had seen by the light of the moon,
And lisped, while a soft smile attended each sentence,
'Sir Rupert, I'm happy to make your acquaintance ;
My name is Lurline,
And the ladies you've seen
All do me the honour to call me their Queen ;
I'm delighted to see you, sir, down in the Rhine here,
And hope you can make it convenient to dine here.'

The Knight blushed and bowed,
As he ogled the crowd
Of subaqueous beauties, then answered aloud :
'Ma'am, you do me much honour,—I cannot express
The delight I shall feel—if you'll pardon my dress :
May I venture to say, when a gentleman jumps
In the river at midnight for want of "the dumps,"
He rarely puts on his knee-breeches and pumps ;
If I could but have guessed—what I sensibly feel—
Your politeness, I'd not have come *en déshabille*,
But have put on my *silk* tights in lieu of my *steel*.'
Quoth the lady, 'Dear sir, no apologies, pray,
You will take our "pot-luck" in the family way ;
We can give you a dish
Of some decentish fish,
And our water's thought fairish ; but here in the Rhine,
I can't say we pique ourselves much on our wine.'

The Knight made a bow more profound than before,
When a Dory-faced page oped the dining-room door,
And said, bending his knee,
'*Madame, on a servi !*'
Rupert tendered his arm, led Lurline to her place,
And a fat little Mer-man stood up and said grace.

What boots it to tell of the viands, or how she
Apologized much for their plain water-souchy,
Want of Harvey's, and Cross's,
And Burgess's sauces ?
Or how Rupert, on his side, protested, by Jove, he
Preferred his fish plain without soy or anchovy.
Suffice it the meal
Boasted trout, perch and eel,
Besides some remarkably fine salmon peel.

The Knight, sooth to say, thought much less of the fishes
Than of what they were served on, the massive gold dishes ;
While his eye, as it glanced now and then on the girls,
Was caught by their persons much less than their pearls ;
And a thought came across him and caused him to muse,

‘ If I could but get hold

Of some of that gold,

I might manage to pay off my rascally Jews !’

When dinner was done, at a sign to the lasses,
The table was cleared and they put on fresh glasses ;

Then the lady address

Her redoubtable guest

Much as Dido, of old, did the pious Eneas,—

‘ Dear sir, what induced you to come down and see us ?’

Rupert gave her a glance most bewitchingly tender,
Lolled back in his chair, put his toes on the fender,

And told her outright

How that he, a young Knight,

Had never been last at a feast or a fight ;

But that keeping good cheer

Every day in the year,

And drinking neat wines all the same as small-beer,

Had exhausted his rent,

And, his money all spent,

How he borrowed large sums at two hundred *per cent.* ;

How they followed—and then,

The once civillest of men,

Messrs. Howard and Gibbs, made him bitterly rue it he

Had ever raised money by way of annuity ;¹

¹ Messrs. Howard and Gibbs, an eminent firm of conveyancers, agents for capitalists, dealers in annuities, *etc.*, who ‘flourished’ at the time when this Legend was written. But advancing money even at a high percentage does not always ‘lead on to fortune,’ especially when neither interest nor principal is paid, and the eminent firm eventually entered upon that facile descent down which they had conducted so many of their clients.—R. H. D. B. 1870.

And, his mortgagees being about to foreclose,
How he jumped in the river to finish his woes !

Lurline was affected, and owned, with a tear,
That a story so mournful had ne'er met her ear.

Rupert, hearing her sigh,
Looked uncommonly sly,
And said, with some emphasis, ' Ah, Miss ! had I
A few pounds of those metals
You waste here on kettles
Then, lord once again
Of my spacious domain,
A free Count of the Empire once more I might reign,
With Lurline at my side,
My adorable bride

(For the parson should come, and the knot should be tied) ;
No couple so happy on earth should be seen
As Sir Rupert the Brave and his charming Lurline.
Not that money's my object—No, hang it, I scorn it ;
And as for my rank—but that *you'd* so adorn it—
I'd abandon it all

To remain your true thrall,
And, instead of " the *Great*," be called " Rupert the *Small*" ;
—To gain but your smiles, were I Sardanapalus,
I'd descend from my throne, and be Boots at an alehouse.¹

Lurline hung her head,
Turned pale, and then red,
Growing faint at this sudden proposal to wed,
As though his abruptness, in ' popping the question '
So soon after dinner, disturbed her digestion.

Then, averting her eye,
With a lover-like sigh,

¹ ' Sardanapalus ' and ' Boots,' the *Zenith* and *Nadir* of human society.—
T. I.

‘You are welcome,’ she murmured, in tones most bewitching,
‘To every utensil I have in my kitchen!’

Up started the Knight,
Half mad with delight;



Round her finely-formed waist
He immediately placed
One arm, which the lady most closely embraced,
Of her lily-white fingers the other made capture,
And he pressed his adored to his bosom with rapture.
‘And, oh!’ he exclaimed, ‘let them go catch my skiff, I
’ll be home in a twinkling and back in a jiffy,

Nor one moment procrastinate longer my journey
Than to put up the banns and kick out the attorney.'

One kiss to her lip and one squeeze to her hand,
And Sir Rupert already was half-way to land ;

For a sour-visaged Triton,
With features would frighten

Old Nick, caught him up in one hand, though no light one,
Sprang up through the waves, popped him into his funny,
Which some others already had half filled with money.

In fact, 'twas so heavily laden with ore
And pearls, 'twas a mercy he got it to shore ;

But Sir Rupert was strong,

And, while pulling along,

Still he heard, faintly sounding, the water-nymphs' song.

LAY OF THE NAIADS

'Away! away! to the mountain's brow,

Where the castle is darkly frowning ;

And the vassals, all in goodly row,

Weep for their lord a-drowning !

Away! away! to the steward's room,

Where law with its wig and robe is ;

Throw us out John Doe, and Richard Roe,

And sweetly we'll tickle their tobies !'

The unearthly voices scarce had ceased their yelling,
When Rupert reached his old baronial dwelling.

What rejoicing was there !

How the vassals did stare !

The old housekeeper put a clean shirt down to air ;

For she saw by her lamp

That her master's was damp,

And she feared he'd catch cold, and lumbago, and cramp ;

But, scorning what she did,
 The Knight never heeded
 Wet jacket or trousers, nor thought of repining,
 Since their pockets had got such a delicate lining.
 But oh ! what dismay
 Filled the tribe of *Ca Sa*,
 When they found he'd the cash, and intended to pay !
 Away went ' *cognovits*,' 'bills,' 'bonds,' and 'escheats,'—
 Rupert cleared off all scores and took proper receipts.

Now no more he sends out
 For pots of brown stout,
 Or *schnaps*, but resolves to do henceforth without,
 Abjure from this hour all excess and ebriety,
 Enrol himself one of a Temp'rance Society,
 All riot eschew,
 Begin life anew,
 And new-cushion and hassock the family pew !
 Nay, to strengthen him more in his new mode of life,
 He boldly determines to take him a wife.

Now, many would think that the Knight from a nice sense
 Of honour should put Lurline's name in the licence,
 And that, for a man of his breeding and quality,
 To break faith and troth,
 Confirmed by an oath,
 'Is not quite consistent with rigid morality ;
 But whether the nymph was forgot, or he thought her
 From her essence scarce wife but at best wife-and-water,
 And declined as unsuited
 A bride so diluted—
 Be this as it may,
 He, I'm sorry to say,
 (For, all things considered, I own 'twas a rum thing,)
 Made proposals in form to Miss *Una Von*—something

(Her name has escaped me), sole heiress and niece
To a highly respectable Justice of Peace.

‘Thrice happy’s the wooing
That’s not long a-doing!’

So much time is saved in the billing and cooing.
The ring is now bought, the white favours and gloves,
And all the *et cetera* which crown people’s loves;
A magnificent bride-cake comes home from the baker;
And lastly appears, from the German Long Acre,
That shaft which the sharpest in all Cupid’s quiver is,
A plum-coloured coach and rich Pompadour liveries.

’Twas a comely sight

To behold the Knight,

With his beautiful bride, dressed all in white,
And the bridesmaids fair with their long lace veils,
As they all walked up to the altar rails,
While nice little boys, the incense dispensers,
Marched in front with white surplices, bands, and gilt censers.

With a gracious air, and a smiling look,
Mess John had opened his awful book,
And had read so far as to ask if to wed he meant?
And if ‘he knew any just cause or impediment?’
When from base to turret the castle shook!!!

Then came a sound of a mighty rain
Dashing against each storied pane;

The wind blew loud,

And a coal-black cloud

O’ershadowed the church, and the party, and crowd.
How it could happen they could not divine,
The morning had been so remarkably fine!

Still the darkness increased, till it reached such a pass
That the sextoness hastened to turn on the gas.

But harder it poured,
 And the thunder roared
 As if heaven and earth were coming together ;
 None ever had witnessed such terrible weather.
 Now louder it crashed,
 And the lightning flashed,
 Exciting the fears
 Of the sweet little dears
 In the veils, as it danced on the brass chandeliers ;
 The parson ran off, though a stout-hearted Saxon,
 When he found that a flash had set fire to his caxon.

Though all the rest trembled, as might be expected,
 Sir Rupert was perfectly cool and collected,
 And endeavoured to cheer
 His bride, in her ear
 Whisp'ring tenderly, ' Pray don't be frightened, my dear ;
 Should it even set fire to the castle, and burn it, you're
 Amply insured, both for buildings and furniture.'
 But now from without
 A trustworthy scout
 Rushed hurriedly in,
 Wet through to the skin,
 Informing his master ' the river was rising,
 And flooding the grounds in a way quite surprising.'

He'd no time to say more,
 For already the roar
 Of the waters was heard as they reached the church
 door,
 While, high on the first wave that rolled in, was seen,
 Riding proudly, the form of the angry Lurline ;
 And all might observe, by her glance fierce and stormy,
 She was stung by the *spretæ injuria formæ*.

What she said to the Knight, what she said to the bride,
What she said to the ladies who stood by her side,



What she said to the nice little boys in white clo'es,
Oh, nobody mentions,—for nobody knows ;
For the roof tumbled in, and the walls tumbled out,
And the folks tumbled down, all confusion and rout ;

The rain kept on pouring,
The flood kept on roaring,
The billows and water-nymphs rolled more and more in ;
Ere the close of the day
All was clean wash'd away—
One only survived who could hand down the news,
A little old woman that opened the pews ;
She was borne off, but stuck,
By the greatest good luck,
In an oak-tree, and there she hung, crying and screaming,
And saw all the rest swallowed up the wild stream in.
In vain, all the week,
Did the fishermen seek
For the bodies, and poke in each cranny and creek ;
In vain was their search
After aught in the church,
They caught nothing but weeds, and perhaps a few perch ;
The Humane Society
Tried a variety
Of methods, and brought down, to drag for the wreck,
tackles,
But they only fished up the clerk's tortoiseshell spectacles.

MORAL

This tale has a moral. Ye youths, oh beware
Of liquor, and how you run after the fair !
Shun playing at *shorts*—avoid quarrels and jars—
And don't take to smoking those nasty cigars !
Let no run of bad luck, or despair for some Jewess-eyed
Damsel, induce you to contemplate suicide !
Don't sit up much later than ten or eleven !
Be up in the morning by half after seven !

Keep from flirting—nor risk, warned by Rupert's mis-
carriage,

An action for breach of a promise of marriage!

Don't fancy odd fishes!

Don't prig silver dishes!

And, to sum up the whole in the shortest phrase I know,

BEWARE OF THE RHINE, AND TAKE CARE OF THE RHINO!

AND now for 'Sunny Italy,'—the 'Land of the unforgotten brave,'—the land of blue skies and black-eyed Signoras.—I cannot discover from any recorded memoranda that 'Uncle Perry' was ever in Venice, even in Carnival time—that he ever saw Garrick in Shylock I do not believe, and am satisfied that he knew nothing of Shakespeare, a circumstance that would by no means disqualify him from publishing an edition of that Poet's works. I can only conclude that, in the course of his continental wanderings, Sir Peregrine had either read or heard of the following history,—especially as he furnishes us with some particulars of the eventual destination of his *dramatis personæ* which the Bard of Avon has omitted. If this solution be not accepted, I can only say, with Mr. Puff, that probably 'two men hit upon the same idea, and Shakespeare made use of it first.'

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

A LEGEND OF ITALY

‘ . . . Of the Merchant of Venice there are two 4to editions in 1600, one by Heyes and the other by Roberts. The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francis Egerton have copies of the edition by Heyes, and *they vary importantly*.

‘ . . . It must be acknowledged that *this* is a very easy and happy emendation, which does not admit of a moment’s doubt or dispute.

‘ . . . Readers in general are not at all aware of the *nonsense* they have in many cases been accustomed to receive as the genuine text of Shakespeare !’

Reasons for a new Edition of Shakespeare’s Works, by J. Payne Collier.

I BELIEVE there are few
But have heard of a Jew,
Named Shylock, of Venice,—as arrant a ‘Screw’
In money transactions as ever you knew ;
An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent
A ducat at less than three hundred *per cent.*,
Insomuch that the veriest spendthrift in Venice,
Who’d take no more care of his pounds than his pennies,
When pressed for a loan, at the very first sight
Of his terms would back out, and take refuge in *Flight*.¹
It is not my purpose to pause and inquire
If he might not, in managing thus to retire,
Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire ;
Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do,
Who could possibly help it, with Shylock the Jew.

¹ There was—perhaps is,—in the bill-discounting business, a well-known and no less obliging ‘party’ of this name, ‘to be heard of’ somewhere in the City.

But, however discreetly one cuts and contrives,
 We've been most of us taught, in the course of our lives,
 That 'Needs must when the Elderly Gentleman drives !'
 In proof of this rule,
 A thoughtless young fool,
 Bassanio, a Lord of the Tomnoddy school,
 Who, by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and Court,
 A 'swelling' (Payne Collier would read 'swilling') 'port,'
 And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast and sup,
 Had shrunk his 'weak means,' and was 'stumped' and
 'hard up,'

 Took occasion to send
 To his very good friend
 Antonio,—a merchant whose wealth had no end,
 And who'd often before had the kindness to lend
 Him large sums, on his note, which he'd managed to spend.

 'Antonio,' said he,
 'Now listen to me ;
 I've just hit on a scheme which, I think, you'll agree,
 All matters considered, is no bad design,
 And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book and mine.

'In the first place, you know all the money I've got,
 Time and often, from you has been long gone to pot,
 And in making those loans you have made a bad shot.
 Now do as the boys do when, shooting at sparrows
 And tom-tits, they chance to lose one of their arrows,
 —Shoot another the same way—I'll watch well its
 track,
 And, turtle to tripe, I'll bring both of them back !
 So list to my plan,
 And do what you can
 To attend to and second it, that's a good man !

‘ There’s a Lady, young, handsome beyond all compare, at
A place they call Belmont, whom, when I was there, at
The suppers and parties my friend Lord Mountferrat
Was giving last season, we all used to stare at.
Then, as to her wealth, her Solicitor told mine,
Besides vast estates, a pearl-fishery, and gold mine,

Her iron strong box

Seems bursting its locks,

It’s stuffed so with shares in “Grand Junctions” and
“Docks” ;

Not to speak of the money she’s got in the Stocks,

French, Dutch, and Brazilian,

Columbian and Chilian,

In English Exchequer-bills full half a million,

Not “kites,” manufactured to cheat and inveigle,

But the right sort of “flimsy,” all signed by Montea¹gle.

Then I know not how much in Canal-shares and Railways,

And more speculations I need not detail,—ways

Of vesting which, if not so safe as some think ’em,

Contribute a deal to improving one’s income ;

In short, she’s a Mint !—

Now I say, deuce is in’t

If, with all my experience, I can’t take a hint,

And her “eye’s speechless messages,” plainer than print

At the time that I told you of, know from a squint.

In short, my dear Tony,

My trusty old crony,

Do stump up three thousand once more as a loan :—I

Am sure of my game :—though, of course, there are brutes

Of all sorts and sizes, preferring their suits

To her you may call the Italian Miss Coutts,

Yet Portia—she’s named from that daughter of Cato’s—

Is not to be snapped up like little potatoes,

¹ Better known as Spring Rice, Chancellor, and subsequently Comptroller of the Exchequer.

And I have not a doubt
 I shall rout every lout
 Ere you'll whisper Jack Robinson—cut them all out—
 Surmount every barrier,
 Carry her, marry her!
 —Then hey! my old Tony, when once fairly noosed,
 For her Threc-and-a-half per Cents—New and Reduced!’

With a wink of his eye
 His friend made reply
 In his jocular manner, sly, caustic and dry,
 ‘Still the same boy, Bassanio—never say “die!”
 Well—I hardly know how I shall do’t, but I’ll try.
 Don’t suppose my affairs are at all in a hash,
 But the fact is, at present I’m quite out of cash;
 The bulk of my property, merged in rich cargoes, is
 Tossing about, as you know, in my argosies,
 Tending, of course, my resources to cripple.—I
 Have one bound to England,—another to Tripoli—
 Cyprus—Masulipatam—and Bombay;—

A sixth, by the way,
 I consigned t’other day
 To Sir Gregor M’Gregor, Cacique of Poyais,¹
 A country where silver’s as common as clay.

Meantime, till they tack
 And come, some of them, back,

¹ ‘In 1822, a year remarkable for its stock-jobbing bubbles, a person styling himself Sir Gregor M’Gregor, and—in virtue of a certain contract with H. M. Frederick Augustus, King of the Mosquito nation—Cacique of Poyais, contrived to open a loan of £200,000, a large proportion of which was actually subscribed. In pursuance of his scheme, he appointed various ministers of state, officered several regiments, and bestowed a liberal allowance of titles and orders. In addition to this, two or three shiploads of miserable creatures were sent out as emigrants and landed on the Mosquito shore, in North America, where, on the western side of Black River, the pleasant realm of Poyais was supposed to lie. Most of these poor wretches perished miserably; some few, wasted with hunger and sickness, were fortunately brought off.’—*Life and Remains of T. Hook.*

What with Custom-house duties and bills falling due,
My account with Jones, Lloyd and Co. looks rather blue ;
While, as for the "ready," I'm like a Church-mouse,—
I really don't think there's five pounds in the house.

But, no matter for that,

Let me just get my hat,

And my new silk umbrella that stands on the mat,
And we'll go forth at once to the market—we two,—
And try what my credit in Venice can do ;
I stand well on 'Change, and, when all's said and done, I
Don't doubt I shall get it for love or for money.'

They were going to go,

When, lo ! down below,

In the street, they heard somebody crying, ' Old Clo ! '
—' By the Pope, there's the man for our purpose !—I
knew

We should not have to search long. Solanio, run you,
—Salarino,—quick !—haste ! ere he get out of view,
And call in that scoundrel, old Shylock the Jew !'

With a pack,

Like a sack

Of old clothes, at his back,

And three hats on his head, Shylock came in a crack,
Saying, ' Rest you fair, Signior Antonio !—vat, pray,
Might your vorship be pleashed for to vant in ma vay ? '

' Why, Shylock, although,

As you very well know,

I am what they call "warm,"—pay my way as I go,—

And, as to myself, neither borrow nor lend,

I can break through a rule to oblige an old friend ;

And that's the case now. Lord Bassanio would raise

Some three thousand ducats:—well,—knowing your ways,

And that nought's to be got from you, say what one will,
Unless you've a couple of names to the bill,

Why, for once, I'll put mine to it,

Yea, seal and sign to it.—

Now, then, old Sinner, let's hear what you'll say
As to "doing" a bill at three months from to-day?
Three thousand gold ducats, mind—all in good bags
Of hard money ;—no sealing-wax, slippers, or rags?'

'—Vell, ma tear,' says the Jew,

'I'll see vat I can do!

But Mishter Antonio, hark you, 'tish funny

You say to me, "Shylock, ma tear, ve'd have money!"

Ven you very vell knows

How you shpit on ma clo'es,

And use naughty vords—call me Dog—and avouch

Dat I put too much int'resht py half in ma pouch ;

And while I, like de resht of ma tribe, shrug and crouch,

You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I'm a Smouch.

—Vell!—no matters, ma tear,—

Von vord in your ear!

I'd be friends mit you bote—and, to make dat appear,

Vy, I'll find you de monies as soon as you vill,

Only von littel joke musht be put in de pill ;—

Ma tear, you musht say,

If on such and such day

Such sum, or such sums, you shall fail to repay,

I shall cut vere I like, as de pargain is proke,

A fair pound of your flesh—chest by vay of a joke.'

So novel a clause

Caused Bassanio to pause ;

But Antonio, like most of those sage 'Johnny Raws'

Who care not three straws

About Lawyers or Laws,

And think cheaply of 'Old father Antic,' because
They have never experienced a gripe from his claws,
'Pooh-poohed' the whole thing—'Let the Smouch have
his way.

Why, what care I, pray,
For his penalty?—Nay,
It's a forfeit he'd never expect me to pay;
And, come what come may,
I hardly need say
My ships will be back a full month ere the day.'
So, anxious to see his friend off on his journey,
And thinking the whole but a paltry concern, he
Affixed with all speed
His name to a deed,
Duly stamped and drawn up by a sharp Jew attorney.
Thus again furnished forth, Lord Bassanio, instead
Of squandering the cash, after giving one spread,
With fiddling and masques, at the Saracen's Head,
In the morning 'made play,'
And, without more delay,
Started off in the steamboat for Belmont next day.
But scarcely had he
From the harbour got free,
And left the Lagunes for the broad open sea,
Ere the 'Change and Rialto both rang with the news
That he'd carried off more than mere cash from the Jew's.

Though Shylock was old,
And, if rolling in gold,
Was as ugly a dog as you'd wish to behold,
For few in his tribe 'mongst their Levis and Moseses
Sported so Jewish an eye, beard, and nose as his,
Still, whate'er the opinions of Horace and some be,
Your *aquilæ* generate sometimes *columbæ*.¹

¹ Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant *aquilæ* *columbam*.—HOR.

Like Jephthah, as Hamlet says, he'd 'one fair daughter,'
And every gallant who caught sight of her thought her
A jewel—a gem of the very first water.

A great many sought her,
Till one at last caught her,
And, upsetting all that the Rabbis had taught her,
To feelings so truly reciprocal brought her
That, the very same night
Bassanio thought right
To give all his old friends that farewell 'invite,'
And while Shylock was gone there to feed out of spite,
On 'wings made by a tailor' the damsel took flight.

By these 'wings' I'd express
A grey duffle dress,
With brass badge and muffin cap, made, as by rule,
For an upper class boy in the National School.
Jessy ransacked the house, popped her breeks on, and
when so
Disguised bolted off with her beau—one Lorenzo,
An 'Unthrift,' who lost not a moment in whisking
Her into the boat,
And was fairly afloat
Ere her Pa had got rid of the smell of the griskin.

Next day, while old Shylock was making a racket,
And threatening how well he'd dust every man's jacket
Who'd helped her in getting aboard of the packet,
Bassanio at Belmont was capering and prancing,
And bowing and scraping, and singing and dancing,
Making eyes at Miss Portia, and doing his best
To perform the polite, and to cut out the rest.
And, if left to herself, he, no doubt, had succeeded,
For none of them waltzed so genteelly as he did ;

But an obstacle lay,
Of some weight, in his way.
The defunct Mr. P., who was now turned to clay,
Had been an odd man, and, though all for the best he meant,
Left but a queer sort of 'Last will and testament,'—
Bequeathing her hand,
With her houses and land,
Etc., from motives one don't understand,
As she rev'renced his memory and valued his blessing,
To him who should turn out the best hand at guessing !

Like a good girl, she did
Just what she was bid ;
In one of three caskets her picture she hid,
And clapped a conundrum a-top of each lid.

A couple of Princes, a black and a white one,
Tried first, but they both failed in choosing the right one ;
Another from Naples, who shoed his own horses ;
A French Lord, whose graces might vie with Count
D'Orsay's ;—

A young English Baron ;—a Scotch Peer his neighbour ;—
A dull drunken Saxon, all moustache and sabre ;—
All followed, and all had their pains for their labour.
Bassanio came last—happy man be his dole !
Put his conjuring cap on,—considered the whole ;—

The gold put aside as
Mere 'hard food for Midas' ;
The silver bade trudge
As a 'pale common drudge' ;

Then, choosing the little lead box in the middle,
Came plump on the picture and found out the riddle.

Now you're not such a goose as to think, I dare say
Gentle Reader, that all this was done in a day,

Any more than the dome
 Of St. Peter's at Rome
 Was built in the same space of time ; and, in fact,
 Whilst Bassanio was doing
 His billing and cooing,
 Three months had gone by ere he reached the fifth act.
 Meanwhile, that unfortunate bill became due,
 Which his Lordship had almost forgot, to the Jew,
 And Antonio grew
 In a deuce of a stew,
 For he could not cash up, spite of all he could do ;
 (The bitter old Israelite would not renew.)
 What with contrary winds, storms and wrecks, and em-
 bargoes, his
 Funds were all stopped or gone down in his argosies,
 None of the set having come into port ;
 And Shylock's attorney was moving the Court
 For the forfeit supposed to be set down in sport.

The serious news
 Of this step of the Jew's,
 And his fixed resolution all terms to refuse,
 Gave the newly-made Bridegroom a fit of ' the Blues ' ;
 Especially, too, as it came from the pen
 Of his poor friend himself on the wedding-day—then,
 When the Parson had scarce shut his book up, and when
 The Clerk was yet uttering the final Amen.

' Dear Friend,' it continued, ' all's up with me—I
 Have nothing on earth now to do but to die !
 And, as death clears all scores, you're no longer my debtor.
 I should take it as kind
 Could you come.—Never mind !
 If your love don't persuade you, why—don't let this letter !'

I hardly need say this was scarcely read o'er
Ere a post-chaise and four
Was brought round to the door,
And Bassanio, though doubtless he thought it a bore,
Gave his Lady one kiss and then started at score.
But scarce in his flight
Had he got out of sight
Ere Portia, addressing a groom, said, 'My lad, you a
Journey must take on the instant to Padua ;
Find out there Bellario, a Doctor of Laws,
Who, like Follett,¹ is never left out of a cause,
And give him this note,
Which I've hastily wrote ;
Take the papers he'll give you—then push for the ferry
Below, where I'll meet you—you'll do't in a wherry,
If you can't find a boat on the Brenta with sails to it—
Stay !—bring his gown too, and wig with three tails to it.'

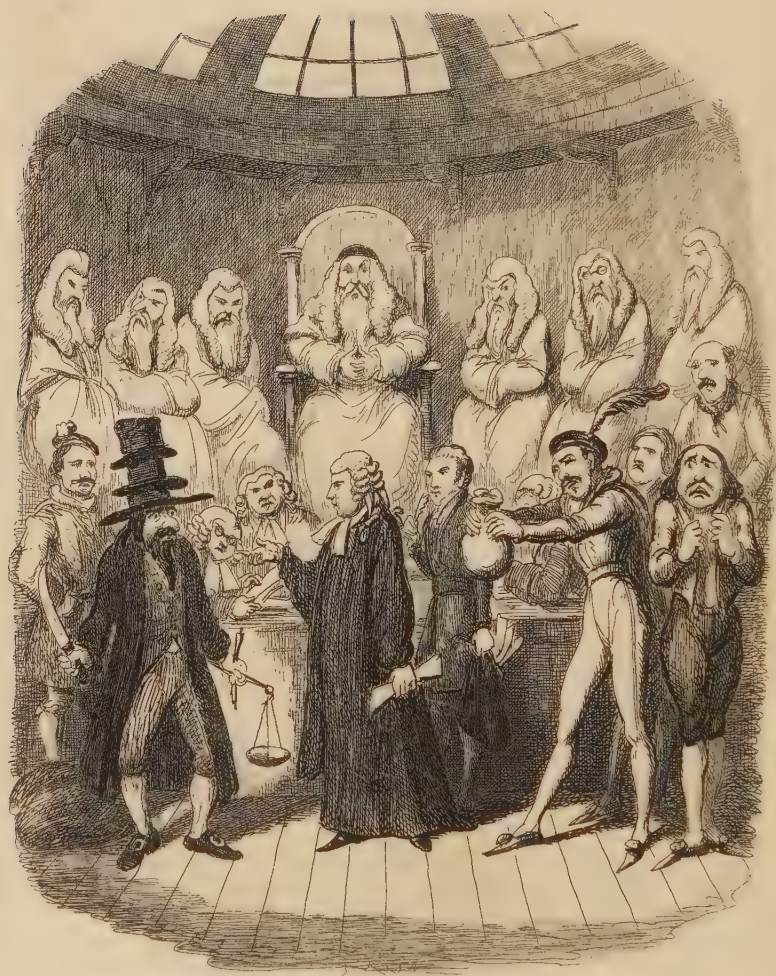
Giovanni (that's Jack)
Brought out his hack,
Made a bow to his mistress, then jumped on its back,
Put his hand to his hat and was off in a crack.
The Signora soon followed, herself, taking as her
Own escort Nerissa her maid, and Balthazar.

'The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all ranged, a terrible show !'
As Captain Macheath says,—and when one's in debt,
The sight's as unpleasant a one as I know ;
Yet still not so bad after all, I suppose,
As if, when one cannot discharge what one owes,
They should bid people cut off one's toes or one's nose.

¹ Sir William Webb Follett, Conservative Attorney-General in the year 1844 ; of very high repute as an advocate.

Yet here, a worse fate,
Stands Antonio, of late
A Merchant might vie e'en with Princes in state,
With his waistcoat unbuttoned, prepared for the knife,
Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take his life.
—On the other side Shylock, his bag on the floor,
And three shocking bad hats on his head, as before,
Imperturbable stands,
As he waits their commands,
With his scales and his great *snicker-snee* in his hands.
—Between them, equipt in a wig, gown and bands,
With a very smooth face, a young dandified Lawyer,
Whose air, ne'ertheless, speaks him quite a top-sawyer,
Though his hopes are but feeble,
Does his *possible*
To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,
And in lieu of his three thousand ducats take nine,
Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may divine,
Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.
But vain are all efforts to soften him :—still
He points to the bond
He so often has conned,
And says in plain terms he'll be shot if he will.
So the dandified Lawyer, with talking grown hoarse,
Says, 'I *can* say no more—let the law take its course.'

Just fancy the gleam of the eye of the Jew,
As he sharpened his knife on the sole of his shoe
From the toe to the heel,
And, grasping the steel,
With a business-like air was beginning to feel
Whereabouts he should cut, as a butcher would veal,—
When the dandified youth puts a spoke in his wheel.
'Stay, Shylock,' says he,
'Here's one thing—you see



THE COURT OF COMMONS

This bond of yours gives you here no jot of blood !
—The words are “A pound of flesh,”—that’s clear as mud :



Slice away, then, old fellow—but mind !—if you spill
One drop of his claret that’s not in your bill,
I’ll hang you like Haman !—By Jingo, I will !’

When apprised of this flaw,
 You never yet saw
 Such an awfully marked elongation of jaw
 As in Shylock, who cried, 'Plesh ma heart! ish that law?'—
 Off went his three hats,
 And he looked as the cats
 Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their claw.
 '—"Ish't the law?"—why, the thing won't admit of a
 query—

No doubt of the fact,
 Only look at the act;
Acto quinto, cap: tertio, Dogi Falieri—
 Nay, if, rather than cut, you'd relinquish the debt,
 The Law, Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.
 See Foscari's "Statutes at Large"—"If a Stranger
 A Citizen's life shall, with malice, endanger,
 The whole of his property, little or great,
 Shall go, on conviction, one-half to the State,
 And one to the person pursued by his hate;
 And, not to create
 Any farther debate,
 The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate."
 So down on your marrowbones, Jew, and ask mercy!
 Defendant and Plaintiff are now *wisy wersy*.'

What need to declare
 How pleased they all were
 At so joyful an end to so sad an affair?
 Or Bassanio's delight at the turn things had taken,
 His friend having saved, to the letter, his bacon?—
 How Shylock got shaved, and turned Christian, though
 late,
 To save a life-int'rest in half his estate?—
 How the dandified Lawyer, who'd managed the thing,
 Would not take any fee for his pains but a ring

Which Mrs. Bassanio had giv'n to her spouse,
With injunctions to keep it, on leaving the house?—
 How when he, and the spark
 Who appeared as his clerk,
Had thrown off their wigs, and their gowns, and their
 jetty coats,
There stood Nerissa and Portia in petticoats?—
How they pouted, and flouted, and acted the cruel,
Because Lord Bassanio had not kept his jewel?—
 How they scolded and broke out,
 Till, having their joke out,
They kissed and were friends, and all, blessing and blessed,
 Drove home by the light
 Of a moonshiny night,
Like the one in which Troilus, the brave Trojan Knight,
Sat astride on a wall, and sighed after his Cressid?¹
 All this, if 'twere meet,
 I'd go on to repeat,
But a story spun out so's by no means a treat ;
So I'll merely relate what, in spite of the pains
I have taken to rummage among his remains,
No edition of Shakespeare, I've met with, contains ;
But, if the account which I've heard be the true one,
We shall have it, no doubt, before long, in a new one.

 In an MS. then, sold
 For its full weight in gold,
And knocked down to my friend, Lord Tomnoddy, I'm
told
It's recorded that Jessy, coquettish and vain,
Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of pain ;

¹ 'In such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.'

Being mildly rebuked, she levanted again,
 Ran away with a Scotchman, and, crossing the main,
 Became known by the name of the 'Flower of Dunblane.'¹

That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've seen,
 Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,
 And whose goodness to paint
 All colours were faint,
 Acquired the well-merited prefix of 'Saint';
 And the Doge, his admirer, of honour the fount,
 Having given him a patent, and made him a Count,
 He went over to England, got nat'ralised there,
 And espoused a rich heiress in Hanover Square.²

That Shylock came with him, no longer a Jew,
 But converted, I think may be possibly true;
 But that Walpole, as these self-same papers aver,
 By changing the *y* in his name into *er*,
 Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish up,
 And in Seventeen-twenty-eight make him a Bishop³
 I cannot believe;—but shall still think them two men
 Till some Sage proves the fact 'with his usual *acumen*.'

MORAL

From this tale of the Bard
 It's uncommonly hard
 If an Editor can't draw a moral.—'Tis clear,
 Then,—In ev'ry young wife-seeking Bachelor's ear

¹ 'Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane,'—Tannahill's old ballad.

² The lady here alluded to was the daughter of a wealthy Government contractor, and as the Countess St. Antonio occupied a conspicuous position in the world of fashion. Her Sunday evenings in Hanover Square attained a special celebrity. Eventually, by the advancement of her husband, she was raised to the rank of Duchess.

³ Thomas Sherlock, created Bishop of Bangor in the year 1728.

A maxim, 'bove all other stories, this one drums,
'PITCH GREEK TO OLD HARRY, AND STICK TO
CONUNDRUMS!!'

To new-married Ladies this lesson it teaches,

'You're "no that far wrong" in assuming the breeches!'

Monied men upon 'Change, and rich Merchants it schools
To look well to assets—nor play with edge-tools!

Last of all, this remarkable History shows men,
What caution they need when they deal with old-clo'esmen.

So bid John and Mary

To mind and be wary,

And never let one of them come down the are'!

FROM St. Mark to St. Lawrence—from the Rialto to the Escorial—from one Peninsula to another!—it is but a hop, step, and jump—your toe at Genoa, your heel at Marseilles, and a good hearty spring pops you down at once in the very heart of Old Castile. That Sir Peregrine Ingoldsby, then a young man, was at Madrid soon after the Peace of Ryswick, there is extant a long correspondence of his to prove. Various passages in it countenance the supposition that his tour was partly undertaken for political purposes; and this opinion is much strengthened by certain allusions in several of his letters addressed, in after life, to his friend Sir Horace Mann, then acting in the capacity of Envoy to the Court of Tuscany. Although the Knight spent several months in Spain, and visited many of her principal cities, there is no proof of his having actually ‘seen Seville,’ beyond the internal evidence incidentally supplied by the following legend. The events to which it alludes were, of course, of a much earlier date, though the genealogical records of the ‘Kings of both the Indies’ have been in vain consulted for the purpose of fixing their precise date, and even Mr. Simpkinson’s research has failed to determine which of the royal stock rejoicing in the name of Ferdinand is the hero of the legend. The conglomeration of Christian names usual in the families of the *haute noblesse* of Spain adds to the difficulty; not that this inconvenient accumulation of prefixes is peculiar to the country in question: witness my excellent friend Field-Marshal Count Hermann Karl Heinrich Socrates von der Nodgerrie zu Pfefferkorn, whose appellations puzzled the recording clerk of one of our Courts lately,—and that not a little.

That a splendid specimen of the *genus Homo, species Monk*, flourished in the earlier moiety of the fifteenth century under the appellation of Torquemada is notorious,—and this fact might seem to establish the era of the story ; but then *his* name was John—not Dominic—though he was a *Dominican*, and hence the mistake, if any, may perhaps have originated ;—but then again the Spanish Queen to whom he was Confessor was called Isabella, and not Blanche—it is a puzzling affair altogether.

From his own silence on the subject it may well be doubted whether the worthy transcriber knew himself the date of the transactions he has recorded ; the authenticity of the details, however, cannot be well called in question.—Be this as it may, I shall make no further question, but at once introduce my ‘pensive public’ to THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ

A LEGEND OF SPAIN

CANTO I

WITH a moody air, from morn till noon,
King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon ;
From morn till eve
He does nothing but grieve ;
Sighings and sobbings his midriff heave,
And he wipes his eyes with his ermined sleeve,
And he presses his feverish hand to his brow,
And he frowns, and he looks I can't tell you how ;
And the Spanish Grandees,
In their degrees,
Are whispering about in twos and in threes,
And there is not a man of them seems at his ease,
But they gaze on the monarch, as watching what he does,
With their very long whiskers and longer Toledos.
Don Gaspar, Don Guzman, Don Juan, Don Diego,
Don Gomez, Don Pedro, Don Blas, Don Rodrigo,
Don Jerome, Don Giacomo join Don Alphonso
In making inquiries
Of grave Don Ramirez,
The Chamberlain, what it is makes him take on so ;
A Monarch so great that the soundest opinions
Maintain the sun can't set throughout his dominions.

But grave Don Ramirez
In guessing no nigher is
Than the other grave Dons who propound these inquiries ;
When, pausing at length, as beginning to tire, his
Majesty beckons, with stately civility,
To Señor Don Lewis
Condé d'Aranjuez,
Who in birth, wealth, and consequence second to few is,
And Señor Don Manuel, Count de Pacheco,
A lineal descendant from King Pharaoh-Neco,
Both Knights of the Golden Fleece, high-born Hidalgos,
With whom e'en the King himself quite as a 'pal' goes.

‘Don Lewis,’ says he,
‘Just listen to me ;
And you, Count Pacheco—I think that we three,
On matters of State, for the most part agree ;—
Now you both of you know
That some six years ago,
Being then, for a King, no indifferent Beau,
At the altar I took, like my forebears of old,
The Peninsula's paragon,
Fair Blanche of Aragon,
For better, for worse, and to have and to hold ;—
And you're fully aware,
When the matter took air,
How they shouted, and fired the great guns in the Square,
Cried “ *Viva !* ” and rang all the bells in the steeple,
And all that sort of thing
The mob do when a King
Brings a Queen Consort home for the good of his people.
‘Well !—six years and a day
Have flitted away
Since that blessed event, yet I'm sorry to say—

In fact it's the principal cause of my pain—
I don't see any signs of an Infant of Spain!

Now I want to ask you,

Cavaliers true

And Counsellors sage,—what the deuce shall I do?—
The State—don't you see?—hey?—an heir to the throne—
Every monarch, you know, should have one of his own—
Disputed succession—hey?—terrible Go!—
Hum!—hey?—Old fellows!—you see!—don't you
know?'¹

Now Reader, dear,

If you've ever been near

Enough to a Court to encounter a Peer
When his principal tenant's gone off in arrear,
And his brewer has sent in a long bill for beer,
And his butcher and baker, with faces austere,
Ask him to clear
Off, for furnished good cheer,—
Bills, they say, 'have been standing for more than a year';
And the tailor and shoemaker also appear
With their 'little account,'
Of 'trifling amount,'

¹ In King Ferdinand a few readers may possibly recognise something of the mannerism of the late much-loved Hon. and Rev. Fitzroy Stanhope. 'A man he was to all the country dear,'—and not the least so to Thomas Ingoldsby. St. Burian, by the way, was worth, perhaps, a trifle more than forty pounds *per annum*. It is said that the ex-Guardsman found a little difficulty in obtaining admission to holy orders, which was overcome only by the intervention of royalty. The story goes that the following laconic correspondence passed on the occasion:—

'DEAR CORK,

'Ordain Stanhope.

'Yours, YORK.'

'DEAR YORK,

'Stanhope's ordained.

'Yours, CORK.'

The signature, however, ascribed to the Bishop, throws a doubt upon the authenticity of the anecdote, and, submitted to the critical eye of Mr. Hayward, it would be probably tossed aside among his 'mock pearls of history.'

For Wellingtons, waistcoats, pea-jackets, and—gear
Which to name in society's thought rather queer ;—
While Drummond's chief clerk, with his pen in his ear,
And a kind of a sneer, says, 'We've no effects here !'

—Or if ever you've seen

An Alderman, keen

After turtle, peep into a silver tureen,
In search of the fat called *par excellence* 'green,'
When there's none of the meat left—not even the lean !—
Or if ever you've witnessed the face of a sailor
Returned from a voyage, and escaped from a gale, or
Poeticè 'Boreas,' that 'blustering railer,'
To find that his wife, when he hastens to 'hail' her,
Has just run away with his cash—and a tailor ;—
If one of these cases you've ever surveyed,

You'll, without my aid,

To yourself have portrayed

The beautiful mystification displayed,
And the puzzled expression of manner and air
Exhibited now by the dignified pair,
When thus unexpectedly asked to declare
Their opinions as Counsellors, several and joint,
On so delicate, grave, and important a point.

Señor Don Lewis

Condé d'Aranjuez

At length forced a smile 'twixt the prim and the grim,
And looked at Pacheco—Pacheco at him—
Then, making a rev'rence and dropping his eyes,
Coughed, hemmed, and delivered himself in this wise :

'My Liege !—unaccustomed as I am to speaking
In public—an art I'm remarkably weak in—
I feel I should be—quite unworthy the name
Of a man and a Spaniard—and highly to blame,

Were there not in my breast
 What—can't be exprest,—
 And can therefore,—your Majesty,—only be guessed.—
 What I mean to say is—since your Majesty deigns
 To ask my advice on your welfare—and Spain's—
 And on that of your Majesty's Bride—that is, Wife—
 It's the—as I may say—proudest day of my life !
 But as to the point—on a subject so nice
 It's a delicate matter to give one's advice,
 Especially, too,
 When one don't clearly view
 The best mode of proceeding,—or know what to do.
 My decided opinion, however, is this,
 And I fearlessly say that you can't do amiss,
 If, with all that fine tact
 Both to think and to act,
 In which all know your Majesty so much excels—
 You are graciously pleased to—ask somebody else !'

 Here the noble Grandee
 Made that sort of *congé*,
 Which, as Hill¹ used to say, 'I once *happened to see*'
 The great Indian conjurer, Ramo Samee,
 Make, while swallowing what all thought a regular choker,
Viz. a small sword as long and as stiff as a poker.
 Then the Count de Pacheco,
 Whose turn 'twas to speak, o-
 mitting all preface, exclaimed with devotion,
 'Sire, I beg leave to second Don Lewis's motion !'

 Now a monarch of Spain
 Of course could not deign
 To expostulate, argue, or, much less, complain

¹ An allusion to the 'Tom Hill' described before. See p. 13.

Of an answer thus giv'n, or to ask them again ;
 So he merely observed, with an air of disdain,
 ' Well, gentlemen,—since you both shrink from the task
 Of advising your Sovereign—pray, whom shall I ask ? '

Each felt the rub,—

And in Spain not a Sub,

Much less an Hidalgo, can stomach a snub,—

So the noses of these

Castilian Grandees

Rise at once in an angle of several degrees,

Till the under lip's almost becoming the upper,

Each perceptibly grows, too, more stiff in the crupper ;

Their right hands rest

On the left side the breast,

While the hilts of their swords by their left hands deprest

Make the ends of their scabbards to cock up behind,

Till they're quite horizontal instead of inclined ;

And Don Lewis, with scarce an attempt to disguise

The disgust he experiences, gravely replies,

' Sire, ask the Archbishop—his Grace of Toledo !—

He understands these things much better than we do ! '

—*Pauca verba* !—enough,—

Each turns off in a huff,

This twirling his moustache, that fingering his ruff,

Like a blue-bottle fly on a rather large scale,

With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail.

King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon,

With a moody brow, and he looks like a ' Spoon,'

And all the Court Nobles, who form the ring,

Have a spooney appearance, of course, like the King,

All of them eyeing King Ferdinand

As he goes up and down with his watch in his hand,

Which he claps to his ear as he walks to and fro :—

' What is it can make the Archbishop so slow ? '

Hark !—at last there's a sound in the courtyard below,
 Where the Beefeaters all are drawn up in a row,—
 I would say the 'Guards,' for in Spain they're in chief
 eaters

Of *omelettes* and garlick, and can't be called Beefeaters.

 In fact, of the few

 Individuals I knew

Who ever had happened to travel in Spain,
 There has scarce been a person who did not complain
 Of their cookery, and dishes, as all bad in grain,
 And no one I'm sure will deny it who's tried a
 Vile compound they have that's called *Olla podrida*.

 (This, by the bye,

 's a mere rhyme to the eye,

For in Spanish the *i* is pronounced like an *e*,
 And they've not quite our mode of pronouncing the *d*.
 In Castile, for instance, it is giv'n through the teeth,
 And what we call *Madrid*, they sound more like *Madreeth*.)
 Of course you will see in a moment they've no men
 That at all correspond with our Beefeating Yeomen ;
 So call them 'Walloons,' or whatever you please,
 By their rattles and slaps they're not 'standing at ease,'
 But, beyond all disputing,
 Engaged in saluting

Some very great person among the Grandees ;—
 Here a Gentleman Usher walks in and declares,
 'His Grace the Archbishop's a-coming up-stairs !'

The Most Reverend Don Garcilaso Quevedo

 Was just at this time, as he

 Now held the Primacy,

(Always attached to the See of Toledo,)

A man of great worship *Officii virtute*,

Versed in all that pertains to a Counsellor's duty,

Well skilled to combine
 Civil law with divine ;
 As a statesman, inferior to none in that line ;
 As an orator, too,
 He was equalled by few ;
 Uniting, in short, in tongue, headpiece and pen,
 The very great powers of three very great men,—
 Talleyrand,—who will never drive down Piccadilly more
 To the Traveller's Club-House !—Charles Phillips—and
 Phillimore.¹

Not only at home,
 But even at Rome
 There was not a Prelate among them could cope
 With the Primate of Spain in the eyes of the Pope.
 (The Conclave was full, and they'd not a spare hat, or he
 Had long since been Cardinal Legate *à latere*,
 A dignity fairly his due, without flattery ;
 So much he excited among all beholders
 Their marvel to see
 At his age—thirty-three—
 Such a very old head on such very young shoulders.)
 No wonder the King, then, in this his distress,
 Should send for so sage an adviser express ;
 Who, you'll readily guess,
 Could not do less
 Than start off at once, without stopping to dress,
 In his haste to get Majesty out of a mess.

His Grace the Archbishop comes up the back way,
 Set apart for such Nobles as have the *entrée*,
Viz. Grandees of the first class, both cleric and lay ;
 Walks up to the monarch and makes him a bow,
 As a dignified clergyman always knows how,
 Then replaces the mitre at once on his brow ;

¹ The one gentleman learned in criminal, the other in ecclesiastical law.

For, in Spain, recollect,
As a mark of respect
To the Crown, if a Grandee uncovers, it's quite
As a matter of option and not one of right ;
A thing not conceded by *our* Royal Masters,
Who always make Noblemen take off their 'castors,'
Except the heirs male
Of John Lord Kinsale,
A stalwart old Baron, who, acting as Henchman
To one of our early Kings, killed a big Frenchman ;
A feat which his Majesty deigning to smile on,
Allowed him thenceforward to stand with his 'tile' on ;
And all his successors have kept the same privilege
Down from those barbarous times to our civil age.

Returning his bow with a slight demi-bob,
And replacing the watch in his hand in his fob,
'My Lord,' said the King, 'here's a rather tough job,
Which, it seems, of a sort is
To puzzle our *Cortes* ;
And, since it has quite flabbergasted that Diet, I
Look to your Grace with no little anxiety
Concerning a point
Which has quite out of joint
Put us all with respect to the good of society.
Your Grace is aware
That we've not got an Heir ;
Now, it seems, one and all they don't stick to declare,
That of all our advisers there is not in Spain one
Can tell, like your Grace, the best way to obtain one ;
So put your considering cap on—we're curious
To learn your receipt for a Prince of Asturias.'

One without the nice tact
Of his Grace would have backt

Out at once, as the Noblemen did : and, in fact,
He was, at the first, rather posed how to act—
 One moment—no more !—
 Bowing then, as before,
He said, ‘ Sire, ’twere superfluous for me to acquaint
The “ Most Catholic King ” in the world, that a Saint
 Is the usual resource
 In these cases ;—of course
Of their influence your Majesty well knows the force ;
If I may be, therefore, allowed to suggest
The plan which occurs to my mind as the best,
 Your Majesty may go
 At once to St. Jago,
Whom, as Spain’s patron Saint, I pick out from the rest.
 If your Majesty looks
 Into Guthrie, or Brooks,
In all the approved geographical books
You will find Compostella laid down in the maps
Some two hundred and sev’nty miles off ; and, perhaps,
In a case so important, you may not decline
A pedestrian excursion to visit his shrine.
 And, Sire, should you choose
 To put peas in your shoes,
The Saint, as a gentleman, can’t well refuse
So distinguished a Pilgrim,—especially when he
Considers the boon will not cost him one penny ! ’

His speech ended, his Grace bowed, and put on his mitre
As tight as before, and perhaps a thought tighter.

‘ Pooh ! pooh ! ’ says the King,

‘ I shall do no such thing !

It’s nonsense,—Old fellow—you see—no use talking—
The peas set apart, I abominate walking—
Such a deuced way off, too—hey ?—walk there—what, me ?
Pooh !—it’s no Go, Old fellow !—you know—don’t you see ? ’

‘Well, Sire,’ with much sweetness the Prelate replied,
 ‘If your Majesty don’t like to walk—you can ride!

And then if you please,

In lieu of the peas,

A small portion of horsehair, cut fine, we’ll insert,

As a substitute, under your Majesty’s shirt ;

Then a rope round your collar instead of a laced band,—

A few nettles tucked into your Majesty’s waistband,—

Asafoetida mixt with your *bouquet* and civet,

I’ll warrant you’ll find yourself right as a trivet!’

‘Pooh! pooh!

I tell you,’

Quoth the King, ‘it won’t do!’—

A cold perspiration began to bedew

His Majesty’s cheek, and he grew in a stew,

When José de Humez,¹ the King’s privy-purse-keeper,

(Many folks thought it could scarce have a worse keeper,)

Came to the rescue, and said with a smile,

‘Sire, your Majesty *can’t* go—’twould take a long while,

And you won’t post it under TWO SHILLINGS A MILE!!

Twenty-seven pounds ten

To get there—and then

Twenty-seven pounds ten more to get back agen!!

Sire, the *tottle*’s enormous:—you ought to be King

Of Golconda as well as the Indies, to fling

Such a vast sum away upon any such thing!’

At this second rebuff

The Archbishop looked gruff,

And his eye glanced on Humez as if he’d say ‘Stuff!’

But seeing the King seemed himself in a huff,

He changed his demeanour and grew smooth enough ;

Then, taking his chin ’twixt his finger and thumb,

As a help to reflection, gave vent to a ‘Hum!’

¹ Joseph Hume, M.P., the perhaps over-vigilant guardian of the public purse.

'Twas the pause of an instant—his eye assumed fast
That expression which says, 'Come, I've got it at last!'

'There's one plan,' he resumed, 'which, with all due respect to
Your Majesty, no one, I think, can object to :
Since your Majesty don't like the peas in the shoe—or to
Travel—what say you to burning a Jew or two ?

Of all cookeries, most
The Saints love a roast !

And a Jew's, of all others, the best dish to toast.

And then for a Cook
We have not far to look—

Father Dominic's self, Sire, your own Grand Inquisitor,
Luckily now at your Court is a visitor ;
Of his Rev'rence's functions there is not one weightier
Than Heretic-burning—in fact, 'tis his *métier*.

Besides Alguazils

Who still follow his heels,

He has always Familiars enough at his beck at home,
To pick you up Hebrews enough for a hecatomb !
And depend on it, Sire, such a glorious specific
Would make every Queen throughout Europe prolific !'

Says the King, 'That'll do !

Pooh ! pooh !—burn a Jew ?

Burn half a score Jews—burn a dozen—burn two !

Your Grace, it's a match,

Burn all you can catch,

Men, women, and children—Pooh ! pooh !—great and
small—

Old clothes—slippers—sealing-wax—Pooh !—burn them
all !

For once we'll be gay,

A grand *Auto-da-fé*

Is much better fun than a ball or a play !'

So the warrant was made out without more delay,
Drawn, sealed and delivered, and

(Signed)

YO EL RE !

CANTO II

There is not a nation in Europe but labours
To toady itself, and to humbug its neighbours.
'Earth has no such folks—no folks such a city,
So great, or so grand, or so fine, or so pretty,'

Said Louis Quatorze,
'As this Paris of ours !'

Mr. Daniel O'Connell exclaims, 'By the Pow'rs,
Ould Ireland's on all hands admitted to be
The first flower of the earth and first *Gim* of the sea !'
Mr. Bull will inform you that Neptune,—a lad he,
With more of affection than rev'rence, styles 'Daddy,'—

Did not scruple to 'say
To Freedom, one day,'

That if ever he changed his aquatics for dry land,
His home should be Mr. B.'s 'Tight little Island.'

He adds, too, that he,
The said Mr. B.,

Of all possible Frenchmen can fight any three ;
That, with no greater odds, he knows well how to treat them,
To meet them, defeat them, and beat them, and eat them.
In Italy, too, 'tis the same to the letter ;

There each Lazzarone
Will cry to his crony,

'See Naples, then die !¹ and the sooner the better !'
The Portuguese say, as a well-understood thing,
'Who has not seen Lisbon² has not seen a good thing !'—

¹ 'Vedi Napoli e poi mori !'

² 'Quem não tem visto Lisboa
Não tem visto cousa boa.'

While an old Spanish proverb runs glibly as under,
 'QUIEN NO HA VISTO SEVILLA
 NO HA VISTO MARAVILLA !'
 'He who ne'er has viewed Seville has ne'er viewed a Wonder !'
 And from all I can learn this is no such great blunder.

In fact, from the river,
 The famed Guadalquivir,
 Where many a knight's had cold steel through his liver,¹
 The prospect *is* grand. The *Iglesia Mayor*
 Has a splendid effect on the opposite shore,
 With its lofty *Giralda* ; while two or three score
 Of magnificent structures around, perhaps more,
 As our Irish friends have it, are there 'to the fore' ;
 Then the old Alcazar,
 More ancient by far,
 As some say, while some call it one of the palaces
 Built in twelve hundred and odd by Abdalasis,
 With its horse-shoe shaped arches of Arabesque tracery,
 Which the architect seems to have studied to place awry,
 Saracenic and rich ;
 And more buildings, 'the which,'
 As old Lilly, in whom I've been looking a bit o' late,
 Says, 'You'd be bored should I now recapitulate' ;²
 In brief, then, the view
 Is so fine and so new,
 It would make you exclaim, 'twould so forcibly strike ye,
 If a Frenchman, '*Superbe !*'—if an Englishman, 'Crikey !'

Yes ! thou *art* 'WONDERFUL !'—but oh,
 'Tis sad to think, 'mid scenes so bright

¹ 'Rio verde, Rio verde, etc.'

'Glassy water, glassy water,
 Down whose current clear and strong,
 Chiefs, confused in mutual slaughter,
 Moor and Christian, roll along.'—*Old Spanish Romance*.—T. I.

² Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.
Propria quæ maribus.—T. I.

As thine, fair Seville, sounds of woe,
 And shrieks of pain, and wild affright,
 And soul-wrung groans of deep despair,
 And blood, and death should mingle there!

Yes! thou art 'WONDERFUL!'—the flames
 That on thy towers reflected shine,
 While earth's proud Lords and high-born Dames,
 Descendants of a mighty line,
 With cold unaltered looks are by
 To gaze, with an unpitying eye,
 On wretches in their agony.

All speak thee 'WONDERFUL'—the phrase
 Befits thee well—the fearful blaze
 Of yon piled faggot's lurid light,
 Where writhing victims mock the sight,—
 The scorched limb shrivelling in its chains,—
 The hot blood parched in *living* veins,—
 The crackling nerve—the fearful knell
 Rung out by that remorseless bell,—
 Those shouts from human fiends that swell,—
 That withering scream,—that frantic yell,—
 All, Seville,—all too truly tell
 Thou *art* a 'MARVEL'—and a Hell!
 God!—that the worm whom thou hast made
 Should thus his brother worm invade!
 Count deeds like these good service done,
 And deem THINE eye looks smiling on!!

Yet there at his ease, with his whole Court around him,
 King Ferdinand sits 'in his GLORY,'—confound him!—
 Leaning back in his chair,
 With a satisfied air,

And enjoying the bother, the smoke and the smother,
With one knee cocked carelessly over the other ;

His pouncet-box goes
To and fro at his nose,

As somewhat misliking the smell of old clo'es,
And seeming to hint, by this action emphatic,
That Jews, e'en when roasted, are not aromatic.

There, too, fair Ladies
From Xeres and Cadiz,

Catalinas, and Julias, and fair Iñesillas,
In splendid lace-veils and becoming mantillas,
Elviras, Antonias, and Claras, and Floras,
And dark-eyed Jacinthas, and soft Isidoras,
Are crowding the 'boxes,' and looking on coolly as
Though 'twas but one of their common *tertulias*,¹
Partaking, as usual, of wafers and ices,
Snow-water, and melons cut out into slices,
And chocolate,—furnished at coffee-house prices ;

While many a suitor,
And gay coadjutor

In the eating-and-drinking line, scorns to be neuter :
One, being perhaps just returned with his tutor
From travel in England, is tempting his '*future*'
With a luxury neat as imported,—'The Pewter,'
And charming the dear Violantes and Iñeses
With a three-cornered sandwich and *soupeçon* of 'Guinness's' ;
While another, from Paris but newly come back,
Hints 'the least taste in life' of the best cogniac.

Such ogling and eyeing,
In short, and such sighing,

And such complimenting (one must not say l—g)
Of smart cavaliers with each other still vying,

Mixt up with the crying
And groans of the dying,

¹ A sort of Spanish 'kettle-drum.'

All hissing, and spitting, and broiling, and frying,
 Form a scene, which, although there can be no denying
 To a *bon Catholique* it may prove edifying,
 I doubt if a Protestant smart Beau or merry Belle
 Might not shrink from it as somewhat too terrible.
 It's a question with me if you ever surveyed a
 More stern-looking mortal than old Torquemada,
 Renowned Father Dominic, famous for twisting domestic
 and foreign necks all over Christendom ;
 Morescoes or Jews,
 Not a penny to choose,
 If a dog of a heretic dared to refuse
 A glass of old port or a slice from a griskin,
 The good Padre soon would so set him a frisking,
 That I would not, for—more than I'll say—be in his skin.

'Twas just the same thing with his own race and nation,
 And Christian Dissenters of every persuasion,
 Muggletonian, or Quaker,
 Or Jumper, or Shaker,
 No matter with whom in opinion partaker,
 George Whitefield, John Bunyan, or Thomas Gat-acre,
 They'd no better chance than a Bonze or a Fakir.
 If a woman, it skilled not—if she did not deem as he
 Bade her to deem touching Papal supremacy,
 By the Pope, but he'd make her !
 From error awake her,
 Or else—pop her into an oven and bake her !
 No one, in short, ever came half so near, as he
 Did, to the full extirpation of heresy ;
 And if, in the times of which now I am treating,
 There had been such a thing as a ' Manchester Meeting,'
 ' Pretty pork ' he'd have made ' Moderator ' and ' Minister,'
 Had he but caught them on his side Cape Finisterre ;—

Pye-Smith and the rest of them once in his bonfire, henceforth you'd have heard little more of the 'CONFERENCE.'¹

And there, on the opposite side of the ring,
He, too, sits 'in his GLORY,' confronting the King,
With his cast-iron countenance frowning austere,
That matched with his *en bon point* body but queerly ;
For though grim his visage his person was pury,

Belying the rumour

Of fat folks' good humour :

Above waves his banner of 'Justice and Mercy,'

Below and around stand a terrible band adding much to the scene,—*viz.* The 'Holy *Hermandad*,'
That's 'Brotherhood,'—each looking grave as a Grand-dad.

Within the arena

Before them is seen a

Strange, odd-looking group, each one dressed in a garment

Not 'dandified' clearly, as certainly 'varment,'
Being all over vipers and snakes, and stuck thick
With multiplied *silhouette* profiles of NICK ;

And a cap of the same,

All devils and flame,

Extinguisher-shaped, much like Salisbury Spire,
Except that the latter's of course somewhat higher ;

A long yellow pin-a-fore

Hangs down, each chin afore,

On which, ere the wearer had donned it, a man drew
The Scotch badge, a *Saltire*, or Cross of St. Andrew ;
Though I fairly confess I am quite at a loss
To guess why they should choose that particular cross,

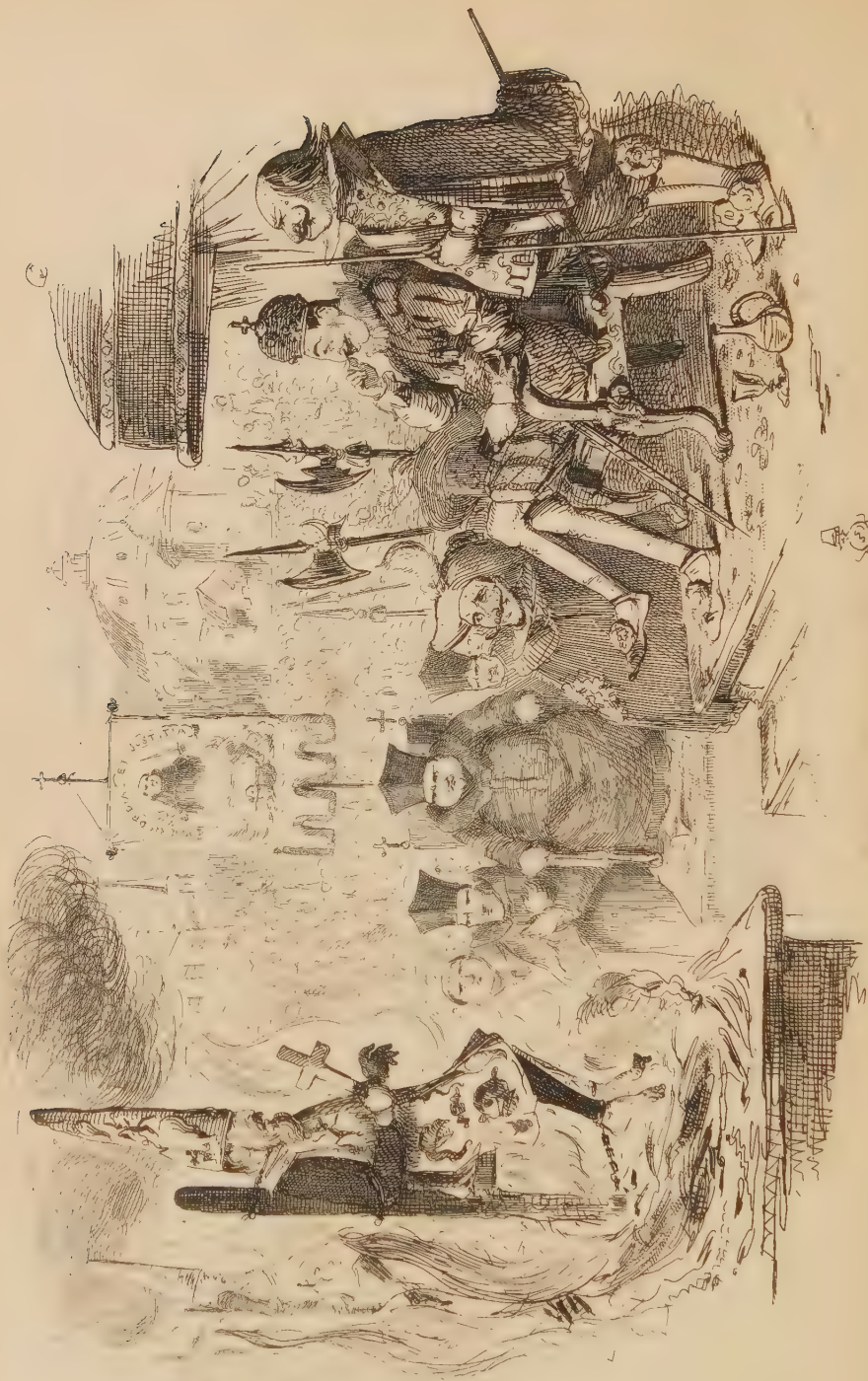
¹ Dr. John Pye-Smith was a leading Nonconformist divine. He took an active part in politics, and was one of the 620 ministers of all denominations who were present at the Anti-Corn Law Conference, held in the Town Hall at Manchester, August 17, 1841. Unable, from his infirmities, to speak on that occasion, he was permitted to read an address, which was afterwards circulated throughout the kingdom. This was followed by a petition against the Corn Laws, drawn up by him at the request of his brethren.

Or to make clear to you
 What the Scotch had to do
 At all with the business in hand,—though it's true
 That the vestment aforesaid, perhaps, from its hue,
Vis. yellow, in juxtaposition with *blue*;
 (A tinge of which latter tint could but accrue
 On the faces of wretches, of course, in a stew
 As to what their tormentors were going to do,
 Might make people fancy, who no better knew,
 They were somehow connected with Jeffrey's 'Review';
 Especially too
 As it's certain that few
 Things would make Father Dominic blither or happier
 Than to catch hold of *it*, or its *Chef*, Macvey Napier.—
 No matter for that—my description to crown,
 All the flames and the devils were turned upside down
 On this habit, facetiously termed *San Benito*,—
 Much like the dress suit
 Of some nondescript brute
 From the show-van of Wombwell, (not George,) or Polito.¹

And thrice happy they,²
 Dressed out in this way
 To appear with *éclat* at the *Auto-da-fé*,
 Thrice happy indeed whom the good luck might fall to
 Of devils tail upward, and '*Fuego revolto*';
 For, only see there,
 In the midst of the Square,
 Where, perched up on poles six feet high in the air,
 Sit, chained to the stake, some two, three, or four pair
 Of wretches, whose eyes, nose, complexion and hair
 Their Jewish descent but too plainly declare,

¹ The upper rooms at Exeter 'Change were occupied as a menagerie successively by Pidcock, Polito, and Cross. Sir George Wombwell, Bart., was a man of fashion of the day.

² O fortunati nimium sua si bona nôrint !



1. Answer.

Each clothed in a garment more frightful by far,—a
Smock-frock sort of gaberdine, called a *Samarra*,
With three times the number of devils upon it,—
A proportion observed on the sugar-loafed bonnet,
With this further distinction—of mischief a proof—
That every fiend Jack stands upright on his hoof!

While the pictured flames, spread
Over body and head,
Are three times as crooked and three times as red!
All, too, pointing upwards, as much as to say,
'Here's the real *bonne bouche* of the Auto-da-fé!'

Torquemada, meanwhile,
With his cold, cruel smile,
Sits looking on calmly and watching the pile,
As his hooded 'Familiars' (their names, as some tell, come
From their being so much more 'familiar' than 'welcome')
Have, by this time, begun
To be 'poking their fun,'
And their firebrands, as if they were so many posies
Of lilies and roses,
Up to the noses
Of Lazarus Levi and Money Ben Moses;
While similar treatment is forcing out hollow moans
From Aby Ben Lasco and Ikey Ben Solomons,¹
Whose beards—this a black, that inclining to grizzle—
Are smoking, and curling, and all in a fizzle;
The King, at the same time, his Dons and his visitors,
Sit, sporting smiles, like the Holy Inquisitors.

Enough!—no more!—
Thank Heaven, 'tis o'er!

¹ Aby Belasco, a low Jew prize-fighter, and something worse. Ikey Solomons, a notorious 'fence' or receiver of stolen goods, of the same persuasion.

The tragedy's done ! and we now draw a veil
 O'er a scene which makes outraged humanity quail ;
 The last fire's exhausted, and spent like a rocket,
 The last wretched Hebrew's burnt down in his socket !
 The barriers are open, and all, saints and sinners,
 King, Court, Lords and Commons, gone home to their
 dinners,

 With a pleasing emotion
 Produced by the notion
 Of having exhibited so much devotion,
 All chuckling to think how the Saints are delighted
 At having seen so many '*Smouches*' ignited :—
 All, save Privy-purse Humez,
 Who sconced in his room is,
 And, Cocker in hand, in his leather-backed chair,
 Is puzzling to find out how much the 'affair'
 (By deep calculations, the which I can't follow) cost,—
 The *tottle*, in short, *of the whole*¹ of the Holocaust.

Perhaps you may think it a rather odd thing,
 That, while talking so much of the Court and the King,
 In describing the scene
 Through which we've just been
 I've not said one syllable as to the Queen ;
 Especially, too, as her Majesty's 'whereabouts,'
 All things considered, might well be thought thereabouts.
 The fact was, however, although little known,
Sa Magestad had hit on a plan of her own,
 And, suspecting, perhaps, that an *Auto* alone
 Might fail in securing this 'Heir to the throne,'
 Had made up her mind,
 Although well inclined
 Towards *galas* and shows of no matter what kind,

¹ '*The tottle (total) of the whole*' was a pleonasm it was the fashion to attribute to the late Mr. Joseph Hume.

For once to retire,
 And bribe the Saints higher
 Than merely by sitting and seeing a fire,—
 A sight, after all, she did not much admire.
 So she locked herself up,
 Without platter or cup,
 In her Oriel, resolved not to take bite or sup,
 Not so much as her matin-draught (our 'early purl'),
 Nor put on her jewels, nor e'en let the girl
 Who helped her to dress take her hair out of curl,
 But to pass the whole morning in telling her beads,
 And in reading the lives of the Saints and their deeds,
 And in vowing to visit, without shoes or sandals,
 Their shrines, with unlimited orders for candles,
 Holy water, and Masses of Mozart's and Handel's.¹

And many a *Pater*, and *Ave*, and *Credo*
 Did She, and her Father Confessor, Quevedo,
 (The clever Archbishop, you know, of Toledo)
 Who came, as before, at a very short warning,
 Get through, without doubt, in the course of that morning;
 Shut up, as they were,
 With nobody there
 To at all interfere with so pious a pair;
 And the Saints must have been stony-hearted indeed
 If they had not allowed all these pains to succeed.
 Nay, it's not clear to me but their very ability
 Might, Spain throughout,
 Have been brought into doubt,
 Had the Royal bed still remained cursed with sterility.

¹ 'That is, She *would* have ordered them—but none are known, I fear, as his,
 For Handel never wrote a Mass—and so she'd David Perez's—
 Bow ! wow ! wow !
 Fol, lol, etc. etc.'

(*Posthumous Note by the Ghost of James Smith, Esq.*)—T. I.

St. Jago, however, who always is jealous
 In Spanish affairs, as their best authors tell us,
 And who, if he saw
 Anything like a flaw
 In Spain's welfare, would soon sing 'Old Rose, burn the
 bellows !'
 Set matters to rights like a King of good fellows.
 By his interference,
 Three-fourths of a year hence,
 There was nothing but capering, dancing and singing,
 Cachucas, Boleros, and bells set a-ringing,
 In both the Castiles,
 Triple-bob-major peals,
 Rope-dancing, and tumbling, and somerset-flinging,
 Seguidillas, Fandangos,
 While ev'ry gun bang goes ;
 And all the way through, from Gibraltar to Biscay,
 Figueras and Sherry make all the Dons frisky,
 (Save Moore's 'Blakes and O'Donnells,' who stick to the
 whisky.)
 All the day long
 The dance and the song
 Continue the general joy to prolong ;
 And even long after the close of the day
 You can hear little else but 'Hip ! hip ! hip ! hurray !'
 The Escorial, however, is not quite so gay,
 For, whether the Saint had not perfectly heard
 The petition the Queen and Archbishop preferred,—
 Or whether his head, from his not being used
 To an *Auto-da-fé*, was a little confused,—
 Or whether the King, in the smoke and the smother,
 Got bothered and so made some blunder or other,
 I am sure I can't say ;
 All I know is, that day
 There must have been *some* mistake !—that, I'm afraid, is

Only too clear,
 Inasmuch as the dear
 Royal Twins,—though fine babies,—proved both little
 LADIES !!

MORAL

Reader !—Not knowing what your ‘persuasion’ may be,
 Mahomedan, Jewish, or even Parsee,
 Take a little advice which may serve for all three !
 First—‘When you’re at *Rome*, do as *Rome* does !’ and
 note all her
 Ways—drink what She drinks ! and don’t turn Tea-totaller !
 In Spain, *raison de plus*,
 You must do as they do,
 Inasmuch as they’re all there ‘at sixes and sevens,’
 Just as, you know,
 They were, some years ago,
 In the days of Don Carlos and Brigadier Evans ;¹
 Don’t be nice then—but take what they’ve got in their
 shops,
 Whether griskins, or sausages, ham, or pork-chops !

Next—Avoid Fancy-trousers !—their colours and shapes
 Sometimes, as you see, may lead folks into scrapes !
 For myself, I confess
 I’ve but small taste in dress,
 My opinion is, therefore, worth nothing—or less,
 But some friends I’ve consulted,—much given to watch
 one’s
 Apparel—do say
 It’s by far the best way,

¹ Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans, M.P. for Westminster. He commanded the British Auxiliary Legion raised under Government sanction for the young Queen of Spain against Don Carlos, Pretender to the Spanish throne, in 1835-36.

And the safest, to do as Lord Brougham¹ does—buy Scotch ones !²

I might now volunteer some advice to a King,—
 Let Whigs say what they will, I shall do no such thing,
 But copy my betters, and never begin
 Until, like Sir Robert, ‘I’m duly CALLED IN !’³

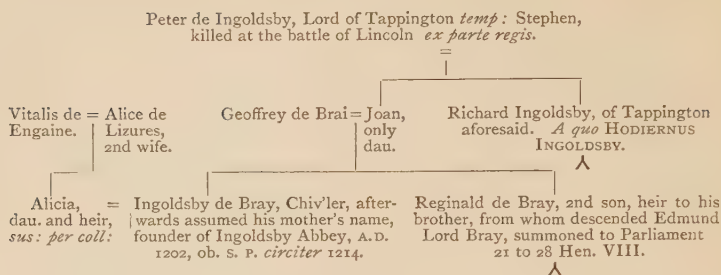
¹ Lord Brougham was generally to be seen in black-and-white check pantaloons. The story goes that some of the northern manufacturers, his admirers, made him a present of a large quantity of cloth of this pattern, which he turned to account through the help of his tailor.

² This portion of the noble Lord’s costume is matter of history, commemorated alike by *Punch* and Lord Campbell: ‘Having slowly risen, solemnly looked round, and taken some time to adjust, not his *toga*, but his *Ettrick check trousers*, he thus began,’ etc. The italics are the noble biographer’s.

³ An allusion to Sir Robert Peel’s memorable reply, in 1841, when, being out of office, he was challenged to produce his financial scheme, which turned out to be the imposition of an income-tax.

IN the windows of the great Hall, as well as in those of the long Gallery and the Library at Tappington, are, and have been many of them from a very early period, various 'storied panes' of stained glass, which, as Blue Dick's¹ exploits did not extend beyond the neighbouring city, have remained unfractured down to the present time. Among the numerous escutcheons there displayed, charged with the armorial bearings of the family and its connexions, is one in which a *chevron between three eagles' cuisses, sable*, is blazoned quarterly with the *engrailed saltire* of the Ingoldsbys. Mr. Simpkinson from Bath,—whose merits as an antiquary are so well known and appreciated as to make eulogy superfluous, not to say impertinent,—has been for some time bringing his heraldic lore to bear on these *monumenta vetusta*. He pronounces the coat in question to be that of a certain Sir Ingoldsby Bray who flourished *temp: Ric. I.* and founded the Abbey of Ingoldsby, in the county of Kent and diocese of Rochester, early in the reign of that monarch's successor. The history of the origin of that pious establishment has been rescued from the dirt and mildew in which its chartularies have been slumbering for centuries, and is here given. The link of connexion between the two families is shown by the accompanying extract from our genealogical tree.

¹ Richard Culmer, parson of Chartham, commonly so called, distinguished himself, while Laud was in the Tower, by breaking the beautiful windows in Canterbury Cathedral, 'standing on the top of the city ladder, near sixty steps high, with a whole pike in his hand, when others would not venture so high.' This feat of Vandalism the cærulean worthy called 'rattling down proud Becket's glassie bones.'—T. I.



In this document it will be perceived that the death of Lady Alice Ingoldsby is attributed to strangulation superinduced by suspension, whereas in the veritable legend annexed no allusion is made to the intervention of a halter. Unluckily Sir Ingoldsby de Bray left no issue, or we might now be 'calling Cousins' with (*ci-devant*) Mrs. Otway Cave, in whose favour the abeyance of the old Barony of Bray has recently been determined by the Crown. To this same Barony we ourselves were not without our pretensions, and, *teste* Simpkinson, had 'as good a right to it as anybody else.' The 'Collective wisdom of the Country' has, however, decided the point, and placed us among that very numerous class of claimants who are 'wrongfully kept out of their property and dignities'—by the right owners.

I seize with pleasure this opportunity of contradicting a malicious report that Mr. Simpkinson has, in a late publication, confounded King Henry the Fifth with the *Duke* of Monmouth, and positively deny that he has ever represented Walter Lord Clifford (father to Fair Rosamond) as the leader of the O. P. row.¹

¹ The great O. P. (old prices) row originated in an attempt, in 1808, on the part of Mr. Kemble, manager of Covent Garden Theatre, to raise the prices of admission. After a determined fight the management was compelled to yield. The gentleman who made himself most conspicuous among the malcontents was a Mr. Henry Clifford, a barrister, who brought a successful action against Brandon, the boxkeeper, for giving him into custody, and who subsequently took the chair at the 'reconciliation dinner.' The blunders in the text are intended as a 'quiz' on the comical anachronisms into which Mr. Britton, the antiquary, was occasionally betrayed.

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

A LEGEND OF PALESTINE—AND WEST KENT

‘I’ll devise thee brave punishments for him!’

SHAKESPEARE.

FYTTE I

OUT and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,—
A stalwart knight, I ween, was he—

‘Come east, come west,

Come lance in rest,

Come falchion in hand, I’ll tickle the best

Of all the Soldan’s Chivalrie!’

Oh, they came west, and they came east,

Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,

And they hammered away

At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,

Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point,—

But he topped off head, and he lopped off joint;

Twenty and three,

Of high degree,

Lay stark and stiff on the crimsoned lea,

All—all save one—and he ran up a tree!

‘Now count them, my Squire, now count them and see!’

‘Twenty and three!

Twenty and three!—

All of them Nobles of high degree;

There they be lying on Ascalon lea!’

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
‘What news? what news? come, tell to me!
What news? what news, thou little Foot-page?—
I’ve been whacking the foe, till it seems an age



Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free!
What news? what news from Ingoldsby Hall?
Come tell me now, thou Page so small!’

‘Oh, Hawk and Hound
Are safe and sound,

Beast in byre and Steed in stall ;
And the Watch-dog's bark,
As soon as it's dark,
Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall !'

—' I care not a pound
For Hawk or for Hound,
For Steed in stall or for Watch-dog's bay ;
Fain would I hear
Of my dainty dear ;
How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay ?'—
Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,
' What news ? what news, thou naughty Foot-page ?'

That little Foot-page full low crouched he,
And he doffed his cap and he bended his knee,
' Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me :
Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her sighs they rise and her tears they fall ;
She sits alone,
And she makes her moan ;
Dance and song
She considers quite wrong ;
Feast and revel
Mere snares of the Devil ;—
She mendeth her hose, and she crieth " Alack !
When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back ? " '

' Thou liest ! thou liest, thou naughty Foot-page,
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me !
There, in thy breast,
' Neath thy silken vest,
What scroll is that, false Page, I see ?'

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near,
That little Foot-page he blenched with fear ;

‘ Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie ?
King Richard’s confessor, I ween, is he,
And tidings rare
To him do I bear,
And news of price from his rich Ab-bee !’



‘ Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page !
No learned clerk, I trow, am I,
But well, I ween,
May there be seen
Dame Alice’s hand with half an eye :
Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,

From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news ;
 Although no clerk,
 Well may I mark
The particular turn of her P's and her Q's !'

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,
By the back of the neck takes that little Foot-page ;
 The scroll he seizes,
 The Page he squeezes,
And buffets,—and pinches his nose till he sneezes ;—
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads
Which they used in those days 'stead of little Queen's-
 heads.

When the contents of the scroll met his view,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,
 Backward he drew
 His mailed shoe,
And he kicked that naughty Foot-page, that he flew
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,
I may not say whither—I never knew.

 ' Now count the slain
 Upon Ascalon plain,—
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again !'

 ' Twenty and three !
 There they be,
Stiff and stark on that crimsoned lea !—
 Twenty and three ?—
 Stay—let me see !
 Stretched in his gore
 There lieth one more !

By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and *four* !—

Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,
 But their heads and their limbs are no-body knows
 where ;
 Ay, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,
 Though one got away, and ran up a tree !'

‘ Look nigher, look nigher,
 My trusty Squire !’—
 ‘ One is the corse of a bare-footed Friar !!’

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 ‘ A boon, a boon, King Richard,’ quoth he,
 ‘ Now Heav’n thee save,
 A boon I crave,
 A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee.
 A year and a day
 Have I been away,
 King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free ;
 Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,
 And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,
 And tears like raindrops fall from her eyes,
 And she darneth her hose, and she crieth, “ Alack !
 Oh, when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back ? ”
 A boon, a boon, my Liege,’ quoth he,
 ‘ Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see !’

‘ Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,’
 King Richard said right graciously,
 ‘ Of all in my host
 That I love the most
 I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee !
 Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon ;
 But—mind you make haste, and come back again
 soon !’

FYTTE II

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair ;
Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,
And a belted Knight,
In armour dight,
Is begging a boon on his bended knee ;
With signs of grief and sounds of woe
Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.

'Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace !
In my fury and rage
A little Foot-page
I have left, I fear me, in evil case.
A scroll of shame
From a faithless dame
Did that naughty Foot-page to a paramour bear ;
I gave him a "lick"
With a stick,
And a kick,
That sent him—I can't tell your Holiness where !
Had he as many necks as hairs,
He had broken them all down those perilous stairs !'

'Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Rise up, rise up, I say to thee ;
A soldier, I trow,
Of the Cross art thou ;
Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee !
Ill it beseems that a soldier true
Of Holy Church should vainly sue.
Foot-pages, they are by no means rare,
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they ;

Well mote we spare
 A Page—or a pair,
 For the matter of that—Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 But stout and true
 Soldiers, like you,
 Grow scarcer and scarcer every day !—
 Be prayers for the dead
 Duly read,
 Let a mass be sung and a *Pater* be said ;
 So may your qualms of conscience cease,
 And the little Foot-page shall rest in peace !'

—' Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave.
 O Holy Father, pardon and grace !
 Dame Alice, my wife,
 The bane of my life,
 I have left, I fear me, in evil case !
 A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,
 Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore ;
 'Twere bootless to tell how I stormed and swore ;
 Alack ! alack ! too surely I knew
 The turn of each P and the tail of each Q,
 And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew !
 Dame Alice I found,—
 She sank on the ground,—
 I twisted her neck till I twisted it round !
 With jibe and jeer, and mock and scoff,
 I twisted it on—till I twisted it off !
 All the King's Doctors and all the King's men
 Can't put fair Alice's head on agen !'

' Well-a-day ! well-a-day !
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 Why really—I hardly know what to say :—
 Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,

Because she's perhaps been a little too gay.—
Monk must chant and Nun must pray ;
For each mass they sing and each pray'r they say
 For a year and a day
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray
A fair rose-noble must duly pay !
So may his qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace !'

'Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace !
 No power could save
 That paramour knave ;
I left him, I wot, in evil case !
 There, 'midst the slain
 Upon Ascalon plain,
Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain ;
His legs lie here and his arms lie there,
And his head lies—I can't tell your Holiness where !'

'Now out and alas ! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,
 To hack and to hew
 A champion true
Of Holy Church in such pitiful plight !
Foul sin her warriors so to slay,
When they're scarcer and scarcer every day !—
 A chauntry fair,
 And of Monks a pair,
To pray for his soul for ever and aye,
Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray ;
And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay
 For plenty of lights
 To burn there o' nights—

None of your rascally "*dips*"—but sound,
 Round, ten-penny moulds of four to the pound ;—
 And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair
 For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear !—
 So may your qualms of conscience cease,
 And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace !'

'Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay !
 Less penance may serve !' quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray ;
 'No champion free of the Cross was he ;
 No belted Baron of high degree ;
 No Knight nor Squire
 Did there expire ;
 He was, I trow, but a bare-footed Friar !
 And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait
 With his monks around him, and early and late
 May look from loop-hole, and turret and gate,
 —He hath lost his Prior—his Prior his pate !'

'Now Thunder and turf !' Pope Gregory said,
 And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head—
 'Now Thunder and turf ! and out and alas !
 A horrible thing has come to pass !
 What !—cut off the head of a reverend Prior,
 And say he was "*only* (! ! !) a bare-footed Friar !"

 What Baron or Squire,
 Or Knight of the shire
 Is half so good as a holy Friar ?

O, turpissime !

Vir nequissime !

Sceleratissime !—quissime !—issime !—

Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*
 Had before 'em
 Such a breach of decorum,

Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,
And won't have again *sæcula sæculorum* !—



Come hither to me,
My Cardinals three,
My Bishops *in partibus*,
Masters *in Artibus*

Hither to me A.B. and D.D.,
 Doctors and Proctors of every degree !
 Go fetch me a book !—go fetch me a bell
 As big as a dustman's !—and a candle as well—
 I'll send him—*where* good manners won't let me tell !'

' Pardon and grace !—now pardon and grace !'
 —Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face—
 '*Mea culpa* !—in sooth I'm in pitiful case,
Peccavi ! peccavi !—I've done very wrong !
 But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,
 And I'll fight for Holy Church all the day long ;
 And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,
 And they're here and they're there, and I can't tell you
 where,
 And Holy Church shall come in for her share !'

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,
 And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,
 And his Cardinals three they picked up his crown.

' Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,
 And your heart is so stout and your arm is so strong,
 And you really will fight like a trump all day long ;—
 If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,
 And Holy Church shall come in for her share,—

 Why, my Cardinals three,
 You'll agree
 With me,

That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,
 And I think that the Penitent need not despair !
 If it be so, as you seem to say,
 Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray !
 An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,
 Whose innermost wall's encircling bound

Shall take in a couple of acres of ground ;
And there in that Abbey, all the year round,
A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,
Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross-buns.
 And Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 Without delay,
 Shall hie him again
 To Ascalon plain,
And gather the bones of the foully slain,
And shall place said bones, with all possible care,
In an elegant shrine in his abbey so fair ;
 And plenty of lights
 Shall be there o' nights ;
None of your rascally "*dips*," but sound,
Best superfine wax-wicks, four to the pound :
 And Monk and Nun
 Shall pray, each one,
For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon !
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, so bold and so brave,
Never shall wash himself, comb or shave,
 Nor adorn his body,
 Nor drink gin-toddy,
 Nor indulge in a pipe,
 But shall dine upon tripe,
And blackberries gathered before they are ripe,
And for ever abhor, renounce, and abjure
Rum, hollands and brandy, wine, punch and *liqueur* !"

(Sir Ingoldsby Bray

Here gave way

To a feeling which prompted a word profane,
But he swallowed it down by an effort again ;
And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a
Mere repetition of *O, mea culpa* !)

‘Thrice three times upon Candlemas-day
Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,
 Subjecting his back
 To thump and to thwack,
Well and truly laid on by a bare-footed Friar,
With a stout cat-o’-ninetails of whip-cord and wire ;
 And nor he nor his heir ¹
 Shall take, use or bear
 Any more, from this day,
 The surname of Bray,
As being dishonoured, but all issue male he has
Shall, with himself, go henceforth by an *alias* !
So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,
And Page, and Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace !’

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)
Is off like a shot away and away,
 Over the brine
 To far Palestine,
To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain
For the unburied bones of his victim slain.

‘Look out, my Squire,
 Look higher and nigher,
Look out for the corpse of a bare-footed Friar !
And pick up the arms and the legs of the dead,
And pick up his body, and pick up his head !’

¹ His brother Reginald, it would seem by the pedigree, disregarded this prohibition.—T. I.

FYTTE III

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
 It hath manors a dozen and royalties three,
 With right of free-warren (whatever that be);
 Rich pastures in front and green woods in the rear,
 All in full leaf at the right time of year;
 About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,
 And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear.
 But it's really delightful in spring-time,—and near
 The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear;
 Cobham woods to the right,—on the opposite shore
 Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more;
 Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind,—and before
 You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.¹

So charming a spot,

It's rarely one's lot

To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
 And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,

¹ Alas! one might almost say that of this sacred, and once splendid edifice, *perierunt etiam ruinae*. An elderly gentleman, however, of ecclesiastical cut, who oscillates between the Garrick Club and the Falcon in Gravesend, and is said by the host to be a 'foreignering Bishop,' does not scruple to identify the ruins still to be seen by the side of the high Dover road, about a mile and a half below the town, with those of the haunted *Sacellum*. The general features of the landscape certainly correspond, and tradition, as certainly, countenances his conjecture.—T. I.

The remains of Ingoldsby Abbey will be found only—if found at all—among the *Châteaux en Espagne*; the ruins pointed out by the unscrupulous 'elderly gentleman,' and which adjoin the parsonage-house, being, according to more trustworthy authorities, those of a chantry founded by Aymer de Valence, *circa* 1322. As for the 'foreignering Bishop' himself, he possessed a more substantial form, and was known at the Garrick Club as Mr. Robert—his familiars preferred the endearing diminutive Bob.—Woodrooff; irreverent jokers spoke of him as 'the Bishop.' He was a solicitor, and had in very early life accompanied the Commission sent out to settle with Mr. Washington the American dispute.

And there they all stand each in their degree,
 Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,
 Two by two, in their regular mode,
 While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,
 Cockle in hat and staff in hand,
 Come marching in pairs, a holy band !
 Little boys twelve, dressed all in white,
 Each with his brazen censer bright,
 And singing away with all their might,
 Follow the Palmers—a goodly sight.

Next high in air

Twelve yeomen bear

On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,
 A patent sarcophagus firmly reared,
 Of Spanish mahogany (not veneered) ;
 And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.

Close by his side

Is a Friar, supplied

With a stout cat-o'-ninetails of tough cow-hide,
 While all sorts of queer men
 Bring up the rear—Men-
 at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bow-men, and Spear-men.

It boots not to tell,

What you'll guess very well,

How some sang the *requiem*, some tolled the bell.

Suffice it to say,

'Twas on Candlemas-day

The procession I speak about reached the *Sacellum* ;

And in lieu of a supper

The Knight on his crupper

Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum* ;—

That, as chronicles tell,
He continued to dwell
All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded,
By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,
And, partaking the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,
Ate the cabbage alone, without touching the buns ;
—That year after year, having run round the *Quad*
With his back, as enjoined him, exposed to the rod,
Having not only kissed it, but blessed it, and thanked it, he
Died, as all thought, in the odour of sanctity ;
When,—strange to relate ! and you'll hardly believe
What I'm going to tell you,—next Candlemas-eve
The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night
Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,
Alarmed by the bawls,
And the calls, and the squalls
Of some one who seemed running all round the walls !

Looking out, soon
By the light of the moon
There appears most distinctly to ev'ry one's view,
And making, as seems to them, all this ado,
The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,
As black as if steeped in that 'Matchless !' of Hunt's,
And so bushy it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz ;¹
A bare-footed Friar stands behind him and shakes
A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes ;
While, more terrible still, the astounded beholders
Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,
But is holding his pate
In his left hand, out straight,

¹ The late George Frederick Muntz, Esq., member for Birmingham. His magnificent beard, when chins were many and beards were few, was the pride and wonder of the House.

As if by a closer inspection to find
 Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,
 With the aid of a small 'bull's-eye lantern,' as placed
 By our own New Police,—in a belt round his waist.



All gaze with surprise,
 Scarce believing their eyes,
 When the Knight makes a start like a race-horse, and flies
 From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries,—
 In vain,—for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,
 'Running after him,'—so said the Abbot,—'like Bricks!'

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight
Course round the Abbey as best he might,
Be-thwacked and be-smacked by the headless Sprite,
While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill,—
Then a whoop and a halloo,—and all was still !

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,
And at this time of day
One can hardly survey
Any traces or track, save a few ruins, grey
With age, and fast mouldering into decay,
Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray ;
But still there are many folks living who say
That, on every Candlemas-eve, the Knight,
Accoutred and dight
In his armour bright,
With his thick black beard,—and the clerical Sprite,
With his head in his hand and his lantern alight,
Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,
And are seen in the neighbouring glebe-land and wood ;
More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,
You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy ;
And that once in a gale
Of wind, sleet and hail,
They frightened the horses and upset the mail.

What 'tis breaks the rest
Of these souls unblest
Would now be a thing rather hard to be guessed ;
Though some say the Squire, on his death-bed, confessed
That, on Ascalon plain,
When the bones of the slain
Were collected that day, and packed up in a chest

Caulked and made water-tight,
 By command of the Knight,
 Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty
 right,
 And the body itself in a decentish plight,
 Yet the Friar's *pericranium* was nowhere in sight ;
 So, to save themselves trouble, they'd picked up in-
 stead,
 And 'popped on the shoulders a Saracen's Head !
 Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had
 failed,
 And the Pope's absolution, of course, nought availed.

Now, though this might be,
 It don't seem to agree
 With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me :—
 I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine
 Containing the bones brought from far Palestine
 Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine
 This *fact* with the reason these people assign,
 Or suppose that the head of the murdered Divine
 Could be aught but what Yankees would call 'genu-*ine*.'
 'Tis a very nice question—but be't as it may,
 The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),
 It is boldly affirmed, by the folks great and small
 About Milton and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,
 Still on Candlemas-day haunts the old ruined wall,
 And that many have seen him, and more heard him
 squall.
 So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,
 My inference, Reader, you'll fairly forestall,
 Viz. that, spite of the hope
 Held out by the Pope,
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray was 'dished' after all !

MORAL

Foot-pages, and Servants of every degree,
In livery or out of it, listen to me!
See what comes of lying!—don't join in a league
To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies!—married and single, from this understand
How foolish it is to send letters by hand!
Don't stand for the sake of a penny,—but when you
 Have a *billet* to send
 To a lover or friend,
Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!

Reverend gentlemen!—you who are given to roam,
Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!
But while you're abroad lead respectable lives;
Love your neighbours, and welcome, but don't love their
 wives!
And, as bricklayers cry from the tiles and the leads
When they're shovelling the snow off, 'TAKE CARE OF
 YOUR HEADS!'

Knights!—whose hearts are so stout and whose arms are
 so strong,
Learn,—to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!
If your servants offend you or give themselves airs,
Rebuke them—but mildly—don't kick them down stairs!
To 'Poor Richard's' homely old proverb attend,
'If you want matters well managed, *Go!*—if not, *Send!*'
A servant's too often a negligent elf;
—If it's business of consequence, DO IT YOURSELF!

The state of society seldom requires
People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,
But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life ;
Now—don't do that by proxy!—but choose your own
 wife !

For think how annoying 'twould be, when you're wed,
 To find in your bed,
 On the pillow, instead
Of the sweet face you look for—A SARACEN'S HEAD !

ALAS for Ingoldsby Abbey!—Alas that one *should* have to say

Periêrunt etiam Ruinæ !
(Its very Ruins now are tiny !)

There is a something in the very sight of an old Abbey—family associations apart—as Ossian says (or Macpherson for him), ‘pleasing yet mournful to the soul!’ nor could I ever yet gaze on the roofless walls and ivy-clad towers of one of these venerable monuments of the piety of bygone days without something very like an unbidden tear rising to dim the prospect. Something of this, I think, I have already hinted in recording our picnic with the Seaforth’s at Bolsover. Since then I have paid a visit to the beautiful remains of what once was Netley, and never experienced the sensation to which I have alluded in a stronger degree ;—if its character was somewhat changed before we parted—it is not my fault. Still, be the drawbacks what they may, I shall ever mark with a white stone the day on which I for the first time beheld the time-worn cloisters of NETLEY ABBEY.

NETLEY ABBEY

A LEGEND OF HAMPSHIRE

I SAW thee, Netley, as the sun
 Across the western wave
 Was sinking slow,
 And a golden glow
To thy roofless towers he gave ;
 And the ivy sheen,
 With its mantle of green,
That wrapt thy walls around,
 Shone lovelily bright
 In that glorious light,
And I felt 'twas holy ground.

Then I thought of the ancient time—
The days of thy Monks of old,—
When to Matin, and Vesper, and Compline chime,
 The loud Hosanna rolled,
And, thy courts and 'long-drawn aisles' among,
Swelled the full tide of sacred song ;

And then a Vision passed
 Across my mental eye ;¹
And silver shrines and shaven crowns,
And delicate Ladies, in bombazine gowns

¹ In my mind's eye, Horatio !—*Hamlet*.

And long white veils, went by,
Stiff, and staid, and solemn, and sad,—
But one, methought, winked at the Gardener-lad !

Then came the Abbot, with mitre and ring,
And pastoral staff, and all that sort of thing,
And a Monk with a book, and a Monk with a bell,

And ‘dear little souls,’

In clean linen stoles,

Swinging their censers, and making a smell.

And see where the Choir-master walks in the rear,

With front severe

And brow austere,

Now and then pinching a little boy’s ear

When he chants the responses too late or too soon,

Or his *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*’s not quite in tune.

(Then you know,

They’d a ‘movable *Do*,’

Not a fixed one, as now—and of course never knew

How to set up a musical Hullah-baloo.)

It was, in sooth, a comely sight,

And I welcomed the vision with pure delight.

But then ‘a change came o’er’

My spirit—a change of fear ;—

That gorgeous scene I beheld no more,

But deep beneath the basement floor

A dungeon dark and drear !

And there was an ugly hole in the wall,

For an oven too big—for a cellar too small !

And mortar and bricks

All ready to fix,

And I said, ‘Here’s a Nun has been playing some tricks!—

That horrible hole !—it seems to say,

“I’m a Grave that gapes for a living prey !”’

And my heart grew sick, and my brow grew sad—
And I thought of that wink at the Gardener-lad.



Ah me! ah me!—'tis sad to think
That Maiden's eye, which was made to wink,
Should here be compelled to grow blear, and blink,
Or be closed for aye
In this kind of way,

Shut out for ever from wholesome day,
Walled up in a hole with never a chink,
No light,—no air,—no victuals,—no drink !—
 And that Maiden's lip,
 Which was made to sip,
Should here grow withered and dry as a chip !—
That wandering glance and furtive kiss,
Exceedingly naughty and wrong, I wis,
Should yet be considered so much amiss
As to call for a sentence severe as this !—
And I said to myself, as I heard with a sigh
The poor lone victim's stifled cry,¹
 ' Well ! I can't understand
 How any man's hand
Could wall up that hole in a Christian land !—
 Why, a Mussulman Turk
 Would recoil from the work ;
And though, when his Ladies run after the fellows, he
Stands not on trifles, if maddened by jealousy,
Its objects, I'm sure, would declare, could they speak,
In their Georgian, Circassian, or Turkish, or Greek,
" When all's said and done, far better it was for us,
 Tied back to back
 And sewn up in a sack,
To be pitched neck-and-heels from a boat in the Bos-
phorus ! "
 —Oh ! a Saint 'twould vex
 To think that the sex
Should be treated no better than Combe's double X !
Sure some one might run to the Abbess, and tell her
A much better method of stocking her cellar.'

¹ About the middle of the last century a human skeleton was discovered in a recess in the wall among the ruins of Netley. On examination, the bones were pronounced to be those of a female: *Teste* James Harrison, a youthful but intelligent cab-driver of Southampton, who 'well remembers to have heard his grandmother say that "Somebody told her so."—T. I.

If ever on polluted walls
 Heav'n's red right arm in vengeance falls,—
 If e'er its justice wraps in flame
 The black abodes of sin and shame,
 That justice, in its own good time,
 Shall visit for so foul a crime,
 Ope desolation's floodgate wide,
 And blast thee, Netley, in thy pride !

Lo where it comes !—the tempest lours,—
 It bursts on thy devoted towers ;
 Ruthless Tudor's bloated form
 Rides on the blast and guides the storm ;
 I hear the sacrilegious cry,
 'Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly !'

Down ! down they come—a fearful fall—
 Arch, and pillar, and roof-tree, and all,
 Stained pane and sculptured stone,
 There they lie on the greensward strown—
 Mouldering walls remain alone !

Shaven crown,
 Bombazine gown,
 Mitre and Crosier, and all are flown !

And yet, fair Netley, as I gaze
 Upon that grey and mouldering wall,
 The glories of thy palmy days
 Its very stones recall !—
 They 'come like shadows, so depart'—
 I see thee as thou wert—and art—

Sublime in ruin !—grand in woe !
 Lone refuge of the owl and bat ;
 No voice awakes thine echoes now !
 No sound—Good Gracious !—what was that ?

—Was it the moan,
The parting groan
Of her who died forlorn and alone,
Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone?—
Full and clear
On my listening ear
It comes—again—near, and more near—
Why, 'zooks! it's the popping of Ginger Beer!
I rush to the door—
I tread the floor
By Abbots and Abbesses trodden before,
In the good old chivalric days of yore,
And what see I there?—
In a rush-bottomed chair
A hag, surrounded by crockery-ware,
Vending, in cups, to the credulous throng
A nasty decoction miscalled Souchong;—
And a squeaking fiddle and 'wry-necked fife'
Are screeching away, for the life!—for the life!—
Danced to by 'All the World and his Wife.'
Tag, Rag and Bobtail, are capering there,—
Worse scene, I ween, than Bartlemy Fair!—
Two or three Chimney-sweeps, two or three Clowns,
Playing at 'pitch and toss,' sport their 'Browns';
Two or three damsels, frank and free,
Are ogling, and smiling, and sipping Bohea;
Parties below, and parties above,
Some making tea, and some making love.
Then the 'toot—toot—toot'
Of that vile demi-flute,—
The detestable din
Of that cracked violin,
And the odours of 'stout,' and tobacco and gin!
'—Dear me!' I exclaimed, 'what a place to be in!'
And I said to the person who drove my 'shay'

(A very intelligent man, by the way),
 'This, all things considered, is rather too gay !
 It don't suit my humour,—so take me away !
 Dancing ! and drinking !—cigar and song !
 If not profanation, it's 'coming it strong,'
 And I really consider it all very wrong.
 Pray, to whom does this property now belong ?'

He paused, and said,
 Scratching his head,
 'Why, I really *do* think he's a little to blame,
 But I can't say I knows the Gentleman's name !'

'Well—well !' quoth I,
 As I heaved a sigh,
 And a tear-drop fell from my twinkling eye,
 'My vastly good man, as I scarcely doubt
 That some day or other you'll find it out,
 Should he come in your way,
 Or ride in your 'shay'
 (As perhaps he may),
 Be so good as to say
 That a Visitor, whom you drove over one day,
 Was exceedingly angry and very much scandalized,
 Finding these beautiful ruins so Vandalized,
 And thus of their owner to speak began,
 As he ordered you home in haste,—
 'NO DOUBT HE'S A VERY RESPECTABLE MAN,
 But—I *can't say much for his taste.*'¹

¹ 'Adieu, Monsieur Gil Blas ; je vous souhaite toutes sortes de prospérités, avec un peu plus de goût !'—*Gil Blas*.—T. I.

Since the above was written the following 'improvements' have been recorded in the pages of *Punch*. 'The place (Netley Abbey) has been cleared and cleaned without having been cockneyfied ; it has been furnished with convenient and inconspicuous seats, and rendered permeable throughout, and provided with a pump which supplies water for tea and grog. At the entrance of the Abbey is a porter's lodge, where a turnstile lets the public in at the small charge of twopence a head, which goes to pay the expense of putting and keeping the place in order.'

My very excellent brother-in-law, Seaforth, late of the Bombay Fencibles (lucky dog to have quitted the service before this shocking Afghan business!¹), seems to have been even more forcibly affected on the evening when he so narrowly escaped being locked in at Westminster Abbey, and when—but let him describe his own feelings, as he has done, indeed, in the subjoined FRAGMENT.

[THE FRAGMENT, as it appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine*, concluded with the line—

‘Service is done—it’s tuppence now for them as wants to stop!’

It alluded to the custom, which then prevailed at the Cathedral of St. Paul’s, of the vergers hurrying out the congregation at the close of the service, lest they should obtain a surreptitious view of the monuments, for the exhibition of which the sum of twopence was charged. At Westminster Abbey visitors were solicited in a somewhat similar way for donations. The practice at the Abbey, and, I believe, at the Cathedral, has long since been discontinued.]

¹ Reference is made to the disastrous issue of the campaign—in the first instance successfully carried out—against Dost Mohammed, Ameer of Afghanistan, in the year 1841. The Afghans rose against the British troops left in occupation of the city of Cabul, obliging them to capitulate, and then massacring them in their attempted retreat.

FRAGMENT

.
A FEELING sad came o'er me as I trod the sacred
ground
Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around ;
I stepped with noiseless foot, as though the sound of
mortal tread
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps
the mighty dead !

The slanting ray of the evening sun shone through those
cloisters pale,
With fitful light on regal vest and warrior's sculptured
mail ;
As from the stained and storied pane it danced with quiver-
ing gleam,
Each cold and prostrate form below seemed quickening in
the beam.

Now, sinking low, no more was heard the organ's solemn
swell,
And faint upon the listening ear the last Hosanna fell :
It died —and not a breath did stir ;—above each knightly
stall,
Unmoved, the bannered blazonry hung waveless as a pall.

I stood alone!—a living thing 'midst those that were no more—

I thought on ages past and gone—the glorious deeds of yore—

On Edward's sable panoply, on Cressy's tented plain,—
The fatal Roses twined at length—on great Eliza's reign.

I thought on Naseby—Marston Moor—on Worcester's
'crowning fight';

When on mine ear a sound there fell—it chilled me with
affright,

As thus in low, unearthly tones I heard a voice begin,
'—This here's the Cap of Giniral Monk!—Sir! please
put summut in!'

Cætera desiderantur.

THAT Seaforth's nervous system was powerfully acted upon on this occasion I can well believe. The circumstance brings to my recollection a fearful adventure—or what might perhaps have proved one—of my own in early life while grinding gerunds at Canterbury. A sharp touch of the gout, and the reputed sanatory qualities of a certain spring in St. Peter's Street, then in much repute, had induced my Uncle to take up his abode within the Cathedral 'Precinct.' It was on one of those temporary visits which I was sometimes permitted to pay on half-holidays, that, in self-defence, I had to recount the following true narrative. I may add, that this tradition is not yet worn out: a small maimed figure of a female in a sitting position, and holding something like a frying-pan in her hand, may still be seen on the covered passage which crosses the Brick Walk, and adjoins the house belonging to the sixth prebendal stall.—There are those, whom I know, who would, even yet, hesitate at threading the Dark Entry on a Friday—'not,' *of course*, 'that they believe one word about'—

NELL COOK!!

A LEGEND OF THE 'DARK ENTRY'

THE KING'S SCHOLAR'S STORY

'From the "Brick Walk" branches off to the right a long narrow vaulted passage, paved with flagstones, vulgarly known by the name of the "Dark Entry." Its eastern extremity communicates with the cloisters, crypt, and, by a private staircase, with the interior of the Cathedral. On the west it opens into the "Green Court," forming a communication between it and the portion of the "Precinct" called the "Oaks,"—*A Walk round Canterbury*, etc.

Scene—A back parlour in Mr. John Ingoldsby's house in the Precinct.—A blazing fire.—Mine Uncle is seated in a high-backed easy-chair, twirling his thumbs and contemplating his list shoe.—Little Tom, the 'King's Scholar,' on a stool opposite.—Mrs. John Ingoldsby at the table, busily employed in manufacturing a cabbage-rose (cauliflower?) in many-coloured worsteds.—Mine Uncle's meditations are interrupted by the French clock on the mantelpiece.—He prologizeth with vivacity.

'HARK! listen, Mrs. Ingoldsby,—the clock is striking
 nine!

Give Master Tom another cake and half a glass of wine,
And ring the bell for Jenny Smith, and bid her bring his
 coat,
And a warm bandana handkerchief to tie about his throat.

'And bid them go the nearest way, for Mr. Birch has said
That nine o'clock's the hour he'll have his boarders all in
 bed;

And well we know when little boys their coming home
delay,
They often seem to walk and sit uneasily next day !'

'—Now, nay, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, now send me not, I
pray,
Back by that Entry dark, for that you know's the nearest
way ;
I dread that Entry dark with Jane alone at such an hour,
It fears me quite—it's Friday night !—and then Nell Cook
hath pow'r !'

' And who's Nell Cook, thou silly child ?—and what's Nell
Cook to thee ?
That thou shouldst dread at night to tread with Jane that
dark *entrée* ?'—
' Nay, list and hear, mine Uncle dear ! such fearsome things
they tell
Of Nelly Cook that few may brook at night to meet with
Nell !

' It was in bluff King Harry's days,—and Monks and
Friars were then,
You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of Clergymen.
They'd coarse stuff gowns, and shaven crowns,—no shirts,
—and no cravats ;
And a cord was placed about their waist—they had no
shovel hats !

' It was in bluff King Harry's days, while yet he went to
shrift,
And long before he stamped and swore, and cut the Pope
adrift ;
There lived a portly Canon then, a sage and learned clerk ;
He had, I trow, a goodly house, fast by that Entry dark !

‘ The Canon was a portly man—of Latin and of Greek,
And learned lore, he had good store,—yet health was on
his cheek.

The Priory fare was scant and spare, the bread was made
of rye,

The beer was weak, yet he was sleek—he had a merry eye.

‘ For though within the Priory the fare was scant and
thin,

The Canon’s house it stood without ;—he kept good cheer
within ;

Unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial
look,

And Ellen Bean ruled his *cuisine*.—He called her “ Nelly
Cook ! ”

‘ For soups, and stews, and choice *ragoûts*, Nell Cook was
famous still ;

She’d make them even of old shoes, she had such wondrous
skill :

Her manchets fine were quite divine, her cakes were nicely
browned,

Her boiled and roast, they were the boast of all the
“ Precinct ” round.

‘ And Nelly was a comely lass, but calm and staid
her air,

And earthward bent her modest look—yet was she pass-
ing fair ;

And though her gown was russet brown their heads grave
people shook ;

—They all agreed no Clerk had need of such a pretty
Cook.

‘ One day—’twas on a Whitsun-eve—there came a coach
and four ;
It passed the “ Green-Court ” gate and stopped before the
Canon’s door ;
The travel-stain on wheel and rein bespoke a weary way,—
Each panting steed relaxed its speed—out stept a Lady
gay.



“ Now, welcome ! welcome ! dearest Niece,”—the Canon
then did cry,
And to his breast the Lady prest—he had a merry eye ;—
“ Now, welcome ! welcome ! dearest Niece ! in sooth thou’rt
welcome here
’Tis many a day since we have met—how fares my Brother
dear ? ”—

‘“Now, thanks, my loving Uncle,” that Lady gay replied ;
“Gramercy for thy benison”;—then “Out, alas!” she
sighed ;

“My father dear he is not near ; he seeks the Spanish
Main ;

He prays thee give me shelter here till he return again !”

““Now, welcome ! welcome ! dearest Niece ; come lay
thy mantle by !”

The Canon kissed her ruby lip—he had a merry eye ;—
But Nelly Cook askew did look,—it came into her mind
They were a little less than “kin,” and rather “more than
kind.”

Three weeks are gone and over—full three weeks and a
day,

Yet still within the Canon’s house doth dwell that Lady
gay ;

On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces rare,
And they quaff good store of Bourdeaux wine,—so dainty
is their fare.

‘And fine upon the virginals is that gay Lady’s touch,
And sweet her voice unto the lute, you’ll scarce hear any
such ;

But is it “*O Sanctissima !*” she sings in dulcet tone ?
Or “*Angels ever bright and fair*” ?—Ah, no !—it’s “*Bob-
bing Joan !*”

‘The Canon’s house is lofty and spacious to the view ;
The Canon’s cell is ordered well—yet Nelly looks askew ;
The Lady’s bower is in the tower—yet Nelly shakes her
head ;

She hides the poker and the tongs in that gay Lady’s bed !

‘Six weeks were gone and over—full six weeks and a day,
Yet in that bed the poker and the tongs unheeded lay !
From which, I fear, it’s pretty clear that Lady rest had
none ;
Or, if she slept in any bed—it was not in her own.

‘But where that Lady passed her nights, I may not well
divine,—
Perhaps in pious orisons at good St. Thomas’ Shrine,
And for her father far away breathed tender vows and
true ;—
It may be so—I cannot say—but Nelly looked askew.

‘And still at night, by fair moonlight, when all were
locked in sleep,
She’d listen at the Canon’s door,—she’d through the key-
hole peep ;
I know not what she heard or saw, but fury filled her
eye—
She bought some nasty Doctor’s-stuff, and she put it in a
pie !

‘It was a glorious summer’s eve—with beams of rosy red
The Sun went down—all Nature smiled—but Nelly shook
her head !
Full softly to the balmy breeze rang out the Vesper bell—
Upon the Canon’s startled ear it sounded like a knell !

“Now here’s to thee, mine Uncle ! a health I drink to
thee !
Now pledge me back in Sherris sack or a cup of Malvoi-
sie ! ”

The Canon sighed—but, rousing, cried, “ I answer to thy
call,
And a Warden-pie’s a dainty dish to mortify withal ! ”

‘ ’Tis early dawn—the matin chime rings out for morning
prayer,
And Prior and Friar is in his stall—the Canon is not
there !
Nor in the small Refect’ry hall nor cloistered walk is
he :
All wonder—and the Sacristan says, “ Lauk-a-daisy-me ! ”

‘ They’ve searched the aisles and Baptistry—they’ve
searched above—around—
The “ Sermon House ”—the “ Audit Room ”—the Canon
is not found ;
They only find that pretty Cook concocting a *ragoût*,
They ask her where her master is—but Nelly looks
askew !

‘ They call for crow-bars—“ jemmies ” is the modern name
they bear—
They burst through lock, and bolt, and bar,—but what a
sight is there !—
The Canon’s head lies on the bed—his Niece lies on the
floor !
They are as dead as any nail that is in any door !

“ The livid spot is on his breast, the spot is on his back !
His portly form, no longer warm with life, is swoln and
black !—
The livid spot is on her cheek,—it’s on her neck of snow,
And the Prior sighs, and sadly cries, “ Well !—here’s a
pretty Go ! ”

.

' All at the silent hour of night a bell is heard to toll,
 A knell is rung, a *requiem*'s sung as for a sinful soul,
 And there's a grave within the Nave ; it's dark, and deep,
 and wide ;
 And they bury there a Lady fair, and a Canon by her
 side !

' An Uncle—so 'tis whispered now throughout the sacred
 fane,—
 And a Niece—whose father's far away upon the Spanish
 Main.
 The Sacristan he says no word that indicates a doubt,
 But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and he spreads his
 fingers out !

' And where doth tarry Nelly Cook, that staid and comely
 lass ?
 Ay, where?—for ne'er from forth that door was Nelly
 known to pass.
 Her coif, and gown of russet brown, were lost unto the
 view,
 And if you mentioned Nelly's name—the Monks all looked
 askew !

' There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the Canon's door,
 Of granite grey, and it may weigh some half a ton or
 more,¹

¹ In consequence of the removal of several houses, for the purpose of displaying the remains of the ancient monastery, which had long been buried under comparatively modern brickwork, considerable light has been lately [1870] thrown upon the 'Dark Entry.' There is, indeed, but one portion of the passage that still maintains something of its old obscurity ; *viz.* the western entrance into the Green Court ; and here, opposite the house occupied by the late Mr. Stratton, the Precentor, is pointed out the stone under which Nell Cook was buried. The statement that there are people living who would hesitate—if that is not too mild a term—at threading the 'Dark Entry' on a Friday, after nightfall, is no exaggeration, but is literally true to this day.—R. H. D. B.

And it is laid deep in the shade within that Entry dark,
Where sun or moonbeam never played, or e'en one starry
spark.

'That heavy granite stone was moved that night, 'twas
darkly said,
And the mortar round its sides next morn seemed fresh
and newly laid ;
But what within the narrow vault beneath that stone doth lie,
Or if that there be vault, or no—I cannot tell—not I !

'But I've been told that moan and groan, and fearful wail
and shriek,
Came from beneath that paving-stone for nearly half a
week ;—
For three long days and three long nights came forth
those sounds of fear ;
Then all was o'er—they never more fell on the listening ear.

'A hundred years were gone and past since last Nell Cook
was seen,
When, worn by use that stone got loose, and they went
and told the Dean.
Says the Dean, says he, "My Masons three! now haste
and fix it tight";
And the Masons three peeped down to see, and they saw
a fearsome sight.

'Beneath that heavy paving-stone a shocking hole they
found—
It was not more than twelve feet deep and barely twelve
feet round ;
A fleshless, sapless skeleton lay in that horrid well !
But who the deuce 'twas put it there those Masons could
not tell.

‘ And near this fleshless skeleton a pitcher small did lie,
And a mouldy piece of “kissing-crust,” as from a Warden-
pie !

And Doctor Jones declared the bones were female bones,
and, “Zooks !

I should not be surprised,” said he, “if these were Nelly
Cook’s !”

‘ It was in good Dean Bargrave’s days, if I remember
right,

Those fleshless bones beneath the stones these Masons
brought to light ;

And you may well in the “Dean’s Chapelle” Dean Bar-
grave’s portrait view,

“Who died one night,” says old Tom Wright, “in sixteen
forty-two !”

‘ And so two hundred years have passed since that these
Masons three,

With curious looks, did set Nell Cook’s unquiet spirit
free ;

That granite stone had kept her down till then—so some
suppose,—

Some spread their fingers out, and put their thumb unto
their nose.

‘ But one thing’s clear—that all the year, on every Friday
night,

Throughout that Entry dark doth roam Nell Cook’s
unquiet Sprite :

On Friday was that Warden-pie all by that Canon
tried ;

On Friday died he, and that tidy Lady by his side !

‘And though two hundred years have flown, Nell Cook
doth still pursue

Her weary walk, and they who cross her path the deed
may rue ;

Her fatal breath is fell as death ! the Simoom’s blast is not
More dire,—(a wind in Africa that blows uncommon hot).

‘But all unlike the Simoom’s blast her breath is deadly
cold,

Delivering quivering, shivering shocks unto both young
and old ;

And whoso in that Entry dark doth feel that fatal breath,
He ever dies within the year some dire, untimely death !

‘No matter who—no matter what condition, age or sex,
But some “get shot,” and some “get drowned,” and some
“get broken necks” ;

Some “get run over” by a coach ;—and one beyond the
seas

“Got” scraped to death with oyster-shells among the Carib-
bees !

‘Those Masons three, who set her free, fell first !—It is
averred

That two were hanged on Tyburn tree for murdering of
the third ;

Charles Storey,¹ too, his friend who slew, had ne’er, if
truth they tell,

Been gibbeted on Chartham Downs, had he not met with
Nell !

¹ In or about the year 1780, a worthy of this name cut the throat of a journeyman paper-maker, was executed on Oaten Hill, and afterwards hung in chains near the scene of his crime. It was to this place, as being the extreme boundary of the City’s jurisdiction, that the worthy Mayor with so much *naïveté* wished to escort Archbishop M—— on one of his progresses, when he begged to have the honour of ‘attending his Grace *as far as the Gallows*.’—T. I.

‘ Then send me not, mine Uncle dear, oh ! send me not, I
pray,
Back through that Entry dark to-night but round some
other way !
I will not be a truant boy, but good, and mind my book,
For Heaven forfend that ever I foregather with Nell Cook ! ’



The class was called at morning-tide and Master Tom was
there ;
He looked askew, and did eschew both stool, and bench,
and chair.
He did not talk, he did not walk, the tear was in his eye,—
He had not e'en that sad resource, to sit him down and cry.

Hence little boys may learn, when they from school go
out to dine,
They should not deal in rigmarole but still be back by nine ;

For if, when they've their great-coat on, they pause before
they part
To tell a long and prosy tale,—perchance their own may
smart !

MORAL

A few remarks to learned Clerks in country and in town :—
Don't keep a pretty serving-maid, though clad in russet
brown !—

Don't let your Niece sing ' Bobbing Joan ' !—don't, with a
merry eye,

Hob-nob in Sack and Malvoisie, and don't eat too much pie !!
And oh ! beware that Entry dark,—especially at night,—
And don't go there with Jenny Smith all by the pale
moonlight !

So bless the Queen and her Royal Weans,—and the Prince
whose hand she took,

And bless us all, both great and small,—and keep us from
Nell Cook !



KIND, good-hearted, gouty Uncle John! How well I remember all the kindness and affection which my mischievous propensities so ill repaid—his bright blue coat and resplendent gilt buttons—his ‘frosty pow’ *si bien poudré*—his little quill-like pigtail! Of all my praiseworthy actions—they were ‘like angel-visits, few and far between’—the never-failing and munificent rewarder; of my naughty deeds—they were multitudinous as the sands on the sea-shore—the ever-ready palliator; my intercessor, and sometimes even my defender against punishment, ‘staying harsh justice in its mid career!’ Poor Uncle John! He will ever rank among the dearest of my—

NURSERY REMINISCENCES¹

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little Boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood ;
'Then,' said he, 'you little Fat-head,
There's a top because you're good !'

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
'Oh ! how kind of Uncle John !'

While Mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood,—
Read me this fine moral lesson,
'See what comes of being good !'

¹ First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, June 1835.

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play ;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibbed my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt !

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb :
—She exclaimed, with fond affection,
‘ Gracious Goodness ! look at *him* ! ’

Pa cried, when he saw my garment,
—’Twas a newly-purchased dress—
‘ Oh ! you nasty little *Warment*,
How came you in such a mess ? ’

Then he caught me by the collar,
—Cruel only to be kind—
And to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—’twas rather stony-hearted—
‘ Little rascal ! *sarve* him right ! ’

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play.

And the moral which they taught I
Well remember ; thus they said—



‘ Little boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipped and sent to bed.’

POOR Uncle John !—

‘ After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well,’

in the old family vault in Denton chancel—and dear Aunt Fanny, too !—The latter also ‘ lo’ed me weel,’ as the Scotch song has it, —and since, at this moment, I am in a most soft and sentimental humour—(—whisky toddy should even be made by pouring the *boiling* fluid—*hotter* if possible—upon the thinnest lemon-peel,—and then—but everybody knows ‘ what *then*—’) I dedicate the following ‘ True History ’ to my beloved AUNT FANNY.

AUNT FANNY

A LEGEND OF A SHIRT

‘*Virginibus Puerisque canto.*’—HORACE.

Old Maids and Bachelors I chant to !—T. I.

I SING of a Shirt that *never was* new!!—
In the course of the year Eighteen hundred and two,
Aunt Fanny began,
Upon Grandmamma’s plan,
To make one for me, then her ‘dear little man.’
At the epoch I speak about, I was between
A man and a boy,
A hobble-de-hoy,
A fat, little, punchy concern of sixteen,—
Just beginning to flirt,
And ogle,—so pert,
I’d been whipt every day had I had my desert,
—And Aunt Fan volunteered to make me a shirt!¹

I’ve said she *began* it,—
Some unlucky planet

¹ The piece of family history connected with the manufacture of the ‘pea-soup-coloured shirt’ might not, perhaps, be particularly interesting to the general reader. Enough that such a garment was actually taken in hand by Mr. Barham’s elder daughter, when about twelve years of age, and only brought to completion shortly before this ‘Legend’ was written—an interval of six or seven years.

No doubt interfered,—for, before she and Janet
Completed the ‘cutting out,’ ‘hemming,’ and ‘stitching,’
A tall Irish footman appeared in the kitchen :—

This took off the maid :—

And, I’m sadly afraid,

My respected Aunt Fanny’s attention, too, strayed ;
For, about the same period, a gay son of Mars,
Cornet Jones of the Tenth (then the Prince’s) Hussars,

With his fine dark eyelashes,

And finer moustaches,

And the ostrich plume worked on the corps’ sabre-taches,
(I say nought of the gold-and-red cord of the sashes,
Or the boots far above the Guards’ vile spatterdashes,)—
So eyed, and so sighed, and so lovingly tried
To engage her whole ear as he lounged by her side,
Looking down on the rest with such dignified pride,

That she made up her mind

She should certainly find

Cornet Jones at her feet, whispering, ‘Fan, be my bride!’
She had even resolved to say ‘Yes,’ should he ask it,
—And I—and my Shirt—were both left in the basket.

To her grief and dismay,

She discovered one day

Cornet Jones of the Tenth was a little too gay ;
For, besides that she saw him—he could not say nay—
Wink at one of the actresses capering away
In a Spanish *bolero*, one night at the play,
She found he’d already a wife at Cambray ;—
One at Paris,—a nymph of the *corps de ballet* ;—
And a third down in Kent, at a place called Foot’s-Cray.—

He was ‘viler than dirt!’—

Fanny vowed to exert

All her powers to forget him,—and finish my Shirt.

But, oh ! lack-a-day !
How time slips away !—
Who'd have thought that while Cupid was playing these
tricks,
Ten years had elapsed, and—I'd turned twenty-six !

' I care not a whit,
—He's not grown a bit,'
Says my Aunt, ' it will still be a very good fit.'
So Janet, and She,
Now about thirty-three,
(The maid had been jilted by Mr. Magee),
Each taking one end of ' the Shirt ' on her knee,
Again began working with hearty good-will,
' Felling the Seams,' and ' whipping the Frill ' :—
For, twenty years since, though the Ruffle had vanished,
A Frill like a fan had by no means been banished ;
People wore them at playhouses, parties, and churches,
Like overgrown fins of overgrown perches.

Now, then, by these two thus laying their caps
Together, my ' Shirt ' had been finished, perhaps,
But for one of those queer little three-cornered straps,
Which the ladies call ' Side-bits,' that sever the ' Flaps.

Here unlucky Janet
Took her needle, and ran it
Right into her thumb, and cried loudly, ' Ads cuss it !
I've spoiled myself now by that 'ere nasty Gusset !

For a month to come
Poor dear Janet's thumb
Was in that sort of state vulgar people call ' Rum.'
At the end of that time,
A youth, still in his prime,

The Doctor's fat Errand-boy,—just such a dolt as is
Kept to mix draughts, and spread plaisters and poultices,—
Who a bread-cataplasm each morning had carried her,
Sighed,—ogled,—proposed,—was accepted,—and married
her !

Much did Aunt Fan
Disapprove of the plan ;—
She turned up her dear little snub at 'the Man.'
She 'could not believe it'—
'Could scarcely conceive it
Was possible—What! *such* a place!—and then leave it!—
And all for a "Shrimp" not as high as my hat—
A little contemptible "Shaver" like that!!
With a broad pancake face, and eyes buried in fat!!'
For her part, 'She was sure
She could never endure
A lad with a lisp, and a leg like a skewer.—
Such a name too!—('twas Potts!)—and so nasty a
trade—
No, no, she would much rather die an old maid.
He a husband, indeed!—Well—mine, come what may
come,
Shan't look like a blister, or smell of Guaiacum!'
But there!
She'd declare,
'It was Janet's affair—
Chacun à son goût—
As she baked she might brew—
She could not prevent her—'twas no use in trying it—
Oh no—she had made her own bed, and might lie in it.—
They "repent at leisure who marry at random."
No matter—*De gustibus non disputandum!*'
Consoling herself with this choice bit of Latin,
Aunt Fanny resignedly bought some white satin,

And, as the Soubrette
 Was a very great pet
 After all,—she resolved to forgive and forget,
 And sat down to make her a bridal rosette,
 With magnificent bits of some white-looking metal
 Stuck in, here and there, each forming a petal.
 On such an occasion one couldn't feel hurt,
 Of course, that she ceased to remember—my Shirt!

Ten years,—or nigh,
 Had again gone by,
 When Fan, accidentally casting her eye
 On a dirty old work-basket, hung up on high
 In the store-closet where herbs were put by to dry,
 Took it down to explore it—she didn't know why.

Within, a pea-soup-coloured fragment she spied,
 Of the hue of a November fog in Cheapside,
 Or a bad piece of gingerbread spoilt in the baking.

I still hear her cry,—

'I wish I may die

If here isn't Tom's Shirt, that's been so long a-making!

My gracious me!

Well,—only to see!

I declare it's as yellow as yellow can be.

Why, it looks just as though't had been soaked in green
 tea!

Dear me! *Did you ever?*—

But come—'twill be clever

To bring matters round; so I'll do my endeavour—

"Better Late," says an excellent proverb, "than Never!"

It *is* stained, to be sure; but "grass-bleaching" will bring
 it

To rights "in a jiffy."—We'll wash it and wring it;

Or, stay,—“ Hudson’s Liquor ”
 Will do it still quicker,
 And——’ Here the new maid chimed in, ‘ Ma’am, Salt
 of Lemon
 Will make it, in no time, quite fit for the Gemman !’
 So they ‘ set in the gathers,’—the large round the collar,
 While those at the wrist-bands of course were much
 smaller ;
 The button-holes now were at length ‘ overcast ’ ;
 Then a button itself was sewn on—’twas the last !

All’s done !
 All’s won !
 Never under the sun
 Was Shirt so late finished—so early begun !
 The work would defy
 The most critical eye.
 It was ‘ bleached,’—it was washed,—it was hung out to
 dry,—
 It was marked on the tail with a T and an I !
 On the back of a chair it
 Was placed,—just to air it,
 In front of the fire.—‘ Tom to-morrow shall wear it !’

O cæca mens hominum !—Fanny, good soul,
 Left her charge for one moment—but one ;—a vile coal
 Bounced out from the grate, and set fire to the whole !

Had it been Doctor Arnott’s new stove—not a grate ;
 Had the coal been a ‘ Lord Mayor’s coal,’—*viz.* a
 slate ;¹

¹ An enterprising merchant of Scotland Yard, on the strength of having supplied the Mansion House with a few tons of exceedingly cheap coals, advertised them as ‘ Lord Mayor’s coals,’ under which name they became notorious for their decidedly antiphlogistic properties.

What a different tale had I had to relate !
And Aunt Fan—and my Shirt—been superior to fate !

One moment—no more !—

Fan opened the door !

The draught made the blaze ten times worse than before ;
And Aunt Fanny sank down—in despair—on the floor !

You may fancy, perhaps, Agrippina's amazement,
When, looking one fine moonlight night from her casement,

She saw, while thus gazing,

All Rome a-blazing,

And, losing at once all restraint on her temper, or
Feelings, exclaimed, ' Hang that Scamp of an Emperor,

Although he's my son !—

He thinks it prime fun,

No doubt !—While the flames are demolishing Rome,
There's my Nero a-fiddling, and singing " Sweet Home " !'
Stay—I'm really not sure 'twas that lady who said
The words I've put down, as she stepped into bed ;
On reflection, I rather believe *she* was dead.

But e'en when at College, I

Fairly acknowledge, I

Never was very precise in chronology ;
So, if there's an error, pray set down as mine a
Mistake of no very great moment—in fine, a
Mere slip—'twas some Pleb's wife, if not Agrippina.

You may fancy that warrior, so stern and so stony,
Whom thirty years since we all used to call BONEY,
When, engaged in what he styled ' fulfilling his destinies,'
He led his rascallions across the Borysthènes,

And had made up his mind

Snug quarters to find

In Moscow, against the catarrhs and the coughs
Which are apt to prevail 'mongst the ' Owskys' and ' Offs,'

At a time of the year
 When your nose and your ear
 Are by no means so safe there as people's are here,
 Inasmuch as 'Jack Frost,' that most fearful of Bogles,
 Makes folks leave their cartilage oft in their 'fogles';—
 You may fancy, I say,
 That same BONEY's dismay,
 When Count Rostopchin
 At once made him drop chin,
 And turn up his eyes, as his rappee he took,
 With a sort of a *mort-de-ma-vie* kind of look,
 On perceiving that 'Swing,'¹
 And 'all that sort of thing,'
 Was at work,—that he'd just lost the game without
 knowing it—
 That the Kremlin was blazing—the Russians 'agoing it,'—
 Every plug in the place frozen hard as the ground,
 And the deuce of a Turn-cock at all to be found!

You may fancy King Charles at some Court Fancy-Ball
 (The date we may fix
 In Sixteen sixty-six),
 In the room built by Inigo Jones at Whitehall,
 Whence his father, the Martyr,—(as such mourned by all
 Who, in *his*, wept the Law's and the Monarchy's fall),—
 Stept out to exchange regal robes for a pall—
 You may fancy King Charles, I say, stopping the brawl,²
 As bursts on his sight the old church of St. Paul,
 By the light of its flames, now beginning to crawl
 From basement to buttress and topping its wall.
 You may fancy old Clarendon making a call,

¹ See Note at end of the story.

² Not a 'row,' but a dance—

'The grave Lord-Keeper led the *brawls*,
 The seals and maces danced before him.'—GRAY.

—And truly Sir Christopher danced to some tune.—T. I.

And stating in cold, slow, monotonous drawl,
 ‘Sire, from Pudding Lane’s End, close by Fishmongers’ Hall,
 To Pye Corner, in Smithfield, there is not a stall
 There, in market or street,—not a house, great or small,
 In which Knight wields his falchion, or Cobbler his awl,
 But’s on fire!!’—You may fancy the general squall,
 And bawl as they all call for wimple and shawl!—
 You may fancy all this—but I boldly assert
 You *can’t* fancy Aunt Fan—as she looked on MY SHIRT!!!

Was’t Apelles? or Zeuxis?—I think ’twas Apelles,
 That artist of old—I declare I can’t tell his
 Exact patronymic—I write and pronounce ill
 These Classical names—whom some Grecian Town-Council
 Employed,—I believe, by command of the Oracle,—
 To produce them a splendid piece, purely historical,

For adorning the wall

Of some fane, or Guildhall,

And who for his subject determined to try a

Large painting in oils of Miss Iphigenia,

At the moment her Sire,

By especial desire

Of ‘that Spalpeen, O’Dysseus’ (see Barney Maguire),

Has resolved to devote

Her beautiful throat

To old Chalcas’s knife, and her limbs to the fire,

—An act which we moderns by no means admire.

An off’ring, ’tis true, to Jove, Mars, or Apollo cost

No trifling sum in those days, if a holocaust;

Still, although for economy we should condemn none,

In an *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν*, like the great Agamemnon,

To give up to slaughter

An elegant daughter,

After all the French, Music, and Dancing they’d taught her,

And Singing,—at Heaven knows how much a quarter,—

In lieu of a Calf!—
 It was too bad by half!
 At a 'nigger'¹ so pitiful who would not laugh,
 And turn up their noses at one who could find
 No decenter method of 'Raising the Wind'?
 No doubt but he might,
 Without any great *Flight*,²
 Have obtained it by what we call 'flying a kite,'³
 Or on mortgage;—or sure, if he couldn't so do it, he
 Must have succeeded 'by way of annuity.'
 But there—it appears,
 His crocodile tears,
 His 'Oh!s' and his 'Ah!s,' his 'Oh Law!s' and 'Oh
 dear!s'
 Were all thought sincere,—so in painting his Victim
 The Artist was splendid—but could not depict *Him*.
 His features, and phiz awry
 Showed so much misery,
 And so like a dragon he
 Looked in his agony,
 That the foiled Painter buried—despairing to gain a
 Good likeness—his face in a printed Bandana.
 —Such a veil is best thrown o'er one's face when one's
 hurt
 By some grief which no power can repair or avert!—
 Such a veil I shall throw o'er Aunt Fan—and My Shirt!

MORAL

And now for some practical hints from the story
 Of Aunt Fan's mishap, which I've thus laid before ye;

¹ Hibernicè 'nigger,' *quasi* 'niggard.' *Vide* B. Maguire *passim*.—T. I.

² See footnote, p. 111.

³ A figurative term in use in the commercial world for giving a bill which represents no real value.

For, if rather too gay,
 I can venture to say
 A fine vein of morality is, in each lay
 Of my primitive Muse, the distinguishing *trait* !

First of all—Don't put off till to-morrow what may,
 Without inconvenience, be managed to-day !
 That golden occasion we call 'Opportunity'
 Rarely's neglected by man with impunity !
 And the 'Future,' how brightly soe'er by Hope's dupe
 coloured,

 Ne'er may afford
 You a lost chance restored,
 Till both you, and YOUR SHIRT, are grown old, and
 pea-soup-coloured !

 I would also desire
 You to guard your attire,
 Young Ladies,—and never go too near the fire !
 Depend on't there's many a dear little Soul
 Has found that a Spark is as bad as a coal,—
 And 'in her best petticoat burnt a great hole !'

Last of all, gentle Reader, don't be too secure !—
 Let seeming success never make you 'cock-sure !'
 But beware !—and take care,
 When all things look fair,
 How you hang your Shirt over the back of your chair !
 'There's many a slip
 'Twixt the cup and the lip !'
 Be this excellent proverb, then, well understood,
 And DON'T HALLOO BEFORE YOU'RE QUITE OUT OF THE
 WOOD !

NOTE

*'On perceiving that "Swing,"
And "all that sort of thing,"
Was at work.'*—P. 216.

TOWARDS the close of 1830, an organized system of rick-burning was set on foot in the agricultural counties, particularly in Kent. The atrocities were supposed to be directed by one CAPTAIN SWING, in whose name threatening letters were sent to farmers and others, including many people of note. Extraordinary stories were told of the manner in which the fire was communicated. A blue flame would be seen, so it was said, to run, rocket-like, along the ridge of a stack and down its sides, and in one minute the whole would be in a blaze. Several persons declared that they saw the blue spark traverse the air and descend; and now and then a long slender wire was said to be found among the ashes. A considerable number of persons saw the fire begin before their very eyes, without being able to discover traces of trespassers. The mischief done was doubtless considerable, and how it was done was never learned. All sorts of exaggerated reports were set afloat, and the panic became extreme, gradually pervading all ranks of society. The following burlesque letter on the subject, by the hand of Thomas Ingoldsby, went the round of the papers :—

'MR. EDITOR—Sir, I protest to goodness I'm all of a tremble. What do you think? I have had a letter from SWING; directed "PAUL PRY, A SKEWER (that's his bad spelling), M.P., M.D., F.R.S."—all very proper—and what do you think he says? Why, that if I come peeping about (me *peep*!) into his *consarns*, he'll stuff me into a gin-keg and set me afloat in the Thames, with my head out of the bung-hole! There's a pretty fellow for you! What do you think of that? What's Charles Kemble's letter to that, I should like to know? I protest to goodness I'm all of a twitter. The Thames! so confounded deep, you know; and such cold weather, too. Not that I mind a wetting, but one's umbrella is of no use in a river. Isn't there such a thing as a water guard? Send off to the Thames Police Office tomorrow, and get some of the Preventive Service to prevent him—wish I may die if I don't. Duck an M.P.! Why it's a breach of privilege. I'll have him before the House. Duck a doctor! Only let me catch him some day wanting his back rubbed! I'll give it him—

I'll incendiaryfy him. All my friends are writing to me, and saying that he has become quite a nuisance. He has sent a note to Lord Brougham to say, that "if he don't keep his nose still, he'll come and cut it off!" There's a pretty letter to a Lord High Chancellor! Another to Horace Twiss, "that if he talks any more *nonsense* he'll turn him inside out." Poor fellow! mustn't open his mouth; besides he's been turned out once, you know, already; very sad thing for him too. My friend Joe Hume has had one bidding him wind up his accounts, "for he'll make a vulgar fraction of him." Joe in a terrible passion. Letter came by the twopenny post *unpaid*. Sent one to Lord Melbourne; told him "if he continued to lie in bed till twelve and shave at breakfast, he'd come and shave him himself with an iron hoop, and soap him with tallow and treacle!" Pretty thing to say to his Majesty's Secretary of State! Popped a note under Bishop Philpott's knocker; says, "when he puts on his wig he'll set it on fire!" There's impudence! ten times worse than the stacks! Flung one down Sam Rogers's area; says "if he don't go quietly home to his coffin, he'll kill him over again." Too bad, after the poor man's been dead and buried so long. Capital likeness of Sam, by the bye, that in *Fraser*—full length, taken from the *death*. Has written to Drury Lane, and asked Mr. Lee "for an order for two to kiss Miss Waylett." There's assurance! Did you ever hear the like of that? Very immoral—very improper! But, after all, what is one to do? Where is one to go? Upon my life these letters are very alarming. Life isn't life on such terms—not worth picking up in the streets. As for me—if I last—I shall go to China.

'Yours, etc.,

'PAUL PRY.'—(T. I.)

One allusion in the above squib may at this day need explanation. It was a standing joke against Sam Rogers, on account of the somewhat cadaverous hue of his countenance, to speak of him as dead and buried. Hook once asked him, why, with all his wealth, he went about the streets on foot. 'You ought,' he said, 'to keep a hearse, like a respectable body.' And on the poet telling Sydney Smith that he was going to have his portrait taken, the latter advised him to have it taken with his face in his hat, saying his prayers.

IT is to my excellent and erudite friend Simpkinson that I am indebted for his graphic description of the well-known chalk-pit, between Acol and Minster, in the Isle of Thanet, known by the name of the 'Smuggler's Leap.' The substance of the true history attached to it he picked up while visiting that admirable institution, the 'Sea-bathing Infirmary,' of which he is a 'Life Governor,' and enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* last summer at the least aristocratic of all possible watering-places.

Before I proceed to detail it, however, I cannot, in conscience, fail to bespeak for him the reader's sympathy in one of his own—

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE

A LEGEND OF JARVIS'S JETTY

MR. SIMPKINSON *loquitur*

I WAS in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, ‘What make you
here?—

The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but
joy’;

Again I said, ‘What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?’

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy,—he deemed I meant
to scoff—

And when the little heart is big a little ‘sets it off’;

He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—

He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

‘Hark! don’t you hear, my little man?—it’s striking Nine,’
I said,

‘An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in
bed;

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma’ will scold—

Oh! fie!—

It’s very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!’

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbbed with agony,—he cried like any thing !
I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—
‘ Ah !

I haven’t got no supper ! and I haven’t got no Ma’ !!

‘ My father, he is on the seas,—my mother’s dead and gone !
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone.
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my
heart, .
Nor “ *brown* ” to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart !

‘ If there’s a soul will give me food or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight ! ’ (he was a vulgar
Boy ;))

‘ And, now I’m here, from this here pier it is my fixed
intent

To jump, as Mister Levi ¹ did from off the Monu-ment ! ’

‘ Cheer up ! cheer up ! my little man—cheer up ! ’ I kindly
said,

‘ You are a naughty boy to take such things into your
head :

If you should jump from off the pier you’d surely break
your legs,

Perhaps your neck—then Bogey’d have you, sure as eggs
are eggs !

‘ Come home with me, my little man, come home with me
and sup ;

My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up :
There’s roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you :
Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2.’

¹ Leone Levi, diamond merchant, committed suicide by throwing himself from the Monument, January 18, 1810.

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside 'The Foy,'

I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
'Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!'

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she 'did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys.'
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed
the delf,
Said I might 'go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!'

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb¹—
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people called
'a Bob');
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
And I said, 'A pint of double X, and please to draw it
mild!'

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and
chair—
I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
I peeped beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—
I said, 'You little vulgar Boy! why, what's become of
you?'

I could not see my table-spoons—I looked, but could not
see,
The little fiddle-pattern ones I use when I'm at tea;
I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh,
dear!
I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for beer.

¹ QUI FACIT PER ALIUM FACIT PER SE—Deem not, gentle stranger, that Mr. Cobb is a petty dealer and chapman, as Mr. Simpkinson would here seem to imply. He is a *maker*, not a retailer of stingo,—and mighty pretty tipple he *makes*.—T. I.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be seen!—
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimmed and
lined with green ;
My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and
soy,—
My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar
Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
'—Oh, Mrs. Jones! what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty
go?—
That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-
night,
He's stolen my things and run away!!'—Says she, 'And
sarve you right!!'

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a
pound
To find that little vulgar Boy who'd gone and used me
so ;
But when the Crier cried 'O Yes!' the people cried, 'O
No!'

I went to 'Jarvis' Landing-place,' the glory of the town,
There was a Common-sailor-man a-walking up and down,
I told my tale—he seemed to think I'd not been treated
well,
And called me 'Poor old Buffer!'—what that means I
cannot tell.

That Sailor-man he said he'd seen, that morning on the
shore,
A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard
before,

A little 'gallows-looking chap'—dear me ! what could he mean ?

With a 'carpet-swab' and 'muckingtogs,' and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his 'precious eyes,' and said he'd seen him 'sheer,'

—It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very queer :

And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,

—It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim away
In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed, '*somewheres*' about
the Nore.

A landsman said 'I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—

And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill !'

He said he'd 'done me wery brown,' and nicely '*stowed* the *swag*,'

—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the Constable my property to track ;

He asked me if 'I did not wish that I might get it back ?'

I answered, 'To be sure I do !—it's what I'm come about.'

He smiled and said, 'Sir, does your mother know that you are out ?'

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to
town,

And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd
'done me brown.'

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he 'rather thought that there were several vulgar boys
about.'

He sent for Mr. Whithair,¹ then, and I described 'the
swag,'

My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag ;
He promised that the New Police should all their powers
employ ;

But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy !

MORAL

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grandma'
tell,

'BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU
SHALL DO FULL WELL !'

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed
abode,

Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they 'wish they may
be blowed !'

Don't take too much of double X !—and don't at night go
out

To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring
your stout !

And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring
the bell,

Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well !

¹ Mr. Whithair held the office of keeper of the Giltspur Street Compter, or lock-up, in the City of London.

AND now for his—Mr. Simpkinson's—Legend, which, if the facts took place rather beyond 'the memory of the oldest inhabitant,' are yet well known to have occurred in the neighbourhood 'once on a time'; and the scene of them will be readily pointed out by any one of the fifty intelligent fly-drivers who ply upon the pier, and who will convey you safely to the spot for a guerdon which they term 'three bob.'

[The intelligent fly-driver would experience considerable difficulty in discovering the scene of 'The Smuggler's Leap,' nor would the intelligent reader be more successful in his search for p. 127 of *Pegge's Supplement to Lewis's History of Thanet*. The story and the reference are equally mythical; the former was indeed suggested by a dangerous chalk-hole, which had occasionally been used as a smuggler's 'hide,' existing in a wood in the manor of Parmstead, Upper Hardres, the property of the author.]

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP

A LEGEND OF THANET

‘Near this hamlet (Acol) is a long-disused chalk-pit of formidable depth, known by the name of “The Smuggler’s Leap.” The tradition of the parish runs, that a riding-officer from Sandwich, called Anthony Gill, lost his life here in the early part of the present century, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming on, both parties went over the precipice. The smuggler’s horse *only*, it is said, was found crushed beneath its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever since.’—See ‘*Supplement to Lewis’s History of Thanet, by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, A.M., Vicar of Gomersham.*’ W. Bristow, Canterbury, 1796, p. 127.

THE fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
And there they stand
That smuggling band,
Some in the water and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land ;
The night is dark, they are silent and still,
—At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill !

‘Now lower away ! come, lower away !
We must be far ere the dawn of the day.
If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
And should come and should catch us here, what would
he say ?
Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill,
We’ll laugh, ho ! ho ! at Exciseman Gill !’

The cargo's lowered from the dark skiff's side,
And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,
 No trick nor flam,
 But your real Schiedam.
'Now mount, my merry men, mount and ride !'
Three on the crupper and one before,
And the led-horse laden with five tubs more ;
 But the rich point-lace,
 In the oil-skin case
Of proof, to guard its contents from ill,
The 'prime of the swag,' is with Smuggler Bill.

Merrily now, in a goodly row,
Away and away those Smugglers go,
And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho ! ho !
 When, out from the turn
 Of the road to Herne,
Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern !—
Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,
With his Custom-house officers all at his side !
—They were called Custom-house officers then ;
There were no such things as 'Preventive men.'

Sauve qui peut !

That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew !
Some dropping one tub, some dropping two ;—
Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,
Through Fordwich Level—o'er Sandwich Flat—
Some fly that way and some fly this,
Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen miss.
 These in their hurry
 Make for Sturry,
With Custom-house officers close in their rear,
Down Rushbourne Lane and so by Westbere,

None of them stopping,
 But shooting and popping ;
 And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
 Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap,¹
 And the gin spirts out,
 And squirts all about ;
 And many a heart grew sad that day
 That so much good liquor was so thrown away.

Sauve qui peut !

That lawless crew,
 Away, and away, and away they flew !
 Some seek Whitstable—some Grove Ferry,
 Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—
 For the life ! for the life ! they ride ! they ride !
 And the Custom-house officers all divide,
 And they gallop on after them far and wide !
 All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—
 He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill !

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
 He has curling locks and a roving eye,
 He has a tongue and he has a smile
 Trained the female heart to beguile ;
 And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,
 From St. Nicholas quite
 To the Foreland Light,
 But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her
 To have done with the Grocer and make *him* her Tea-dealer ;

¹ This incident is taken from what actually occurred to a certain Mr. Bob Stace, one of Mr. Barham's parishioners in the 'Marsh.' They were all smugglers ; and the man in question—a very powerful one—was making off with a couple of kegs, one under each arm, when, as he used to describe it with great disgust, 'a bullet went slap through one of them and spilt the liquor.' It never seemed to occur to him that a trifling divergence, to the right or the left as the case might be, might have caused a couple of holes not so easily stopped. The character of Stace is sketched in Gleig's *Country Curate*.

There is not a farmer there but he still
Buys gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
On his dapple-grey mare, away and away,
And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,
' Follow who will, ride after who may,
In sooth he had need
Fodder his steed,
In lieu of Lent-corn, with a Quicksilver feed ;
Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay,
Will make him a match for my own dapple-grey !
Ho ! ho !—ho ! ho ! ' says Smuggler Bill :
He draws out a flask, and he sips his fill,
And he laughs ' Ho ! ho ! ' at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chistlett Lane so free and so fleet
Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-Street ;
Sarre Bridge is won—
Bill thinks it fun ;
' Ho ! ho ! the old tub-gauging son of a gun !
His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin,
Ere a race like this he may hope to win ! '

Away, away
Goes the fleet dapple-grey,
Fresh as the breeze and free as the wind,
And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.
' *I would give my soul,* ' quoth Exciseman Gill,
' For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill !
No matter for blood, no matter for bone,
No matter for colour, bay, brown or roan,
So I had but one ! '
A voice cried ' Done ! '—

‘Ay, dun!’ said Exciseman Gill,—and he spied
 A Custom-house officer close by his side,
 On a high-trotting horse with a dun-coloured hide.
 ‘*Devil take me*,’ again quoth Exciseman Gill,
 ‘If I had but that horse I’d have Smuggler Bill!’

From his using such shocking expressions it’s plain
 That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.

He was, it is true,
 As bad as a Jew,
 A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,
 And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.
 —He’d just uttered the words which I’ve mentioned to you,
 When his horse, coming slap on his knees with him, threw
 Him head over heels, and away he flew,
 And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue.

When he arose,
 His hands and his clo’es
 Were as filthy as could be,—he’d pitched on his nose,
 And rolled over and over again in the mud,
 And his nose and his chin were all covered with blood;
 Yet he screamed with passion, ‘I’d rather *grill*
 Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!’
 —‘Mount! mount!’ quoth the Custom-house officer, ‘get
 On the back of my Dun, you’ll bother him yet.
 Your words are plain, though they’re somewhat rough,
 “Done and Done” between gentlemen’s always enough!
 I’ll lend you a lift—there—you’re up on him—so,—
 He’s a rum one to look at—*a devil to go*!’

Exciseman Gill
 Dashed up the hill,
 And marked not, so eager was he in pursuit,
 The queer Custom-house officer’s queer-looking boot.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,
He slacks not girth—and he draws not rein ;
Yet the dapple-grey mare bounds on in vain,
For nearer now—and he hears it plain—
Sounds the tramp of a horse—'Tis the Gauger again !'

Smuggler Bill

Dashes round by the mill

That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill :—

' Now speed,—now speed,

My dapple-grey steed,

Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need !

O'er Monkton Mead and through Minster Level,

We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil !

For Manston Cave, away ! away !

Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-grey !

It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill

Was run down like a hare by Exciseman Gill !'

Manston Cave was Bill's abode,

A mile to the north of the Ramsgate road,

(Of late they say

It's been taken away,

That is, levelled, and filled up with chalk and clay,

By a gentleman there of the name of Day),

Thither he urges his good dapple-grey.

And the dapple-grey steed,

Still good in need,

Though her chest it pants and her flanks they bleed,

Dashes along at the top of her speed ;

But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill

Cries 'Yield thee ! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill !'

Smuggler Bill he looks behind,

And he sees a Dun horse come swift as the wind,

And his nostrils smoke, and his eyes they blaze
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise !



Every shoe he has got
Appears red-hot !
And sparks round his ears snap, crackle and play,
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way ;

Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill ;
And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,
Crying ' Yield thee ! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill ! '

Smuggler Bill from his holster drew
A large horse-pistol, of which he had two,
 Made by Nock ;
 He pulled back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock ;
The trigger he touched and the welkin rang
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang.
Smuggler Bill ne'er missed his aim,
The shot told true on the Dun—but there came
From the hole where it entered,—not blood,—but flame !
 —He changed his plan,
 And fired at the man ;
But his second horse-pistol flashed in the pan !
And Exciseman Gill, with a hearty good-will,
Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-grey mare made a desperate bound
When that queer Dun horse on her flank she found,
Alack ! and alas ! on what dangerous ground !
It's enough to make one's flesh to creep
To stand on that fearful verge, and peep
Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate leap !
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese :—
Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,—
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all ! !

Below were found
Next day on the ground,

By an elderly Gentleman walking his round
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound),
All smashed, and dashed, three mangled corpses,
Two of them human,—the third was a horse's—



That good dapple-grey,—and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill !

But where was the Dun ? that terrible Dun ?—
From that terrible night he was seen by none !

There are some people think, though I am not one,
 That part of the story all nonsense and fun,
 But the country-folks there,
 One and all, declare,
 When the 'Crownner's 'Quest' came to sit on the pair,
 They heard a loud Horse-laugh up in the air!—

 If in one of the trips
 Of the steam-boat Eclipse
 You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,
 Or to take what the bathing-room people call 'dips,'
 You may hear old folks talk
 Of that quarry of chalk.
 Or go over :—it's rather too far for a walk,
 But a three-shilling drive will give you a peep
 At that fearful chalk-pit—so awfully deep,—
 Which is called to this moment 'The Smuggler's Leap!'
 Nay, more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,
 If you're 'plucky' and not over subject to fright,
 And go and look over that chalk-pit white,
 You may see, if you will,
 The ghost of Old Gill
 Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,
 And the Ghost of the dapple-grey lying between 'em.—
 I'm told so—I can't say I know one who's seen 'em!

MORAL

And now, gentle Reader, one word ere we part—
 Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart.
Imprimis, don't smuggle!—If, bent to please Beauty,
 You *must* buy French lace,—purchase what has paid
 duty!
 Don't use naughty words, in the next place,—and ne'er in
 Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!

Never say 'Devil take me';—

Or, 'shake me!'—or, 'bake me!'

Or such like expressions.—Remember Old Nick

To take folks at their word is remarkably quick.

Another sound maxim I'd wish you to keep,

Is, 'Mind what you are after, and—Look ere you Leap!'

Above all, to my last gravest caution attend—

NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF A
FRIEND!!!

[We here introduce the copy of an original water-colour sketch by George Cruikshank, giving another rendering of Smuggler Bill shooting at the Excise-man's demon horse. It was inserted by him in an album of Mr. Barham's daughter.]



THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

From an unpublished Sketch by George Cruikshank.

FOR the story which succeeds I am indebted to Mrs. Botherby. She is a Shropshire lady by birth, and I overheard her, a few weeks since, in the nursery, chanting the following, one of the Legends peculiar to her native County, for the amusement and information of Seaforth's little boy, who was indeed 'all ears.' As Ralph de Diceto, who alludes to the main facts, was Dean of St. Paul's in 1183, about the time that the Temple Church was consecrated, the history is evidently as ancient as it is authentic, though the author of the present paraphrase has introduced many unauthorized as well as 'anachronismatical interpolations.'—For the interesting note on the ancient family of Ketch, I need scarcely say, I am obliged to *the* Simpkinson.

[The story of 'Bloudie Jacke' was furnished by Mr. Hamilton Reynolds, and is doubtless a genuine tradition. I have been unable, however, to discover any more particulars of the Shropshire Bluebeard than those recorded in the *Legend of the Proud Salopians*; so called, by the way, from their declining with thanks the honour proposed by Charles II. of having their town converted into a city. As for the worthy dean, Radulphus de Diceto, he has doubtless many good stories to answer for, but that of 'Bloudie Jacke' is not to be found among them. The author observes in reference to this 'Raw-head-and-Bloody-bones affair,' as he terms it,—'I never liked the story, which is so very nursery a one. I thought the only chance to make it effective was to strike out something new-*ish* in the stanza, to make people stare; and to a certain extent, I am told, it has succeeded; but it is the offspring for which of all others I feel the least parental affection.']

Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsberrie

THE SHROPSHIRE BLUEBEARD

A LEGEND OF 'THE PROUD SALOPIANS'

^c Hisce ferè temporibus, in agro Salopiensi, Quidam, cui nomen Johannes, *Le Sangfaunt* deinde nuncupatus, uxores quamplurimas ducit, enecat et (ita referunt) manducat; ossa solùm cani miræ magnitudinis relinquens. Tùm demùm in flagrante delicto, vel 'manu rubrà,' ut dicunt Jurisconsulti, depensus, carnifice vix opprimitur.—RADULPHUS DE DICETO.

O H! why doth thine eye gleam so bright,
Bloudie Jacke?

Oh! why doth thine eye gleam so bright?—

The Mother's at home,

The Maid may not roam,

She never will meet thee to-night,

By the light

Of the moon—it's impossible—quite!

Yet thine eye is still brilliant and bright,

Bloudie Jacke!

It gleams with a fiendish delight.

'Tis done—

She is won!

Nothing under the sun

Can loose the charmed ring though it's slight!

Ho! ho!

It fits so remarkably tight!'

The wire is as thin as a thread,

Bloudie Jackie !

The wire is as thin as a thread !—

‘ Though slight be the chain,

Again might and main

Cannot rend it in twain :—She is wed !

She is wed !

She is mine, be she living or dead !

Haw ! haw !!’

Nay, laugh not, I pray thee, so loud,

Bloudie Jackie !

Oh ! laugh not so loud and so clear !

Though sweet is thy smile

The heart to beguile,

Yet thy laugh is quite shocking to hear,

Oh dear !

It makes the blood curdle with fear !

The Maiden is gone by the glen,

Bloudie Jackie !

She is gone by the glen and the wood :—

It’s a very odd thing

She should wear such a ring,

While her tresses are bound with a snood.

By the rood !

It’s a thing that’s not well understood !

The Maiden is stately and tall,

Bloudie Jackie !

And stately she walks in her pride ;

But the young Mary-Anne

Runs as fast as she can,

To o’ertake her and walk by her side :

Though she chide—

She deems not her sister a bride !

But the Maiden is gone by the glen,
Bloudie Jacke !
 Mary-Anne, she is gone by the lea ;
 She o'ertakes not her sister,
 It's clear she has missed her,
 And cannot think where she can be !
Dear me !—
 ' Ho ! ho !—We shall see—we shall see ! '

Mary-Anne is gone over the lea,
Bloudie Jacke !
 Mary-Anne, she is come to the Tower ;
 But it makes her heart quail,
 For it looks like a jail
 A deal more than a fair Lady's bower ;
So sour
 Its ugly grey walls seem to lour.

For the Barbican's massy and high,
Bloudie Jacke !
 And the oak-door is heavy and brown,
 And with iron it's plated,
 And machicolated,
 To pour boiling oil and lead down ;
How you'd frown
 Should a ladle-full fall on your crown !

The rock that it stands on is steep,
Bloudie Jacke !
 To gain it one's forced for to creep ;
 The Portcullis is strong,
 And the Drawbridge is long,
 And the water runs all round the Keep ;
At a peep
 You can see that the Moat's very deep !

The Drawbridge is long, but it's down,

Bloudie Jacke !

And the Portcullis hangs in the air ;

And no Warder is near,

With his horn and his spear,

To give notice when people come there.—

I declare

Mary-Anne has run into the Square !

The oak-door is heavy and brown,

Bloudie Jacke !

But the oak-door is standing ajar,

And no one is there

To say, ' Pray take a chair,

You seem tired, Miss, with running so far :—

So you are—

With grown people you're scarce on a par !'

But the young Mary-Anne is *not* tired,

Bloudie Jacke !

She roams o'er your Tower by herself ;

She runs through, very soon,

Each boudoir and saloon,

And examines each closet and shelf,

Your pelf,

All your plate and your china,—and delf.

She looks at your Arras so fine,

Bloudie Jacke !

So rich, all description it mocks ;

And she now and then pauses

To gaze at your vases,

Your pictures and ormolu clocks ;

Every box,

Every cupboard and drawer she unlocks.

She looks at the paintings so rare,
Bloudie Jacke !
That adorn every wall in your house ;
 Your *impayable* pieces,
 Your Paul Veroneses,
Your Rembrandts, your Guidos and Dows,
Morland's Cows,
Claude's Landscapes,—and Landseer's Bow-wows.

She looks at your Statues so fine,
Bloudie Jacke !
And mighty great notice she takes
 Of your Niobe crying,
 Your Mirmillo dying,
Your Hercules strangling the snakes ;—
How he shakes
The nasty great things as he wakes !

Your Laocoon, his serpents and boys,
Bloudie Jacke !
She views with some little dismay ;
 A copy of that I can
 See in the Vatican,
Unless the Pope's sent it away,
As they say
In the *Globe*, he intended last May.¹

There's your Belvedere Phœbus, with which,
Bloudie Jacke !
Mr. Milman says none other vies.
 (His lines on Apollo
 Beat all the rest hollow,

¹ 'The Pope is said—the fact is hardly credible—to have sold the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvedere to the Emperor of Russia for nine millions of francs.'—*Globe and Traveller*.—T. I.

And gained him the Newdigate prize.)

How the eyes
Seem watching the shaft as it flies !

There's a room full of satins and silks,

Bloudie Jackie !

There's a room full of velvets and lace ;

There are drawers full of rings,

And a thousand fine things ;

And a splendid gold watch, with a case

O'er its face,

Is in every room in the place.

There are forty fine rooms on a floor,

Bloudie Jackie !

And every room fit for a Ball,

It's so gorgeous and rich,

With so lofty a pitch,

And so long, and so broad, and so tall ;

Yes, all,

Save the last one—and that's very small !

It boasts not stool, table, or chair,

Bloudie Jackie !

But *one* Cabinet, costly and grand,

Which has little gold figures

Of little gold Niggers,

With fishing-rods stuck in each hand.—

It's japanned,

And it's placed on a splendid buhl stand.

Its hinges and clasps are of gold,

Bloudie Jackie !

And of gold are its key-hole and key,

And the drawers within
 Have each a gold pin,
 And they're numbered with 1, 2, and 3 :
You may see
 All in figures in gold filigree !

Number 1's full of emeralds green,
Bloudie Jacke !
 Number 2's full of diamond and pearl ;
 But what does she see
 In drawer Number 3
 That makes all her senses to whirl,
Poor girl !
 And each lock of her hair to uncurl ?—

Wedding Fingers are sweet pretty things,
Bloudie Jacke !
 To salute them one eagerly strives,
 When one kneels to 'propose'—
 It's another *quelque chose*
 When, cut off at the knuckles with knives,
From our wives,
 They are tied up in bunches of fives.

Yet there they lie, one, two, three, four !
Bloudie Jacke !
 There lie they, five, six, seven, eight !
 And by them, in rows,
 Lie eight little Great-Toes,
 To match in size, colour and weight !
From their state,
 It would seem they'd been severed of late.

Beside them are eight Wedding-rings,
Bloudie Jacke !
 And the gold is as thin as a thread :—

‘Ho! ho!—She is mine—
This will make up the Nine!’—
Dear me! who those shocking words said?—
She fled
To hide herself under the bed.

But, alas! there’s no bed in the room,
Bloudie Jackie!
And she peeps from the window on high;
Only fancy her fright
At the terrible sight
Down below, which at once meets her eye!
‘Oh My!!’
She half uttered,—but stifled her cry.

For she saw it was You and your Man,
Bloudie Jackie!
And she heard your unpleasant ‘Haw! haw!’
While her sister, stone dead,
By the hair of her head,
O’er the bridge you were trying to draw,
As she saw—
A thing quite contra-ry to law!

Your Man has got hold of her heels,
Bloudie Jackie!
Bloudie Jackie! you’ve got hold of her hair!—
But nor **Jackie** nor his Man
Can see young Mary-Anne;
She has hid herself under the stair,
And there
Is a horrid great Dog, I declare!

His eyeballs are bloodshot and blear,
Bloudie Jackie!

Above,—there's the Maiden that's dead ;
 Below—growling at her—
 There's that Cannibal Cur,
 Who at present is munching her bread,
 Instead
 Of her leg,—or her arm,—or her head.



It's 'a pretty particular Fix,'
 Bloudie Jacke !
 She is caught like a mouse in a trap ;—
 Stay !—there's something, I think,
 That has slipped through a chink,
 And fall'n, by a singular hap,
 Slap,
 Into poor little Mary-Anne's lap !
 It's a very fine little gold ring,
 Bloudie Jacke !

Yet, though slight, it's remarkably stout,
 But it's made a sad stain,
 Which will always remain,
 On her frock—for Blood will not wash out ;
 I doubt
 Salts of lemon won't bring it about !

She has grasped that gold ring in her hand,
 Bloudie Jacke !
 In an instant she stands on the floor ;
 She makes but one bound
 O'er the back of the hound,
 And a hop, skip, and jump to the door,
 And she's o'er
 The Drawbridge she traversed before !

Her hair's floating loose in the breeze,
 Bloudie Jacke !
 For gone is her ' bonnet of blue.'
 Now the Barbican's past !—
 Her legs ' go it ' as fast
 As two drumsticks a-beating tattoo,
 As they do
 At Réveillie, Parade, or Review !

She has run into Shrewsbury town,
 Bloudie Jacke !
 She has called out the Beadle and May'r,
 And the Justice of Peace,
 And the Rural Police,
 Till ' Battle Field ' ¹ swarms like a Fair,—
 And see there !—
 E'en the Parson's beginning to swear !!

¹ The spot where Harry Hotspur fell, and Falstaff ' fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.'

There's a pretty to-do in your Tower,
Bloudie Jackie!
In your Tower there's a pretty to-do!
All the people of Shrewsbury
Playing old gooseberry
With your choice bits of taste and *virtù*;
Each bijou
Is upset in their search after you!

They are playing the deuce with your things,
Bloudie Jackie!
There's your Cupid is broken in two,
And so, too, between us, is
Each of your Venuses,
The 'Antique' ones you bought of the Jew,
And the new
One, George Robins¹ swears came from St. Cloud.

The CALLIPYGE's injured behind,
Bloudie Jackie!
The DE MEDICI's injured before;
And the ANADYOMENE
's injured in so many
Places, I think there's a score,
If not more,
Of her fingers and toes on the floor.

They are hunting you up stairs and down,
Bloudie Jackie!
Every person to pass is forbid,
While they turn out the closets
And all their deposits:—

¹ The leading auctioneer of the day; famed for the high-flown terms in which he described the property brought under his hammer.

And they smack, and they thwack,
Till your 'funny-bones' crack,



As if you were stretched on the rack,
At each whack!—
Good lack! what a savage attack!

And your left leg due South,
 And your knee's in your mouth,
 And your head is poked down on your breast,
 And it's prest,
 I protest, almost into your chest !

They have pulled off your arms and your legs,
 Bloudie Jacke !
 As the naughty boys serve the blue flies ;
 And they've torn from their sockets
 And put in their pockets
 Your fingers and thumbs for a prize !
 And your eyes
 A Doctor has bottled—from Guy's.¹

Your trunk, thus dismembered and torn,
 Bloudie Jacke !
 They hew, and they hack, and they chop ;
 And, to finish the whole,
 They stick up a pole
 In the place that's still called the 'Wylde Coppe,'²
 And they pop
 Your grim gory head on the top !

They have buried the fingers and toes,
 Bloudie Jacke !
 Of the victims so lately your prey.

¹ A similar appropriation is said to have been made, by an eminent practitioner, of those of the late Monsieur Courvoisier, executed for the murder of Lord William Russell, in the year 1840.—T. I.

² The WILDE COPPE, or rather WYLE COP, is a very steep street in Shrewsbury, at the entrance of the town proper from the English bridge on the old Holyhead road. The Lion Hotel stands near the top of it, at a point called in olden time 'the Head of the Wyle.' It is conjectured that the true name of the street itself is 'the Wyle,' and that the whole has been called 'Wyle Cop,' from one spot in it where it meets the High Street and 'Dog-pole.' The pole was of course that on which Jack's head was elevated, though rationalistic etymologists pretend that the name is but a corruption of 'Duck pool.'

Let them think of your terrible Tower,

Bloudie Jackie !

And don't let them liberties take,

Whether Maidens or Spouses,

In Bachelors' houses ;

Or, some time or another, they'll make

A Mistake !

And lose—more than a **Shrewsberrie Cake !!**¹

¹ The 'Shrewsberrie Cake,' or 'Simnel,' is a delicacy (?) which was originally prepared for the faithful during Lent.

HER niece, of whom I have before made honourable mention, is not a whit behind Mrs. Botherby in furnishing entertainment for the young folks. If little Charles has the aunt to *sol fa* him into slumber, Miss Jenny is equally fortunate in the possession of a Sappho of her own. It is to the air of 'Drops of Brandy' that Patty has adapted her version of a venerable ditty, which we have all listened to with respect and affection under its old title of—

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

OR

THE NORFOLK TRAGEDY

AN OLD SONG TO A NEW TUNE

WHEN we were all little and good,—
A long time ago, I'm afraid, Miss,—
We were told of the Babes in the Wood
By their false, cruel Uncle betrayed, Miss.
Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight ;
In Norfolk I think his estate lay—
That is, if I recollect right,
For I've not read the history lately.¹

Rum ti, etc.

Their Pa and their Ma being teased²

With a tiresome complaint, which, in some seasons,
People are apt to be seized

With, who're not on their guard against plum-seasons,
Their medical man shook his head,
As he could not get well to the root of it ;

¹ See Blomefield's *History of the County of Norfolk*, in which all the particulars of this lamentable history are (or ought to be) fully detailed, together with the names of the parties, and an elaborate pedigree of the family.—T. I.

According to Miss Halstead, the old ballad of 'The Babes in the Wood,' certainly of the fifteenth century, referred in all probability to the supposed murder of the two children of Edward IV. by their uncle, Richard of Gloucester. See Appendix to vol. i. of her *History of Richard III.*, p. 390.—T. I.

² In the first edition of the Second Series, instead of 'teased' the word 'seized' occurs by an oversight.

And the Babes stood on each side the bed,
While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

‘Oh, Brother!’ their Ma whispered, faint
And low, for breath seeming to labour, ‘Who’d
Think that this horrid complaint,
That’s been going about in the neighbourhood,
Thus should attack me,—nay more,
My poor husband besides,—and so fall on him!
Bringing us so near Death’s door
That we can’t avoid making a call on him!

‘Now think, ’tis your Sister invokes
Your aid, and the last word she says is,
Be kind to those dear little folks
When our toes are turned up to the daisies!—
By the servants don’t let them be snubbed,—
Let Jane have her fruit and her custard,—
And mind Johnny’s chilblains are rubbed
Well with Whitehead’s best essence of mustard!

‘You know they’ll be pretty well off in
Respect to what’s called “worldly gear,”
For John, when his Pa’s in his coffin,
Comes in to three hundred a-year;
And Jane’s to have five hundred pound
On her marriage paid down, ev’ry penny;
So you’ll own a worse match might be found,
Any day in the week, than our Jenny!’—

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,
And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he
Put his handkerchief up to his eye,
And devoted himself to Old Bogey

If he did not make matters all right,
And said, should he covet their riches,
He 'wished the old Gentleman might
Fly away with him, body and breeches !'

No sooner, however, were they
Put to bed with a spade by the sexton,
Than he carried the darlings away
Out of that parish into the next one ;
Giving out he should take them to town,
And select the best school in the nation,
That John might not grow up a clown,
But receive a genteel education.

'Greek and Latin old twaddle I call !'
Says he, 'While his mind's ductile and plastic,
I'll place him at Dotheboys Hall,
Where he'll learn all that's new and gymnastic.
While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,
Fortune-hunters, by scores, to entrap 'em rise,
Shall go to those worthy old frumps,
The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise !'

Having thought on the How and the When
To get rid of his nephew and niece,
He sent for two ill-looking men,
And he gave them five guineas a-piece.—
Says he, 'Each of you take up a child
On the crupper, and when you have trotted
Some miles through that wood lone and wild,
Take your knife out and cut its carotid !'

'Done' and 'done' is pronounced on each side ;
While the poor little dears are delighted

To think they a-cock-horse shall ride,
And are not in the least degree frightened ;
They say their 'Ta ! Ta !' as they start,
And they prattle so nice on their journey,
That the rogues themselves wish to their heart
They could finish the job by attorney.

Nay, one was so taken aback
By seeing such spirit and life in them,
That he fairly exclaimed, 'I say, Jack,
I'm blow'd if I *can* put a knife in them !'—
'Pooh !' says his pal, 'you great dunce !
You've pouched the good gentleman's money,
So out with your whinger at once,
And scrag Jane while I spiflicate Johnny !'

He refused, and harsh language ensued,
Which ended at length in a duel,
When he that was mildest in mood
Gave the truculent rascal his gruel.
The Babes quake with hunger and fear,
While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries ;
Then he cries, 'Loves, amuse yourselves here
With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries !

'I'll be back in a couple of shakes ;
So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking :
I'm going to get you some cakes,
And a nice buttered roll that's a-baking !'
He rode off with a tear in his eye,
Which ran down his rough cheek and wet it,
As he said to himself with a sigh,
'Pretty souls !—don't they wish they may get it !!'

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight
Of the wretch who thus wrought their undoing,

But passed all that day and that night
In wandering about and 'boo-hoo'-ing.
The night proved cold, dreary and dark,
So that, worn out with sighings and sobbings,
Next morn they were found stiff and stark,
And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

These two little birds it sore grieves
To see what so cruel a dodge I call,—
They cover the bodies with leaves,
An interment quite ornithological :
It might more expensive have been,
But I doubt, though I've not been to see 'em,
If among those in all Kensal Green
You could find a more neat Mausoleum.

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,
Conscience always makes restless their pillows,
And Justice, though blind, has a nose,
That sniffs out all concealed peccadilloes.
The wicked old Uncle, they say,
In spite of his riot and revel,
Was hippish and qualmish all day,
And dreamt all night long of the d—I.

He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,
And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,
Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,
And whatever he swallowed turned acid.
The neighbours thought all was not right,
Scarcely one with him ventured to parley,
And Captain Swing¹ came in the night,
And burnt all his beans and his barley.

¹ See note under tale of 'Aunt Fanny,' *supra*, p. 220.

There was hardly a day but some fox
Ran away with his geese and his ganders ;
His wheat had the mildew, his flocks
Took the rot, and his horses the glanders.
His daughters drank rum in their tea,
His son, who had gone for a sailor,
Went down in a steamer at sea,
And his wife ran away with a tailor !

It was clear he lay under a curse ;
None would hold with him any communion ;
Ev'ry day matters grew worse and worse,
Till they ended at length in The Union ;
While his man being caught in some fact
(The particular crime I've forgotten),
When he came to be hanged for the act,
Split, and told the whole story to Cotton.¹

Understanding the matter was blown,
His employer became apprehensive
Of what, when 'twas more fully known,
Might ensue—he grew thoughtful and pensive.
He purchased some sugar-of-lead,
Took it home, popped it into his porridge,
Ate it up, and then took to his bed,
And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

MORAL

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word
That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages
In the dog-days, don't be so absurd
As to blow yourselves out with Green-gages !

¹ Sometime ordinary of Newgate. It was a common joke among the more lively of the convicts that they went to the gallows with their ears stuffed with 'Cotton.'

Of stone-fruits in general be shy,
And reflect it's a fact beyond question
That Grapes, when they're spelt with an *i*,
Promote anything else but digestion.

When you set about making your will,
Which is commonly done when a body's ill,
Mind and word it with caution and skill,
And avoid, if you can, any codicil !
When once you've appointed an heir
To the fortune you've made or obtained, ere
You leave a reversion, beware
Whom you place in contingent remainder !

Executors, Guardians, and all
Who have children to mind, don't ill-treat them,
Nor think that, because they are small
And weak, you may beat them, and cheat them !
Remember that 'ill-gotten goods
Never thrive !' their possession's but cursory ;
So never turn out in the woods
Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things
Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour ;
His 'riches will make themselves wings,'
And his property come to the hammer !
Then He,—and not those he bereaves,—
Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings,
When he finds *himself* smothered with leaves
(Of fat catalogues) heaped up by Robins !¹

¹ An allusion is made here to the recent dispersion of the collection at Strawberry Hill, whose glories came to an end in 1842 (the date of the poem), when all the pictures, curiosities, *etc.*, which it contained, described in an enormous illustrated catalogue, were disposed of in a twenty-four days' sale, through the agency of the renowned auctioneer, Mr. George Robins. An amusing parody of the catalogue appeared under the title of '*Great Sale at Gooseberry Hall,*' *etc.*

THE incidents recorded in the succeeding Legend were communicated to a dear friend of our family by the late lamented Sir Walter Scott. The names and localities have been scrupulously retained, as she is ready to testify. The proceedings in this case are, I believe, recorded in some of our law reports, though I have never been able to lay my hand upon them.

[Mrs. Hughes is the friend alluded to. An accurate account of this extraordinary case is given in a note at the end of the poem.]

THE DEAD DRUMMER

A LEGEND OF SALISBURY PLAIN

O H, Salisbury Plain is bleak and bare,—
At least so I've heard many people declare,
For I fairly confess I never was there ;—
Not a shrub nor a tree,
Nor a bush can you see ;
No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,
Much less a house or a cottage for miles ;—
It's a very sad thing to be caught in the rain
When night's coming on upon Salisbury Plain.

Now, I'd have you to know
That, a great while ago,—
The best part of a century, may be, or so,—
Across this same plain so dull and so dreary
A couple of Travellers, wayworn and weary,
Were making their way.
Their profession, you'd say,
At a single glance did not admit of a query :
The pump-handled pig-tail and whiskers, worn then,
With scarce an exception, by seafaring men,
The jacket,—the loose trousers 'bowed up together'—all
Guiltless of braces, as those of Charles Wetherall,¹—

¹ The Tory Attorney-General, Recorder of Bristol, *etc.*, equally remarkable for the rigidity of his principles and the laxity of his costume.

The pigeon-toed step and the rollicking motion,
Bespoke them two genuine sons of the Ocean,
And showed in a moment their real characters
(The accent's so placed on this word by our Jack Tars).

The one in advance was sturdy and strong,
With arms uncommonly bony and long,
 And his Guernsey shirt
 Was all pitch and dirt,
Which sailors don't think inconvenient or wrong.
 He was very broad-breasted,
 And very deep-chested ;
His sinewy frame correspond with the rest did,
Except as to height, for he could not be more
At the most, you would say, than some five feet four,
And, if measured, perhaps had been found a thought
 lower.
Dame Nature, in fact,—whom some person or other,
—A Poet,—has called a 'capricious step-mother,'—
 You saw, when beside him,
 Had somehow denied him
In longitude what she had granted in latitude,—
 A trifling defect
 You'd the sooner detect
From his having contracted a stoop in his attitude.
Square-built and broad-shouldered, good-humoured and
 gay,
With his collar and countenance open as day,
The latter—'twas marked with small-pox, by the way,—
Had a sort of expression good-will to bespeak ;
He'd a smile in his eye, and a quid in his cheek !
And, in short, notwithstanding his failure in height,
He was just such a man as you'd say, at first sight,
You would much rather dine, or shake hands with, than
 fight.

The other, his friend and companion, was taller
By five or six inches, at least, than the smaller.

From his air and his mien

It was plain to be seen,

That he was, or had been,

A something between

The real 'Jack Tar' and the 'Jolly Marine.'

For, though he would give an occasional hitch,

Sailor-like, to his 'slops,' there was something the which,

On the whole, savoured more of the pipe-clay than pitch.

Such were now the two men who appeared on the hill,

Harry Waters the tall one, the short 'Spanking Bill.'

To be caught in the rain,

I repeat it again,

Is extremely unpleasant on Salisbury Plain ;

And when with a good soaking shower there are blended

Blue lightnings and thunder the matter's not mended.

Such was the case

In this wild dreary place,

On the day that I'm speaking of now, when the brace

Of trav'lers alluded to quickened their pace,

Till a good steady walk became more like a race,

To get quit of the tempest which held them in chase.

Louder and louder

Than mortal gunpowder

The heav'nly artill'ry kept crashing and roaring,

The lightning kept flashing, the rain too kept pouring,

While they, helter-skelter,

In vain sought for shelter

From, what I have heard termed, 'a regular pelter.'

But the deuce of a screen

Could be anywhere seen,

Or an object, except that on one of the rises
 An old way-post showed
 Where the Lavington road
 Branched off to the left from the one to Devizes ;
 And thither the footsteps of Waters seemed tending,
 Though a doubt might exist of the course he was bending,
 To a landsman, at least, who, wherever he goes,
 Is content, for the most part, to follow his nose ;—
 While Harry kept ‘ backing
 And filling ’—and ‘ tacking,’—
 Two nautical terms which, I’ll wager a guinea, are
 Meant to imply
 What you, Reader, and I
 Would call going zig-zag and not rectilinear.

But here, once for all, let me beg you’ll excuse
 All mistakes I may make in the words sailors use
 ‘Mongst themselves, on a cruise,
 Or ashore with the Jews,
 Or in making their court to their Polls and their Sues,
 Or addressing those slop-selling females afloat—women
 Known in our navy as oddly-named boat-women.
 The fact is, I can’t say I’m versed in the school
 So ably conducted by Marryat and Poole ;
 (See the last-mentioned gentleman’s ‘Admiral’s Daughter,’—
 The grand *vade mecum*
 For all who to sea come,
 And get the first time in their lives in blue water.)
 Of course in the use of sea terms you’ll not wonder
 If I now and then should fall into some blunder,
 For which Captain Chamier or Mr. T. P. Cooke
 Would call me a ‘Lubber,’ and ‘Son of a Sea-cook.’

To return to our muttons—This mode of progression
 At length upon Spanking Bill made some impression.

—‘Hillo! messmate, what cheer?’

How queer you *do* steer!’

Cried Bill, whose short legs kept him still in the rear.

‘Why, what’s in the wind, Bo?—what is it you fear?’

For he saw in a moment that something was frightening
His shipmate much more than the thunder and lightning.

‘Fear?’ stammered out Waters, ‘why, HIM!—don’t you
see

What faces that Drummer-boy’s making at me?

How he dodges me so

Wherever I go!—

What is it he wants with me, Bill,—do you know?’

‘What Drummer-boy, Harry?’ cries Bill, in surprise,
(With a brief exclamation, that ended in ‘eyes,’)

‘What Drummer-boy, Waters?—the coast is all clear,
We haven’t got never no Drummer-boy here!’

‘Why, there!—don’t you see

How he’s following me?

Now this way, now that way, and won’t let me be?

Keep him off, Bill—look here—

Don’t let him come near!

Only see how the blood-drops his features besmear!

What, the dead come to life again!—Bless me!—Oh dear!’

Bill remarked in reply, ‘This is all very queer;

What, a Drummer-boy—bloody, too—eh?—well, I never:
I can’t see no Drummer-boy here whatsumdever!’

‘Not see him?—why, there;—look!—he’s close by the
post:

Hark!—hark!—how he drums at me now!—he’s a
Ghost!’

'A what?' returned Bill. At that moment a flash
More than commonly awful preceded a crash



Like what's called in Kentucky 'an Almighty Smash,'
And down Harry Waters went plump on his knees,
While the sound, though prolonged, died away by degrees:



In its last sinking echoes, however, were some
Which, Bill could not help thinking, resembled a drum !

‘Hollo ! Waters !—I says,’
Quoth he in amaze,
‘Why, I never see’d *nuffin* in all my born days
Half so queer
As this here,
And I’m not very clear
But that one of us two has good reason for fear :—
You to jaw about drummers, with nobody near us !
I must say as how that I think it’s mysterus.’

‘Oh, mercy !’ roared Waters, ‘do keep him off, Bill !
And, Andrew, forgive !—I’ll confess all !—I will !
I’ll make a clean breast ;
And as for the rest,
You may do with me just what the lawyers think best ;
But haunt me not thus !—let these visitings cease,
And, your vengeance accomplished, Boy, leave me in
peace !’

Harry paused for a moment,—then turning to Bill,
Who stood with his mouth open, steady and still,
Began ‘spinning’ what nautical term ‘a rough yarn,’
Viz. his tale of what Bill called ‘this precious *consarn*.’

‘It was in such an hour as this,
On such a wild and wintry day,
The forked lightning seemed to hiss,
As now, athwart our lonely way,
When first these dubious paths I tried—
Yon livid form was by my side !

‘Not livid then—the ruddy glow
Of life, and youth, and health it bore !

And bloodless was that gory brow,
And cheerful was the smile it wore,
And mildly then those eyes did shine—
Those eyes which now are blasting mine!!

‘ They beamed with confidence and love
Upon my face,—and Andrew Brand
Had sooner feared yon frightened dove
Than harm from Gervase Matcham’s hand !
—I am no Harry Waters—men
Did call me Gervase Matcham then.

‘ And Matcham, though a humble name,
Was stainless as the feathery flake
From heaven, whose virgin whiteness came
Upon the newly-frozen lake ;
Commander, comrade, all began
To laud the Soldier,—like the Man.

‘ Nay, muse not, William,—I have said
I was a soldier—staunch and true
As any he above whose head
Old England’s lion banner flew ;
And, duty done,—her claims apart,—
’Twas said I had a kindly heart.

‘ And years rolled on,—and with them came
Promotion—Corporal—Sergeant—all
In turn—I kept mine honest fame :
Our Colonel’s self,—whom men did call
The veriest Martinet—ev’n ‘he,
Though cold to most, was kind to me !—

‘ One morn—oh ! may that morning stand
Accursed in the rolls of fate
Till latest time !—there came command
To carry forth a charge of weight
To a detachment far away,—
It was their regimental pay !

‘ And who so fit for such a task
As trusty Matcham, true and tried,
Who spurned the inebriating flask,
With honour for his constant guide ?
On Matcham fell their choice—and HE,—
“ Young Drum,”—should bear him company !

‘ And grateful was that sound to hear,
For he was full of life and joy,
The mess-room pet ;—to each one dear
Was that kind, gay, light-hearted boy.
The veriest churl in all our band
Had aye a smile for Andrew Brand.

‘ Nay, glare not as I name thy name !
That threat’ning hand, that fearful brow
Relax—avert that glance of flame !
Thou seest I do thy bidding now !
Vexed Spirit, rest !—’twill soon be o’er,—
Thy blood shall cry to Heav’n no more !

‘ Enough—we journeyed on—the walk
Was long, and dull and dark the day,
And still young Andrew’s cheerful talk
And merry laugh beguiled the way ;
Noon came—a sheltering bank was there,—
We paused our frugal meal to share.

‘Then ’twas, with cautious hand, I sought
To prove my charge secure,—and drew
The packet from my vest, and brought
The glittering mischief forth to view ;
And Andrew cried,—No !—’twas not He !
It was THE TEMPTER spoke to me !

‘But it was Andrew’s laughing voice
That sounded in my tingling ear.
—“Now, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice,”
It seemed to say, “are gawds and gear,
And all that wealth can buy or bring,
Ease,—wassail,—worship—every thing !

“No tedious drill, no long parade,
No bugle call at early dawn ;
For guard-room bench or barrack bed
The downy couch, the sheets of lawn ;
And I thy Page,—thy steps to tend,
Thy sworn companion,—servant,—friend !”

‘He ceased—that is, I heard no more,
Though other words passed idly by,
And Andrew chattered as before,
And laughed—I marked him not—not I.
“’Tis at thy choice !” that sound alone
Rang in mine ear—voice else was none.

‘I could not eat,—the untasted flask
Mocked my parched lip,—I passed it by.
“What ails thee, man ?” he seemed to ask.
I *felt* but could not *meet* his eye.
“’Tis at thy choice !”—it sounded yet,—
A sound I never may forget.

“Haste! haste! the day draws on,” I cried,

“And, Andrew, thou hast far to go!”—

“*Hast far to go!*” the Fiend replied

Within me,—’twas *not* Andrew—no!

’Twas Andrew’s voice no more—’twas HE

Whose then I was, and aye must be!

‘On, on we went;—the dreary plain

Was all around us—we were *Here!*

Then came the storm,—the lightning,—rain;

No earthly living thing was near,

Save one wild Raven on the wing,

—If that, indeed, were earthly thing!

‘I heard its hoarse and screaming voice

High hovering o’er my frenzied head,

“’Tis, *Gervase Matcham, at thy choice!*

But he—the Boy!” methought it said.

—Nay, Andrew, check that vengeful frown,—

I loved thee when I struck thee down!

‘’Twas done!—the deed that damns me—done

I know not how—I never knew;

And *Here* I stood—but not alone;

The prostrate Boy my madness slew,

Was by my side—limb, feature, name,

’Twas HE!!—another—yet the same!

‘Away! away! in frantic haste

Throughout that live-long night I flew;

Away! away!—across the waste,

I know not how—I never knew;

My mind was one wild blank—and I

Had but one thought,—one hope—to fly!

‘ And still the lightning ploughed the ground,
The thunder roared ; and there would come
Amidst its loudest bursts a sound
Familiar once—it was—A DRUM !
Then came the morn,—and light,—and then
Streets,—houses,—spires,—the hum of men.

‘ And Ocean rolled before me—fain
Would I have whelmed me in its tide,
At once beneath the billowy main
My shame, my guilt, my crime to hide ;
But HE was there !—HE crossed my track,—
I dared not pass—HE waved me back !

‘ And then rude hands detained me—sure
Justice had grasped her victim—no !
Though powerless, hopeless, bound, secure,
A captive thrall, it was not so ;
They cry “ The Frenchman’s on the wave ! ”
The press was hot—and I a slave.

‘ They dragged me o’er the vessel’s side ;
The world of waters rolled below ;
The gallant ship, in all her pride
Of dreadful beauty, sought her foe ;
Thou saw’st me, William, in the strife—
Alack ! I bore a charmed life ;

‘ In vain the bullets round me fly,
In vain mine eager breast I bare ;
Death shuns the wretch who longs to die,
And every sword falls edgeless there !
Still HE is near !—and seems to cry,
“ Not *here*, nor *thus*, may Matcham die ! ”

‘Thou saw’st me on that fearful day,
 When, fruitless all attempts to save,
 Our pinnacle foundering in the bay,
 The boat’s crew met a watery grave,—
 All, all—save ONE ;—the ravenous sea,
 That swallowed all—rejected ME !

‘And now, when fifteen suns have each
 Fulfilled in turn its circling year,
 Thrown back again on England’s beach,
 Our bark paid off—HE drives me *Here* !
 I could not die in flood or fight—
 HE drives me *HERE* !!’—

‘And sarve you right !

‘What ! bilk your Commander !—desart—and then rob !
 And go scuttling a poor little Drummer-boy’s nob !
 Why, my precious eyes ! what a bloodthirsty swab !
 There’s old Davy Jones,
 Who cracks Sailor’s bones
 For his jaw-work, would never, I’m sure, s’elp me Bob,
 Have come for to go for to do sich a job !
 Hark ye, Waters,—or Matcham,—whichever’s your purser-
 name,
 —T’other, your own, is, I’m sartin, the worser name,—
 Twelve years have we lived on like brother and brother !
 Now—your course lays one way and mine lays another !’

‘No, William, it may not be so ;
 Blood calls for blood !—’tis Heaven’s decree !
 And thou with me this night must go,
 And give me to the gallows-tree !
 Ha !—see—HE smiles—HE points the way !
 On, William, on !—no more delay !’

Now Bill,—so the story, as told to me, goes,
 And who, as his last speech sufficiently shows,
 Was a ‘regular trump,’—did not like ‘to turn Nose’;
 But then came a thunder-clap louder than any
 Of those that preceded, though they were so many;
 And hark!—as its rumblings subside in a hum,
 What sound mingles too?—‘By the hokey—A DRUM!!’

I remember I once heard my Grandfather say,
 That some sixty years since he was going that way,
 When they showed him the spot
 Where the gibbet—was not—
 On which Matcham’s corse had been hung up to rot;
 It had fallen down—but how long before, he’d forgot;
 And they told him, I think, at *The Bear* in Devizes,
 The town where the Sessions are held,—or the ‘Sizes,
 That Matcham confessed,
 And made a clean breast
 To the May’r; but that, after he’d had a night’s rest,
 And the storm had subsided, he ‘pooh-poohed’ his friend,
 Swearing all was a lie from beginning to end;
 Said ‘he’d only been drunk—
 That his spirits had sunk
 At the thunder—the storm put him into a funk,—
 That, in fact, he had nothing at all on his conscience,
 And found out, in short, he’d been talking great nonsense.’

But now one Mr. Jones
 Comes forth and depones
 That, fifteen years since, he had heard certain groans
 On his way to Stone Henge (to examine the stones
 Described in a work of the late Sir John Soane’s),
 That he’d followed the moans,
 And, led by their tones,
 Found a Raven a-picking a Drummer-boy’s bones!

Then the Colonel wrote word
 From the King's Forty-third,
 That the story was certainly true which they'd heard ;
 For that one of their drummers, and one Sergeant Matcham,
 Had ' brushed with the dibs,' and they never could catch 'em.

So Justice was sure, though a long time she'd lagged,
 And the Sergeant, in spite of his ' Gammon,' got ' scragged ' ;
 And people averred
 That an ugly black bird,
 The Raven, 'twas hinted, of whom we have heard,
 Though the story, I own, appears rather absurd,
 Was seen (Gervase Matcham not being interred),
 To roost all that night on the murderer's gibbet ;
 An odd thing, if so, and it may be a fib—it,
 However, 's a thing Nature's laws don't prohibit.
 Next morning, they add, that ' black gentleman ' flies out,
 Having picked Matcham's nose off and gobbled his eyes
 out !

MORAL

Avis au Voyageur

- 1°. If you contemplate walking o'er Salisbury Plain
 Consult Mr. Murphy, or Moore, and refrain
 From selecting a day when it's likely to rain !

- 2°. When trav'ling, don't ' flash '

Your notes or your cash

 Before other people—it's foolish and rash !

- 3°. At dinner be cautious, and note well your party ;—
 There's little to dread where the appetite's hearty,
 But mind and look well to your purse and your throttle
 When you see a man shirking, and passing his bottle !

- 4°. If you chance to be needy,
 Your coat and hat seedy,
In war-time especially, never go out
When you've reason to think there's a press-gang
 about !
- 5°. Don't chatter, nor tell people all that you think,
 Nor blab secrets,—especially when you're in drink,
 But keep your own counsel in all that you do !
 —Or a Counsel may, some day or other, keep you.
- 6°. Discard superstition !—and don't take a post,
 If you happen to see one at night, for a Ghost !
 Last of all, if by choice, or convenience, you're led
 To cut a man's throat or demolish his head,
 Don't do't in a thunder-storm—wait for the summer !
 And mind, above all things, the MAN'S NOT A
 DRUMMER !!

NOTE

THE DEAD DRUMMER.—The history of Jarvis Matchan is a very remarkable one. He was born at Frollingham, in the East Riding, and at twelve years of age he ran away from his parents, respectable farmers, to take service with Hugh Bethell, Esq., of Rise, as a jockey-boy. Among his subsequent masters were Captain O'Kelly, Lord March, and the Duke of Northumberland, who employed him to convey four horses to Russia as a present to the Empress. From St. Petersburg he returned to London, and, having spent all his money in dissolute living, he joined the *Medway* man-of-war, and took part in an engagement between Admiral Byron and the French fleet; soon after which he contrived to desert. On his arrival in England he was immediately pressed, and sent off in the *Ariadne* in quest of Paul Jones. The ship becoming disabled off Yarmouth, he a second time escaped, and enlisted in the 13th Regiment of Foot. Again he deserted, and being in distress broke into a

house near Chatham; after which he set off in the direction of York, but on reaching Huntingdon re-enlisted in the 49th Foot, then recruiting in the neighbourhood. Hence, on the 19th of August 1780, he was sent by Sergeant Jones along with his son Benjamin, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, being a drummer in the said regiment, to Major Reynolds, of Diddington, the recruiting officer, for subsistence money. The boy having received about £7, they straggled on to Alconbury, and then, returning towards Buckden, Matchan—being drunk—without any premeditated design, but being instigated by the devil, suddenly seized the boy, cut his throat, and robbed him of the money. Once more he took to sea, and for about six years served in the royal navy, during which time he was several times in action under Rodney and Hood, and finally was paid off at Plymouth. Leaving Plymouth with one John Shepherd, a shipmate, he set off with the intention of walking to London. The pair reached Salisbury Plain on a Friday, and were travelling across the said plain about three o'clock in the afternoon, when, in the words of the 'Narrative,' from which I quote:—"Matchan being a little way apart from Shepherd, the latter called to the former, and said, "Jarvis, what is that about a hundred yards on our right hand from the road, which moves backwards and forwards?" Matchan desired his companion to go with him and see what it was, but he refused, and Matchan went alone till he came within a dozen yards of it, when it appeared like the upper part of the body of a woman, much deformed, having large features, and seemed to shake its head at him; on which he returned to Shepherd, and exclaimed, "It is the most frightful thing I ever saw! Lord have mercy upon us! what can it be?" Shepherd replied, "You fool, it is nothing but the shepherd in the hut endeavouring to frighten you." Matchan then said, "Will you go with me to see it?" and they went together, and it appeared as before mentioned; on which Shepherd took up a stone and offered to throw at it, saying, if it was a human being it would move. The spectre immediately sank into the earth, and there appeared something in the form of a milestone in its place, which Matchan went round, and then touched it with his stick, foot, and hand. Walking on they wondered at the appearance, and began to examine each other, saying something particular would happen to one or both of them. They had not gone far before Matchan perceived a stone in the road, about as big as his fist, to turn over of its own accord, and afterwards they both saw several stones do so. They then agreed to walk, one on each side of the road,

that they might see which of them had so particularly offended the Divine Being. And then the stones (one of which appeared with two eyes, like Matchan's) turned over towards Matchan all the way till they came near to an inn, where he imagined he saw his Saviour, on one hand, and the drummer-boy (whom he had murdered) in his drummer's dress, with his drum, on the other, and they suddenly dissolved into ashes. Being terrified, he immediately confessed the murder to Shepherd, who told it at the inn, and he was taken from thence and committed to gaol by the Mayor of Salisbury, and afterwards removed to Huntingdon for trial and execution.

‘This is the account of the unhappy convict, as taken from his own mouth, in the presence of

‘THE REV. J. NICHOLSON, who attended him as Minister, and
JOHN JENKINSON, Printer.’

The foregoing account, much compressed, is taken from a pamphlet published at the time under the title of ‘A NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE, CONFESSION, AND DYING SPEECH OF JARVIS MATCHAN, who was, on Wednesday, the 2nd of August 1786, executed at HUNTINGDON, and hung in chains in the parish of Alconbury, for the wilful murder of BENJAMIN JONES, a drummer-boy in the 49th Regiment of Foot, on the 19th of August 1780.’

It is a curious coincidence that the Major Reynolds spoken of in the ‘Narrative’ was indirectly concerned in a yet more remarkable *cause célèbre*. He was the man who introduced Captain Hackman to the Earl of Sandwich, at Hinchinbrook. Here the Captain beheld and became desperately enamoured of Miss Ray, his host's mistress, whom afterwards, in 1779 (the year before the murder of the drummer-boy), he assassinated as she was leaving Covent Garden Theatre. The Reynolds family afterwards removed to the neighbouring estate of Paxton, and Diddington passed into the possession of the Thornhills.

[In the *Life and Letters* of Mr. Barham a letter of Mrs. Hughes is quoted, stating that she had the story from Sir Walter Scott; and it is stated that, at the time of writing the legend, Mr. Barham had not met with the ‘Narrative,’ of which but few copies are extant, and was led into a mistake as to the scene of the murder.]

WE proceed with the rummaging of Father John's stores. The extracts which I shall submit from them are of the same character as those formerly derived from the same source, and may be considered as theologico-historical, or Tracts for his times.

With respect to the first legend on this list, I have to remark, that, though the good Father is silent on the subject, there is every reason to believe that the 'little curly-wigged' gentleman who plays, though passively, so prominent a part in it had Ingoldsby blood in his veins. This conjecture is supported by the fact of the arms of Scroope, impaling Ingoldsby, being found, as in the Bray case, in one of the windows, and by a very old marriage-settlement, nearly or quite illegible, a facsimile of the seal affixed to which is appended to this true history.

[This story is, I believe, taken from a curious collection, 'Jocorum atque Seriorum,' made by Otho Melander.]

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT

OR

THE DEVIL'S DINNER-PARTY

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH COUNTREE

‘Nobilis quidam, cui nomen *Monsr. Lescrop, Chivaler*, cum invitasset convivas, et, horâ convivii jam instante et apparatu facto, spe frustratus esset, excusantibus se convivis cur non compararent, prorupit iratus in hæc verba :
“*Veniant igitur omnes dæmones, si nullus hominum mecum esse potest !*”

‘Quod cum fieret, et dominus, et famuli, et ancillæ, a domo properantes, forte oblii, infantem in cunis jacentem secum non auferunt, Dæmones incipiunt comessari et vociferari, prospicereque per fenestras formis ursorum, luporum, felium, et monstrare pocula vino repleta. *Ah !* inquit pater, *ubi infans meus ?* Vix cum hæc dixisset, unus ex Dæmonibus ulnis suis infantem ad fenestram gestat,’ etc.

Chronicon de Bolton.

IT'S in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes One,
And the roast meat's brown and the boiled meat's
done,
And the barbecued sucking-pig's crisped to a turn,
And the pancakes are fried and beginning to burn ;
The fat stubble-geese
Swims in gravy and juice,
With the mustard and apple-sauce ready for use ;
Fish, flesh and fowl, and all of the best,
Want nothing but eating—they're all ready drest ;—
But where is the Host, and where is the Guest ?

Pantler and serving-man, henchman and page,
Stand sniffing the duck-stuffing (onion and sage),
And the scullions and cooks,
With fidgety looks,
Are grumbling, and mutt'ring, and scowling as black
As cooks always do when the dinner's put back ;
For though the board's deckt, and the napery, fair
As the unsunned snow-flake, is spread out with care,
And the Daïs is furnished with stool and with chair,
And plate of *orfèvrerie* costly and rare,
Apostle-spoons, salt-cellar, all are there,
And Mess John in his place,
With his rubicund face,
And his hands ready folded, prepared to say Grace,
Yet where is the Host?—and his *convives*—where?

The Scroope sits lonely in Bolton Hall,
And he watches the dial that hangs by the wall,
He watches the large hand, he watches the small,
And he fidgets, and looks
As cross as the cooks,
And he utters—a word which we'll soften to 'Zooks !'
And he cries, ' What on earth has become of them all ?
What can delay
De Vaux and De Saye ?
What makes Sir Gilbert de Umfraville stay ?
What's gone with Poyntz and Sir Reginald Braye ?
Why are Ralph Ufford and Marny away ?
And De Nokes, and De Stiles, and Lord Marmaduke Grey ?
And De Roe ?
And De Doe ?
Poynings, and Vavasour—where be they ?
Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Osbert, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,
And the Mandevilles, *père et fils* (father and son) ?
Their cards said, " Dinner precisely at one ! "

There's nothing I hate, in
The world, like waiting!
It's a monstrous great bore, when a Gentleman feels
A good appetite, thus to be kept from his meals !'

It's in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes Two !
And the scullions and cooks are themselves in 'a stew,'
And the kitchen-maids stand and don't know what to do,
For the rich plum-puddings are bursting their bags,
And the mutton and turnips are boiling to rags,
And the fish is all spoiled,
And the butter's all oiled,
And the soup's got cold in the silver tureen,
And there's nothing, in short, that is fit to be seen !
While Sir Guy Le Scroope continues to fume,
And to fret by himself in the tapestried room,
And still fidgets, and looks
More cross than the cooks,
And repeats that bad word which we've softened to
'Zooks !'

Two o'clock's come, and Two o'clock's gone,
And the large and the small hands move steadily on,
Still nobody's there,
No De Roos or De Clare,
To taste of the Scroope's most delicate fare,
Or to quaff off a health unto Bolton's Heir,—
That nice little boy who sits there in his chair,
Some four years old and a few months to spare,
With his laughing blue eyes and his long curly hair,
Now sucking his thumb and now munching his pear.

Again Sir Guy the silence broke,—
'It's hard upon Three !—it's just on the stroke !
Come, serve up the dinner !—A joke is a joke !'

Little he deems that Stephen de Hoaques,¹
 Who 'his fun,' as the Yankees say, everywhere 'pokes,'
 And is always a great deal too fond of his jokes,
 Has written a circular note to De Nokes,
 And De Stiles, and De Roe, and the rest of the folks,
 One and all,
 Great and small,
 Who were asked to the Hall,
 To dine there, and sup, and wind up with a ball,
 And had told all the party a great bouncing lie he
 Cooked up, that 'the *fête* was postponed *sine die*,
 The dear little curly-wigged heir of Le Scroope
 Being taken alarmingly ill with the croup!'

When the clock struck Three,
 And the page on his knee
 Said, 'An't please you, Sir Guy Le Scroope, *On a servi!*'
 And the Knight found the banquet-hall empty and clear,
 With nobody near
 To partake of his cheer,
 He stamped, and he stormed—then his language!—Oh
 dear!
 'Twas awful to see and 'twas awful to hear!
 And he cried to the button-decked Page at his knee,
 Who had told him so civilly '*On a servi,*'
 'Ten thousand fiends seize them, wherever they be!
 —The Devil take *them!* and the Devil take *thee!*
 And the DEVIL MAY EAT UP THE DINNER FOR ME!!'

¹ For a full account of this facetious '*Chivalier*,' see the late (oh that we should have to say 'late!') Theodore Hook's *History of the illustrious Commoners of Great Britain*, as quoted in the Memoirs of John Bragg, Esq., page 344 of the 75th volume of the *Standard Novels*. In the third volume of Sir Harris Nicolas's elaborate account of the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy, commonly called the 'Scrope Roll,' a Stephen de Hoques, Ecuyer, is described as giving his testimony on the Grosvenor side. (*Vide* page 247.)—T. I.

In a terrible fume
 He bounced out of the room,
 He bounced out of the house—and page, footman, and
 groom
 Bounced after their master ; for scarce had they heard
 Of this left-handed Grace the last finishing word,
 Ere the horn at the gate of the Barbican tower
 Was blown with a loud twenty-trumpeter power,
 And in rushed a troop
 Of strange guests !—such a group
 As had ne'er before darkened the doors of the Scroope !

This looks like De Saye—yet—it is not De Saye ;
 And this is—no, 'tis not—Sir Reginald Braye ;
 This has somewhat the favour of Marmaduke Grey—
 But stay !—*Where on earth did he get those long nails ?*
 Why, they're *claws* !—then, Good Gracious !—they've all
 of them *tails* !

That can't be De Vaux—why, his nose is a bill,
 Or, I would say, a beak !—and he can't keep it still !¹
 Is that Poynings ?—Oh Gemini !—look at his feet !!
 Why, they're absolute *hoofs* !—is it gout or his corns
 That have crumpled them up so ?—by Jingo, he's *horns* !
 Run ! run !—There's Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-
 John !

And the Mandevilles, *père et fils* (father and son),
 And Fitz-Osbert, and Ufford—*they've all got them on* !
 Then their great saucer eyes !—

It's the Father of lies

And his Imps.—Run ! run ! run !—they're all fiends in
 disguise,

¹ The peculiarity seems to have been developed in one, at least, of the most eminent of his descendants—Lord Chancellor Brougham. A contemporary poet—folks hint at Rogers—thus describes him :—

'O'er the wide realm his length of limb he throws,
 As firm in will as flexible in nose.'

Who've partly assumed, with more sombre complexions,
The forms of Sir Guy Le Scroope's friends and connexions ;
And He—at the top there—that grim-looking elf !
Run ! run !—that's the 'muckle-horned Cloutie' himself !

And now what a din

Without and within !

For the courtyard is full of them.—How they begin
To mop, and to mowe, and make faces, and grin !

Cock their tails up together,

Like cows in hot weather,

And butt at each other, all eating and drinking,
The viands and wine disappearing like winking.

And then such a lot

As together had got !

Master Cabbage,¹ the steward, who'd made a machine
To calculate with and count noses,—I ween,
The cleverest thing of the kind ever seen,—

Declared, when he'd made,

By the said machine's aid,

Up, what's now called, the 'tottle' of those he surveyed,
There were just—how he proved it I cannot divine,—

Nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety and nine,

Exclusive of Him,

Who, giant in limb,

And black as the Crow they denominate */im*,

With a tail like a bull and a head like a bear,

Stands forth at the window :—and what holds he there,

Which he hugs with such care,

And pokes out in the air,

And grasps as its limbs from each other he'd tear ?

¹ Mr. C. Babbage's calculating machine was commenced at the expense of Government in 1821, and continued till 1833, when the work was suspended, after an expenditure of above £15,000. The portion completed is in the library of King's College, London.

Oh! grief and despair!

I vow and declare

It's Le Scroope's poor, dear, sweet, little, curly-wigged Heir
Whom the nurse had forgot and left there in his chair,
Alternately sucking his thumb and his pear!

What words can express

The dismay and distress

Of Sir Guy, when he found what a terrible mess
His cursing and banning had now got him into?
That words, which to use are a shame and a sin too,
Had thus on their speaker recoiled, and his malison
Placed in the hands of the Devil's own 'pal' his son?

He sobbed, and he sighed,

And he screamed, and he cried,

And behaved like a man that is mad, or in liquor:—he
Tore his peaked beard and he dashed off his 'Vicary,'¹

Stamped on the jasey

As though he were crazy,

And, staggering about just as if he were 'hazy,'
Exclaimed, 'Fifty pounds!' (a large sum in those times)
'To the person, whoever he may be, that climbs
To that window above there, *en ogive*, and painted,
And bring down my curly-wi'——' here Sir Guy fainted!

With many a moan,

And many a groan,

What with tweaks of the nose and some cau-de-Cologne,
He revived. Reason once more remounted her throne,
Or rather the instinct of Nature,—'twere treason
To Her, in the Scroope's case perhaps, to say Reason.
But what saw he then?—Oh! my goodness! a sight
Enough to have banished his reason outright!

¹ See *Note* at the end of the legend.

In that broad banquet-hall
 The fiends, one and all,
 Regardless of shriek and of squeak and of squall,
 From one to another were tossing that small,
 Pretty, curly-wigged boy, as if playing at ball :
 Yet none of his friends or his vassals might dare
 To fly to the rescue, or rush up the stair,
 And bring down in safety his curly-wigged Heir !

Well-a-day ! Well-a-day !

All he can say

Is but just so much trouble and time thrown away ;
 Not a man can be tempted to join the *mêlée* :
 E'en those words cabalistic, ' I promise to pay
 Fifty pounds on demand,' have, for once, lost their sway ;
 And there the Knight stands,
 Wringing his hands

In his agony—when, on a sudden, one ray
 Of hope darts through his midriff !—His Saint !—Oh, it's
 funny,

And almost absurd,

That it never occurred ;—

' Ay ! The Scroope's Patron Saint !—he's the man for
 my money !

Saint—who is it ?—really I'm sadly to blame,
 On my word I'm afraid,—I confess it with shame,
 That I've almost forgot the good Gentleman's name :
 Cut—let me see—Cutbeard ?—no !—CUTHBERT !—egad
 St. Cuthbert of Bolton !—I'm right—he's the lad !
 Oh ! holy St. Cuthbert, if forbears of mine—
 Of myself I say little—have knelt at your shrine,
 And have lashed their bare backs, and—no matter—with
 twine,

Oh ! list to the vow

Which I make to you now.

Only snatch my poor little boy out of the row
Which that Imp's kicking up with his fiendish bow-wow,
And his head like a bear and his tail like a cow—
Bring him back here in safety—perform but this task,
And I'll give !—Oh !—I'll give you whatever you ask !

There is not a shrine

In the County shall shine

With a brilliancy half so resplendent as thine,
Or have so many candles or look half so fine !
Haste, holy St. Cuthbert, then,—hasten in pity !'

Conceive his surprise

When a strange voice replies,

'It's a bargain !—but, mind, sir, THE BEST SPERMACETI !'
Say, whose is that voice ?—whose that form by his side,
That old, old, grey man, with his beard long and wide,
In his coarse Palmer's weeds,
And his cockle and beads ?

And, how did he come ?—did he walk ?—did he ride ?

Oh ! none could determine,—oh ! none could decide.

The fact is, I don't believe any one tried ;

For while ev'ry one stared, with a dignified stride,

And without a word more,

He marched on before,

Up a flight of stone steps, and so through the front door,

To the banqueting-hall, that was on the first floor,

While the fiendish assembly were making a rare

Little shuttlecock there of the curly-wigged Heir.—

I wish, gentle Reader, that you could have seen

The pause that ensued when he stepped in between,

With his resolute air and his dignified mien,

And said, in a tone most decided though mild,

'Come !—I'll trouble you just to hand over that child !

The Demoniac crowd

In an instant seemed cowed ;



Not one of the crew volunteered a reply ;
 All shrank from the glance of that keen flashing eye,
 Save one horrid Humgruffin, who seemed by his talk,
 And the airs he assumed, to be Cock of the walk ;
 He quailed not before it but saucily met it,
 And as saucily said, ' Don't you wish you may get it ? '
 My goodness !—the look that the old Palmer gave !
 And his frown !—'twas quite dreadful to witness !—' Why,
 slave !

You rascal ! ' quoth he,

' This language to ME !!

—At once, Mr. Nicholas ! down on your knee,
 And hand me that curly-wigged boy !—I command it :
 Come !—none of your nonsense !—you know I won't
 stand it.'

Old Nicholas trembled,—he shook in his shoes,
 And seemed half inclined, but afraid, to refuse.

' Well, Cuthbert,' said he,

' If so it must be,

—For you've had your own way from the first time I
 knew ye ;—

Take your curly-wigged brat, and much good may he do
 ye !

But I'll have in exchange'—here his eye flashed with
 rage—

' That chap with the buttons—he *gave me* the Page !'

' Come, come,' the Saint answered, ' you very well know
 The young man's no more his than your own to bestow—
 Touch one button of his if you dare, Nick—no ! no !
 Cut your stick, sir—come, mizzle !—be off with you !—go !'

The Devil grew hot—

' If I do I'll be shot !

An you come to that, Cuthbert, I'll tell you what's what ;
He has *asked* us to *dine here* and go we will not !



Why, you skinflint,—at least
You may leave us the feast !
Here we've come all that way from our brimstone abode,
Ten million good leagues, Sir, as ever you strode,

And the deuce of a luncheon we've had on the road.
 "Go!"—"Mizzle!" indeed—Mr. Saint, who are you,
 I should like to know?—"Go!"—I'll be hanged if I do!
 He invited us all—we've a right here—it's known
 That a Baron may do what he likes with his own.
 Here, Asmodeus—a slice of that beef!—now the mustard!—
 What have *you* got?—oh, apple-pie—try it with custard!

The Saint made a pause

As uncertain, because

He knew Nick is pretty well 'up' in the laws,
 And they *might* be on *his* side—and then, he'd such claws!
 On the whole, it was better, he thought, to retire
 With the curly-wigged boy he'd picked out of the fire,
 And give up the victuals—to retrace his path,
 And to compromise—(spite of the Member for Bath).¹

So to Old Nick's appeal,

As he turned on his heel,

He replied, 'Well, I'll leave you the mutton and veal,
 And the soup *à la Reine* and the sauce *Bechamel*.
 As The Scroope *did* invite you to dinner I feel
 I can't well turn you out—'twould be hardly genteel;
 But be moderate, pray,—and remember thus much,
 Since you're treated as Gentlemen show yourselves such,

And don't make it late;

But mind and go straight

Home to bed when you've finished—and don't steal the
 plate—

Nor wrench off the knocker—or bell from the gate;
 Walk away, like respectable Devils, in peace,
 And don't "lark" with the watch or annoy the police!

Having thus said his say,

That Palmer grey

¹ See *Note* at the end of the legend.

Took up little Le Scroope and walked coolly away,
 While the Demons all set up a 'Hip! hip! hurray!'
 Then fell, tooth and claw, on the victuals, as they
 Had been guests at Guildhall upon Lord Mayor's day,
 All scrambling and scuffling for what was before 'em,
 No care for precedence or common decorum.

Few ate more hearty

Than Madam Astarte,

And Hecate,—considered the Belles of the party.
 Between them was seated Leviathan, eager
 To 'do the polite' and take wine with Belphegor;
 Here was *Morbleu* (a French devil), supping soup-meagre,
 And there, munching leeks, Davy Jones of Tredegar
 (A Welsh one), who'd left the domains of Ap Morgan,
 To 'follow the sea,'—and next him Demogorgon,—
 Then Pan with his pipes, and Fauns grinding the organ
 To Mammon and Belial and half a score danciers,
 Who'd joined with Medusa to get up 'the Lancers';
 Here's Lucifer lying blind drunk with Scotch ale,
 While Beëlzebub's tying huge knots in his tail;
 There's Setebos, storming because Mephistopheles

Gave him the lie,

Said he'd 'blacken his eye,'

And dashed in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-lees:—

Romping, and roaring,

Hiccoughing, snoring,—

Never was seen such a riot before in

A gentleman's house, or such profligate revelling

At any *soirée*—where they don't let the Devil in.

Hark!—as sure as fate

The clock's striking Eight!

(An hour which our ancestors called 'getting late,')

When Nick, who by this time was rather elate,

Rose up and addressed them.

'Tis full time,' he said,
 'For all elderly Devils to be in their bed ;
 For my own part I mean to be jogging, because
 I don't find myself now quite so young as I was ;
 But, Gentlemen, ere I depart from my post,
 I must call on you all for one bumper : the toast
 Which I have to propose is,—OUR EXCELLENT HOST !



Many thanks for his kind hospitality !—may
 We also be able
 To see at *our* table
 Himself, and enjoy, in a family way,
 His good company *down stairs* at no distant day !
 You'd,
 I'm sure, think me rude
 If I did not include

In the toast my young friend there, the curly-wigged Heir.
 He's in very good hands, for you're all well aware
 That St. Cuthbert has taken him under his care ;

Though I must not say "bless,"—

Why, you'll easily guess,—

May our Curly-wigged Friend's shadow never be less !'

Nick took off his heel-taps—bowed—smiled—with an air
 Most graciously grim,—and vacated the chair.

Of course the *élite*

Rose at once on their feet,

And followed their leader and beat a retreat ;

When a sky-larking Imp took the President's seat,

And, requesting that each would replenish his cup,

Said, ' Where we have dined, my boys, there let us sup !'—

It was three in the morning before they broke up !!!

I scarcely need say

Sir Guy didn't delay

To fulfil his vow made to St. Cuthbert, or pay

For the candles he'd promised, or make light as day

The shrine he assured him he'd render so gay.

In fact, when the votaries came there to pray,

All said there was nought to compare with it :—nay,

For fear that the Abbey

Might think he was shabby,

Four Brethren thenceforward, two cleric, two lay,

He ordained should take charge of a new-founded chantry,

With six marks apiece and some claims on the pantry.

In short, the whole County

Declared, through his bounty,

The Abbey of Bolton exhibited fresh scenes

From any displayed since Sir William de Meschines¹

¹ Vide Dugdale's Monasticon, art. *Prioratus de Bolton, in agro Eboracensi*.

And Cecily Roumeli came to this nation
With William the Norman and laid its foundation.

For the rest, it is said,

And I know I have read

In some Chronicle—whose, has gone out of my head,—
That, what with these candles and other expenses,
Which no man would go to if quite in his senses,

He reduced and brought low

His property so

That, at last, he'd not much of it left to bestow ;

And that, many years after that terrible feast,

Sir Guy in the Abbey was living a Priest ;

And there, in one thousand and—something, deceased.

(It's supposed by this trick

He bamboozled Old Nick,

And slipped through his fingers remarkably 'slick.')

While, as to young Curly-wig,—dear little Soul,

Would you know more of him you must look at 'The
Roll,'

Which records the dispute,

And the subsequent suit,

Commenced in 'Thirteen sev'nty-five,'¹ which took root

In Le Grosvenor's assuming the arms Le Scroope swore

That none but *his* ancestors, ever before,

In foray, joust, battle, or tournament wore,

To wit, '*On a Prussian blue Field, a Bend Or ;*'—

While The Grosvenor averred that *his* ancestors bore

The same, and Scroope lied like a—somebody tore

Off the simile,—so I can tell you no more,

Till some A double S shall the fragment restore.²

¹ See *Note* at the end of the legend.

² It is with the greatest satisfaction that I learn from Mr. Simpkinson this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, is about to be realized, and that the remainder of this most interesting document, containing the whole of the defendant's evidence, will appear in the course of the ensuing summer, under the same auspices as the former portion. We shall look with eagerness for the identification of 'Curly-wig.'—T. I.

MORAL

This Legend sound maxims exemplifies—*e.g.*—

1 *mo.* Should anything tease you,
 Annoy or displease you,
 Remember what Lilly says, ‘*Animum rege !*’¹
 And, as for that shocking bad habit of swearing,—
 In all good society voted past bearing,—
 Eschew it !—and leave it to dustmen and mobs,
 Nor commit yourself much beyond ‘Zooks !’ or
 ‘Odsbobs !’

2 *do.* When asked out to dine by a Person of Quality,
 Mind and observe the most strict punctuality !
 For should you come late,
 And make dinner wait,
 And the victuals get cold, you’ll incur, sure as fate,
 The Master’s displeasure, the Mistress’s hate ;
 And, though both may perhaps be too well bred to
 swear,
 They’ll heartily *wish* you—I need not say *where*.

3 *tio.* Look well to your Maid-servants !—say you expect
 them
 To see to the children and not to neglect them !
 And if you’re a widower, just throw a cursory
 Glance in, at times, when you go near the Nursery !
 Perhaps it’s as well to keep children from plums,
 And from pears in the season,—and sucking their
 thumbs !

4 *to.* To sum up the whole with a ‘Saw’ of much use,
 Be *just* and be *generous*,—don’t be *profuse* !

¹ *Animum rege ! qui, nisi paret, imperat.*—LILLY’S *Grammar*.

Pay the debts that you owe,—keep your word to your
friends,

But—DON'T SET YOUR CANDLES ALIGHT AT BOTH
ENDS !

For of this be assured, if you 'go it' too fast,

You'll be 'dished' like Sir Guy,

And like him, perhaps, die

A poor, old, half-starved Country Parson at last !

From a seal attached to
an ancient deed *penes*
Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.,



preserved in the ar-
chives at Tappington
Everard.

NOTES

'*Tore his peaked beard and he dashed off his "Vicary."*'—P. 294.

A PERUKE so named from its inventor. Robert de Ros and Eudo Fitz-Vicari were celebrated *perruquiers*, who flourished in the eleventh century. The latter is noticed in the Battle Abbey roll, and is said to have curled William the Conqueror's hair when dressing for the battle of Hastings. Dugdale makes no mention of him, but Camden says that Humfrey, one of his descendants, was summoned to Parliament, 26th Jan. 25 Edw. I. (1297). It is doubtful, however, whether that writ can be deemed a regular writ of summons to Parliament, for reasons amply detailed in the *Synopsis of the British Peerage* (Art. 'Fitz-John'). A writ was subsequently addressed to him as '*Humfry Fitz-Vicari, Chiv.*' 8th Jan. 6 Edw. II. (1313), and his descendants appear to have been regularly summoned as late as 5 & 6

of Philip and Mary, 1557-58. Soon after which, Peter Fitz-Vicari dying, *s.p.m.*, this Barony went into abeyance between his two daughters, Joan, married to Henry de Truefit, of Fullbottom, and Alice, wife of Roger Wigram, of Caxon Hall, in Wigton, co. Cumb. Esq., among whose representatives it is presumed to be still in abeyance.—T. I.

An eminent descendant of the family—one Mr. Vickary—was for many years a famous hairdresser, or tonsor, as the Oxonian experts call themselves, in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. He had the honour of ‘inventing’ Bear’s Grease.

‘*And to compromise—(spite of the Member for Bath).*’—P. 299.

‘As the elections of 1841 had been a last struggle,’ says Miss Martineau, ‘for the maintenance of the Whig Government, it was natural that bribery should abound; and it was believed that on this occasion the profligacy had exceeded all ordinary limits. Several cases had been brought before election committees for investigation; in particular the return of the member for Reading was objected to on the ground of bribery, and evidence was produced which went to substantiate the charges, when, in the midst of the business, the Committee was suddenly informed that the petitions were withdrawn. There was nothing to be done but for the Committee to declare the sitting members duly elected. Presently it was announced that one of the members for Reading was about to accept the Chiltern Hundreds. A similar proceeding followed in a second case, and a third, and a fourth! This was a degree of corruption not to be endured, and accordingly Mr. Roebuck, “the member for Bath,” after formal notice, addressed himself to Lord Chelsea, one of the members for Reading, and said that he had heard and believed that the inquiry before the Committee had been put an end to by a *compromise*; a bond having been entered into with the knowledge, if not in the names, of both the sitting members, to the effect that one or both of them should vacate his seat by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. The same charge was also made against the members for Nottingham, Lewes, Penryn, and Harwich. Most of the members appealed to gave the weakest possible reply. An attempt made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to divert the attack having failed, a committee of investigation was appointed, the immediate result of which was a refusal on the part of the Chancellor to confer the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds upon the member soliciting the appointment. The affair ended in Lord John Russell’s introducing a Bribery Bill,

one object of which was "to prevent such compromises as had lately disgraced the House."—See Martineau's *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 549.

‘—you must look at “*The Roll*,”
Which records the dispute,
And the subsequent suit,
Commenced in “*Thirteen sev’nty-five*.”’—P. 303.

Another yet more important suit connected with this ancient and honourable family has recently (May 4, 1869) been disposed of by the Committee for Privileges. Simon Thomas Scrope, Esq., of Dunby-on-Yore, co. York, claimed the Earldom of Wiltes, conferred by Richard II. on Sir William Scrope, eldest son of Richard Lord Scrope, of Bolton, with remainder to his heirs-male general. The claimant was admitted to have proved his descent as heir-male general to Sir William Scrope ; but, in the first place, the patent was adjudged to have been originally invalid ; and, secondly, the dignity was declared to have been subsequently forfeited. The committee therefore resolved that the claimant had not established his claim. Had he succeeded, he would have taken rank as premier earl.

FOR the legend that follows Father John has, it will be seen, the grave authority of a Romish Prelate. The good Father, who, as I have before had occasion to remark, received his education at Douai, spent several years, in the earlier part of his life, upon the Continent. I have no doubt but that during this period he visited Blois, and there, in all probability, picked up, in the very scene of its locality, the history which he has thus recorded.

THE LAY OF ST. ALOYS ¹

A LEGEND OF BLOIS

‘S. Heloïus in hâc urbe fuit episcopus, qui, defunctus, sepultus est a fidelibus. Nocte autem sequenti, veniens quidam paganus lapidem, qui sarco-phagum tegebat, revolvit, erectumque contra se corpus Sancti spoliare conatur. At ille lacertis constrictum ad se hominem fortiter amplexatur, et usque mane, populis spectantibus, tanquam constipatum loris ita miserum brachiis detinebat. . . . Judex loci sepulchri violatorem jubet abstrahi, et legali poenæ sententiâ condemnari; sed non laxabatur a Sancto. Tunc intelligens voluntatem defuncti, Judex, factâ de vitâ promissione, absolvit, deinde laxatur, et sic incolumis redditur : non vero fur demissus quin se vitam monastericam amplexurum spondidisset.’

Greg: Turonens: de Gloriâ Confessorum.

SAINT ALOYS

Was the Bishop of Blois
And a pitiful man was he ;
He grieved and he pined
For the woes of mankind,
And of brutes in their degree.
He would rescue the rat
From the claws of the cat,
And set the poor captive free ;
Though his cassock was swarming
With all sorts of vermin,
He'd not take the life of a flea !
Kind, tender, forgiving
To all things living,

¹ See *Note* at the end of the legend.

From injury still he'd endeavour to screen 'em,
 Fish, flesh or fowl,—no difference between 'em ;
 NIHIL PUTAVIT A SE ALIENUM.

The Bishop of Blois was a holy man,—
 A holy man was he !
 For Holy Church
 He'd seek and he'd search
 As a Bishop in his degree.
 From foe and from friend
 He'd 'rap and he'd rend,'
 To augment her treasure.
 Nought would he give and little he'd lend,
 That Holy Church might have more to spend.
 'Count Stephen'¹ (of Blois) 'was a worthy Peer,
 His breeches cost him but a crown,
 He held them sixpence all too dear,
 And so he called the Tailor lown.'
 Had it been the Bishop instead of the Count,
 And he'd overcharged him to half the amount,
 He had knocked that Tailor down !—
 Not for himself !—
 He despised the pelf :
 He dressed in sackcloth, he dined off delf ;
 And, when it was cold, in lieu of a *surtout*,
 The good man would wrap himself up in his virtue.²
 Alack ! that a man so holy as he,
 So frank and free in his degree,
 And so good and so kind, should mortal be !

¹ *Teste* Messire Iago, a distinguished subaltern in the Venetian service, *circa* A. D. 1580. His Biographer, Mr. William Shakspeare, a contemporary writer of some note, makes him say 'King Stephen,' inasmuch as the 'worthy peer' subsequently usurped the crown of England. The anachronism is a pardonable one.—*Mr. Simpinson of Bath*.—T. I.

² ———Meâ

Virtute me involvo.—HORACE.

Yet so it is—for loud and clear
From St. Nicholas' tower, on the listening ear,
 With solemn swell,
 The deep-toned bell
Flings to the gale a funeral knell.
 And hark!—at its sound,
 As a cunning old hound,
When he opens, at once causes all the young whelps
Of the cry to put in their less dignified yelps,
 So—the little bells all,
 No matter how small,
From the steeples both inside and outside the wall,
 With bell-metal throat
 Respond to the note,
And join the lament that a prelate so pious is
Forced thus to leave his disconsolate diocese ;
 Or, as Blois' Lord May'r
 Is heard to declare,
'Should leave this here world for to go to that there.'

And see, the portals opening wide,
From the Abbey flows the living tide ;
 Forth from the doors
 The torrent pours,
Acolytes, Monks, and Friars in scores,
This with his chasuble, that with his rosary,
This from his incense-pot turning his nose awry ;
 Holy Father and Holy Mother,
 Holy Sister and Holy Brother,
 Holy Son and Holy Daughter,
 Holy Wafer and Holy Water ;
 Every one drest
 Like a guest in his best,
In the smartest of clothes they're permitted to wear,
Serge, sackcloth, and shirts of the same sort of hair

As now we make use of to stuff an arm-chair,
 Or weave into gloves at three shillings a pair,
 And employ for shampooing in cases rheumatic,—a
 Special specific, I'm told, for Sciatica.

Through groined arch and by cloistered stone,
 With mosses and ivy long o'ergrown,

Slowly the throng
 Come passing along,

With many a chant and solemn song,
 Adapted for holidays, high-days and Sundays,—

Dies iræ and *De profundis*,
Miserere and *Domine dirige nos*,—

Such as I hear, to a very slow tune, are all
 Commonly chanted by Monks at a funeral,

To secure the defunct's repose ;

And to give a broad hint to Old Nick, should the news
 Of a prelate's decease bring him there on a cruise,
 That he'd better be minding his P's and his Q's,
 And not come too near,—since they can, if they choose,
 Make him shake in his hoofs—as he does not wear shoes.

Still on they go,

A goodly show,

With footsteps sure though certainly slow,
 Two by two, in a very long row ;

With feathers, and Mutes

In mourning suits,

Undertaker's men walking in hat-bands and boots :

Then comes the Crosier, all jewels and gold,

Borne by a lad about eighteen years old ;

Next, on a black velvet cushion, the Mitre,

Borne by a younger boy, 'cause it is lighter.

Eight Franciscans, sturdy and strong,

Bear, in the midst, the good Bishop along ;

Eight Franciscans, stout and tall,
Walk at the corners and hold up the pall ;
Eight more hold a canopy high over all,
With eight Trumpeters tooting the Dead March in Saul.
Behind, as Chief Mourner, the Lord Abbot goes, his
Monks coming after him, all with posies,
And white pocket-handkerchiefs up at their noses,
Which they blow whenever his Lordship blows his.
And oh ! 'tis a comely sight to see
How Lords and Ladies, of high degree,
Vail, as they pass, upon bended knee,
While quite as polite are the Squires and the Knights,
In their helmets, and hauberks and cast-iron tights.

Ay, 'tis a comely sight to behold,
As the company march
Through the rounded arch
Of that Cathedral old !—
Singers behind 'em, and singers before 'em,
All of them ranging in due decorum,
Around the inside of the *Sanctum Sanctorum* ;
While, brilliant and bright,
An unwonted light
(I forgot to premise this was all done at night)
The links, and the torches, and flambeaux shed
On the sculptured forms of the Mighty Dead
That rest below, mostly buried in lead,
And above recumbent in grim repose,
With their mailed hose
And their dogs at their toes,
And little boys kneeling beneath them in rows,
Their hands joined in pray'r, all in very long clo'es,
With inscriptions on brass, begging each who survives,
As they some of them seem to have led so-so lives,
To praie for the ~~Sowles~~ of themselves and their wives.—

The effect of the music, too, really was fine,
 When they let the good prelate down into his shrine,
 And by old and young
 The '*Requiem*' was sung ;
 Not vernacular French, but a classical tongue,
 That is—Latin—I don't think they meddle with Greek :
 In short, the whole thing produced—so to speak—
 What in Blois they would call a *coup d'œil magnifique* !

Yet, surely, when the level ray
 Of some mild eve's descending sun
 Lights on the village pastor, grey
 In years ere ours had well begun—

As there, in simplest vestment clad,
 He speaks beneath the churchyard tree,
 In solemn tones,—but yet not sad,—
 Of what Man is—what Man shall be !

And clustering round the grave, half hid
 By that same quiet churchyard yew,
 The rustic mourners bend, to bid
 The dust they loved a last adieu—

That ray, methinks, that rests so sheen
 Upon each briar-bound hillock green,
 So calm, so tranquil, so serene,
 Gives to the eye a fairer scene,—
 Speaks to the heart with holier breath—
 Than all this pageantry of Death.

But '*chacun à son gout*'—this is talking at random ;
 We all know '*De gustibus non disputandum* !'

So canter back, Muse, to the scene of your story,—
 The Cathedral of Blois—
 Where the Sainted Aloys
 Is by this time, you'll find, 'left alone in his glory.'
 'In the dead of the night,' though with labour opprest,
 Some 'mortals' disdain 'the calm blessings of rest':
 Your cracksman, for instance, thinks night-time the best
 To break open a door or the lid of a chest;
 And the gipsy who close round your premises prowls,
 To ransack your hen-roost and steal all your fowls,
 Always sneaks out at night with the bats and the owls;
 So do Witches and Warlocks, Ghosts, Goblins and
 Ghouls,
 To say nothing at all of those troublesome 'Swells'
 Who come from the playhouses, 'flash-kens' and 'hells,'
 To pull off people's knockers and ring people's bells.

Well—'tis now the hour
 Ill things have power,
 And all who, in Blois, entertain honest views,
 Have long been in bed and enjoying a snooze;
 Nought is waking
 Save Mischief and 'Faking,'¹
 And a few who are sitting up brewing or baking,
 When an ill-looking Infidel, sallow of hue,
 Who stands in his slippers some six feet two
 (A rather remarkable height for a Jew),
 Creeps cautiously out of the churchwarden's pew,
 Into which, during service, he'd managed to slide himself,
 While all were intent on the anthem, and hide himself.

¹ 'Nix my dolly, pals, *Fake* away!'—words of deep and mysterious import in the ancient language of Upper Egypt, and recently inscribed on the sacred standard of Mohammed Ali. They are supposed to intimate, to the initiated in the art of Abstraction, the absence of all human observation, and to suggest the propriety of making the best use of their time—and fingers.—T. I.

The quotation is from a song introduced into Harrison Ainsworth's story of *Jack Sheppard*, and which became very popular when the work was dramatized.

From his lurking place,
 With stealthy pace,
 Through the 'long-drawn aisle' he begins to crawl,
 As you see a cat walk on the top of a wall,
 When it's stuck full of glass and she thinks she shall fall ;
 He proceeds to feel
 For his flint and his steel
 (An invention on which we've improved a great deal
 Of late years—the substitute best to rely on
 's what Jones of the Strand calls his *Pyrogeneion*) ;
 He strikes with despatch !—his
 Tinder catches !—
 Now where is his candle ?—and where are his matches ?—
 'Tis done !—they are found !—
 He stands up, and looks round
 By the light of a 'dip' of sixteen to the pound !
 —What is it that now makes his nerves to quiver,
 His hand to shake, and his limbs to shiver ?—
 Fear ?—Pooh !—it is only a touch of the liver.
 All is silent—all is still—
 It's 'gammon'—it's 'stuff !'—he may do what he will !
 Carefully now he approaches the shrine,
 In which, as I've mentioned before, about nine,
 They had placed in such state the lamented Divine !
 But not to worship—No !—No such thing !—
 His aim is—TO 'PRIG' THE PASTORAL RING !!

 Fancy his fright,
 When, with all his might
 Having forced up the lid, which they'd not fastened quite,
 Of the marble sarcophagus—'all in white'
 The dead Bishop started up, bolt upright
 On his hinder end, and grasped him so tight
 That the clutch of a kite,
 Or a bull-dog's bite,

When he's most provoked and in bitterest spite,
 May well be conceived in comparison slight,
 And having thus 'tackled' him—blew out his light!!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

The fright and the fear!

No one to hear!—nobody near!

In the dead of the night!—at a bad time of year!
 A defunct Bishop squatting upright on his bier,
 And shouting so loud that the drum of his ear
 He thought would have split as these awful words met it—
 'AH, HA! MY GOOD FRIEND!—DON'T YOU WISH YOU
 MAY GET IT?'

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

'*Twas* a night of fear!

—I should just like to know, if the boldest man here,
 In his situation, would not have felt queer?

The wretched man bawls,

And he yells and he squalls,

But there's nothing responds to his shrieks, save the walls,
 And the desk, and the pulpit, the pews and the stalls.

Held firmly at bay,

Kick and plunge as he may,

His struggles are fruitless—he can't get away;
 He really can't tell what to do or to say,
 And, being a Pagan, don't know how to pray;
 Till, through the east window, a few streaks of grey
 Announce the approach of the dawn of the day!

Oh, a welcome sight

Is the rosy light

Which lovelily heralds a morning bright,
 Above all to a wretch kept in durance all night
 By a horrid dead gentleman holding him tight,—

Of all sorts of gins that a trespasser can trap,
 The most disagreeable kind of a man-trap !
 Oh ! welcome that bell's
 Matin chime, which tells
 To one caught in this worst of all possible snares
 That the hour has arrived to begin Morning Prayers,
 And the monks and the friars are coming down-stairs !

Conceive the surprise
 Of the choir—how their eyes
 Are distended to twice their original size,—
 How some begin bless,—some anathematize,—
 And all look on the thief as Old Nick in disguise ;
 While the mystified Abbot cries, ' Well !—I declare !
 This is really a very mysterious affair !—
 Bid the bandy-legged Sexton go run for the May'r !'

The Mayor and his *suite*
 Are soon on their feet,
 (His Worship kept house in the very same street :)
 At once he awakes,
 ' His compliments ' makes,
 ' He'll be up at the Church in a couple of shakes !'
 Meanwhile the whole Convent is pulling and hauling,
 And bawling, and squalling,
 And terribly mauling
 The thief whose endeavour to follow his calling
 Had thus brought him into a grasp so enthralling.
 Now high, now low,
 They drag ' to and fro,'—
 Now this way now that way they twist him—but, No !
 The glazed eye of St. Aloys distinctly says, ' Poh !
 You may pull as you please, I shall *not* let him go !'
 Nay, more ;—when his Worship at length came to say
 He was perfectly ready to take him away,

And fat him to grace the next *Auto-da-fé*,
 Still closer he prest
 The poor wretch to his breast,
 While a voice—though his jaws still together were
 jammed—
 Was heard from his chest, ‘If you do, I’ll——’ here
 slammed
 The great door of the Church,—with so awful a sound
 That the close of the good Bishop’s sentence was
 drowned !

Out spake *Frère Jehan*,
 A pitiful man,
 Oh ! a pitiful man was he !
 And he wept, and he pined
 For the sins of mankind,
 As a Friar in his degree.
 ‘Remember, good gentlefolks,’ so he began,
 ‘Dear Aloys was always a pitiful man !
 That voice from his chest
 Has clearly exprest
 He has pardoned the culprit ;—and, as for the rest,
 Before you shall burn him—he’ll see you all blest !’

The Monks, and the Abbot, the Sexton and Clerk
 Were exceedingly struck with the Friar’s remark,
 And the Judge, who himself was by no means a shark
 Of a Lawyer, and did not do things in the dark,
 But still leaned (having once been himself a gay spark)
 To the merciful side,—like the late Alan Park,¹—

¹ Sir James Alan Park was a remarkable judge, and a very merciful one. He was regarded as a very good man, and spoken of irreverently as ‘a bit of a saint.’ When another James Park was made a junior judge, the wits of Westminster Hall, to distinguish the two, called the former ‘Saint James Park,’ and the new judge the ‘Green Park.’ Among the numerous anecdotes told of James Alan, is one amusingly illustrative of the ‘Bathos, or art of

Agreed that, indeed,
 The best way to succeed
 And by which this poor caitiff alone could be freed,
 Would be to absolve him and grant a free pardon,
 On a certain condition, and that not a hard one,
Viz.—‘ That he, the said Infidel, straightway should ope
 His mind to conviction and worship the Pope,
 And “ ev’ry man Jack ” in an amice or cope ;—
 And that, to do so,
 He should forthwith go
 To Rome, and salute there his Holiness’ toe ;
 And never again
 Read Voltaire, or Tom Paine,
 Or Percy Bysshe Shelley, or Lord Byron’s Cain ;—
 His pilgrimage o’er, take St. Francis’s habit ;—
 If anything lay about, never to “ nab ” it ;
 Or, at worst, if he *should* light on articles gone astray,
 To be sure and deposit them safe in the Monast’ry ! ’

 The oath he took :
 As he kissed the book,
 Nave, transept, and aisle with a thunder-clap shook !
 The Bishop sank down with a satisfied look,
 And the Thief, released
 By the Saint deceased,
 Fell into the arms of a neighbouring Priest !

 It skills not now
 To tell you how
 The transmogrified Pagan performed his vow ;

sinking in poetry,’ or rhetoric, occasionally displayed by him on the Bench. He was addressing a county grand jury, when the calendar contained the name of a person of some position who was accused of murder. The interest of the audience was intense during the delivery of the judge’s charge, and had attained its highest pitch, when, after having analyzed the evidence, he emphatically added—there was only one thing more to which he wished to draw their attention, and that was, that, whenever he rose from his desk, a nail, which was sticking out at the side, was perpetually catching his gown.

How he quitted his home,
Travelled to Rome,
And went to St. Peter's and looked at the Dome,
And obtained from the Pope an assurance of bliss,
And kissed—whatever he gave him to kiss—
Toe, relic, embroidery, nought came amiss ;
And how Pope Urban
Had the man's turban
Hung up in the Sistine chapel, by way
Of a relic—and how it hangs there to this day.
Suffice it to tell,
Which will do quite as well,
That the whole of the Convent the miracle saw ;
And the Abbot's report was sufficient to draw
Ev'ry *bon Catholique* in *la belle France* to Blois,
Among others, the Monarch himself, François,
The Archbishop of Rheims, and his ' Pious Jack-daw ' ;
And there was not a man in Church, Chapel or Meeting-
house,
Still less in *Cabaret*, Hotel or Eating-house,
But made an oration,
And said, ' In the nation
If ever a man deserved canonization,
It was the kind, pitiful, pious Aloys.'
So the Pope says,—says he,
' Then a Saint he shall be ! '—
So he made him a Saint,—and remitted the fee.

What became of the Pagan I really can't say ;
But I think I've been told,
When he'd entered their fold,
And was now a Franciscan some twenty days old,
He got up one fine morning before break of day,
Put the *Pyx* in his pocket—and then ran away.

MORAL

I think we may coax out a moral or two
 From the facts which have lately come under our view.
 First—Don't meddle with Saints !—for you'll find if you do,
 They're what Scotch people call, 'kittle cattle to shoe' ;
 And when once they have managed to take you in tow,
 It's a deuced hard matter to make them let go !

Now to you, wicked Pagans ! who wander about,
 Up and down Regent Street every night, 'on the scout,'—
 Recollect the Police keep a sharpish look-out,
 And, if once you're suspected, your skirts they will stick to,
 Till they catch you at last *in flagrante delicto* !

Don't the inference draw

That, because he of Blois

Suffered *one* to bilk 'Old father Antic the Law,'
Our May'rs and *our* Aldermen—and we've a City full—
 Show themselves, at *our* Guildhall, quite so pitiful !

Lastly,—as to the Pagan who played such a trick,
 First assuming the tonsure then cutting his stick,
 There is but one thing which occurs to me—that
 Is,—Don't give too much credit to people who 'rat !'

Never forget

Early habit's a net

Which entangles us all, more or less, in its mesh ;
 And 'What's bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh !'
 We must all be aware Nature's prone to rebel ; as
 Old Juvenal tells us, '*Naturam expellas,*

Tamen usque recurret !'

There's no making Her rat !

So that all that I have on this head to advance
 Is,—whatever they think of these matters in France,
 There's a proverb, the truth of which each one allows here,
 'YOU NEVER CAN MAKE A SILK PURSE OF A SOW'S EAR !'

NOTE

THE LAY OF ST. ALOYS

ST. ALOYS was a worker in metals, and master of the mint to Kings Clothaire and Dagobert. Indeed, in tastes and achievements he bore a great resemblance to our St. Dunstan; certain legends—for instance, the seizing the devil by the nose with a pair of red-hot pincers—being common to both. Of the French saint it is recorded, that, finding a horse he was employed in shoeing persistently restive, he quietly cut off the animal's leg, finished the job, and then replaced the limb.

A legend somewhat similar to the 'Lay of St. Aloys' appears in the note-book of Thomas Ingoldsby. It is extracted from *Reginaldi Monachi Dunelmensis libellus de admirandis S. Cuthberti virtutibus*, printed among the *Surtees Tracts*, from the Durham MS., and is to this effect:—'Cospatric Fitz-Ulpha,—a knight of this name, during an inroad by William king of Scots, brings, like many others, a large chest of valuables to be deposited for safety in St. Cuthbert's monastery, and places his property under the especial protection of the Saint. By means of false keys, a person connected with the priory introduces himself into the building at night, picks the locks of the strong-box, abstracts a bag of money, and relocks the chest. St. Cuthbert is scandalized, and interferes. Though there are five doors to the vestibule the thief on his return is unable to find one of them. Whenever he approaches one it appears a solid wall and without a key-hole. Daylight appears and the monks are coming in to matins. The thief hides the bag in the belfry, taking out only a single coin, because whenever he attempts to take out more the bag closes round his wrist, and he is unable to extract it without first dropping the money from his hand; the penny first drawn out, however, he is enabled to retain. Morning dawns, the doors of the chapel are opened and he goes out, leaving the bag behind him. The next day, however, he returns and tries in vain to carry off the bag. Whenever he tries to conceal it under his coat it elongates and hangs down below. When he attempts to pass through a door, the door always shuts itself in his face. When he tries to extract the money, he finds it impossible, for the old reason—the mouth of the bag contracts, and he can't get anything out but the first and original penny. At length, worn out with trying, he gives up the experiment, and, as

he can get nothing better, takes the penny to a tavern-keeper, who, finding it to be a foreign coin of a country at enmity with England, suspects the owner to be no true man. The coin is handed about till it is shown to one of Cospatric's servants, who remembers having seen several such in his master's possession. The lad mentions the fact to his master, who is persuaded with some difficulty to go and examine the box. It is found locked and apparently secure, but, on opening it and turning up the superincumbent vestments, *etc.*, the bag is found to have been extracted. The thief is arrested, and at first denies stoutly that he knows anything about the robbery, but, on a promise of pardon, at length confesses and tells the whole story. Cospatric at first wishes to hang him, notwithstanding his promise, but his cousin of the same name interferes (being an ecclesiastic belonging to the same Church), and rescues the offender from death, to make him a very pious monk of their fraternity.

‘Unde omnes gazas suas ad Ecclesias S^{ti}. Cuthberti in provinciâ illâ deferunt, quia eas omnino lædere vel contingere nulli latrocinantium præsumunt.’

ONE more legend, and then, gentle Reader, 'A Merry Christmas to you and a Happy New Year!' We have travelled over many lands together, and had many a good-humoured laugh by the way;—if we have occasionally been 'more merry than wise,' at least we have not jostled our neighbours on the road, much less have we kicked any one into a ditch.

So wishing you heartily all the compliments of the season, and thanking you cordially for your good company, I, Thomas Ingoldsby, bid you heartily farewell, and leave you in that of [Saint Medard].

[St. Medard was born anno Domini 457, at Salenci, near Noyon. To him is attributed the foundation of the prize of virtue for young girls, distributed annually 'à la Rosière de Salenci,' in imitation of which many similar institutions have been established in other places. Of his adventure with the 'buffalo bag' I can find no more authentic record than the following.]

THE LAY OF SAINT MEDARD

A LEGEND OF AFRIC

‘Heus tu ! inquit Diabolus, hei mihi ! fessis insuper humeris reponenda est sarcina ; fer opem quæso !’

‘Le Diable a des vices ;—c’est là ce qui le perd.—Il est gourmand. Il eut dans cette minute-là l’idée de joindre l’âme de Medard aux autres âmes qu’il allait emporter.—Se rejeter en arrière, saisir de sa main droite son poignard, et en percer l’outre avec une violence et une rapidité formidable,—c’est ce que fit Medard.—Le Diable poussa un grand cri. Les âmes délivrés s’enfuirent par l’issue que le poignard venait de leur ouvrir, laissant dans l’outre leurs noirceurs, leurs crimes, et leurs méchancetés,’ *etc. etc.*

IN good King Dagobert’s palmy days,
When Saints werè many and sins were few,
Old Nick, ’tis said,
Was sore bested
One evening,—and could not tell what to do.

He had been East and he had been West,
And far had he journeyed o’er land and sea ;
For women and men
Were warier then,
And he could not catch one where he’d now catch three.

He had been North and he had been South,
From Zembla’s shores unto far Peru,
Ere he filled the sack
Which he bore on his back—
Saints were so many and sins so few !

The way was long and the day was hot ;
His wings were weary ; his hoofs were sore ;
And scarce could he trail
His nerveless tail,
As it furrowed the sand on the Red Sea shore !

The day had been hot and the way was long ;
Hoof-sore, and weary, and faint, was he ;
He lowered his sack,
And the *heat of his back*,
As he leaned on a palm trunk, blasted the tree !

He sat himself down in the palm-tree's shade,
And he gazed and he grinned, in pure delight,
As he peeped inside
The buffalo's hide
He had sewn for a sack, and had crammed so tight.

For, though he'd ' gone over a good deal of ground,'
And game had been scarce, he might well report
That, still, he had got
A decentish lot,
And had had, on the whole, not a bad day's sport.

He had picked up in France a *Maître de Danse*,—
A *Maîtresse en titre*,—two smart *Grisettes*,—
A Courtier at play,—
And an English *Roué*,
Who had bolted from home without paying his debts.

He had caught in Great Britain a Scrivener's clerk,—
A Quaker,—a Baker,—a Doctor of Laws,—
And a Jockey of York :
But Paddy from Cork
' Desaved the ould divil ' and slipped through his claws !

In Moscow, a Boyar knouting his wife—
A Corsair's crew, in the Isles of Greece—
And, under the dome
Of St. Peter's, at Rome,
He had snapped up a nice little Cardinal's Niece.

He had bagged an Inquisitor fresh from Spain—
A mendicant Friar—of Monks a score ;
A grave Don or two,
And a Portuguese Jew,
Whom he nabbed while clipping a new moidore.

And he said to himself, as he licked his lips,
' Those nice little Dears !—what a delicate roast !—
Then, that fine fat Friar,
At a very quick fire,
Dressed like a Woodcock and served on toast ! '

At the sight of tit-bits so toothsome and choice
Never did mouth water more than Nick's ;
But,—alas ! and alack !—
He had stuffed his sack
So full that he found himself quite ' in a fix ' :

For all he could do or all he could say,
When, a little recruited, he rose to go,
Alas ! and alack !
He could *not* get the sack
Up again on his shoulders, ' whether or no ! '

Old Nick looked East, Old Nick looked West,
With many a stretch, and with many a strain,
He bent till his back
Was ready to crack,
And he pulled, and he tugged,—but he tugged in vain.

Old Nick looked North, Old Nick looked South ;
—Weary was Nicholas, weak and faint,—
And he was aware
Of an old man there,
In Palmer's weeds, who looked much like a Saint.

Nick eyed the Saint,—then he eyed the Sack,
The greedy old glutton!—and thought, with a grin,
' Dear heart alive !
If I could but contrive
To pop that elderly gentleman in !

' For, were I to choose among all the *ragoûts*
The *cuisine* can exhibit—flesh, fowl or fish,—
To myself I can paint
That a barbecued Saint
Would be for my palate the best side-dish !'

Now St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile,
In a Pyramis fast by the lone Red Sea.
(We call it 'Semiramis,'
Why not say Pyramis ?
Why should we change the S into a D ?)

St. Medard, he was a holy man,
A holy man I ween was he,
And even by day,
When he went to pray,
He would light up a candle that all might see !

He *salaamed* to the East,—He *salaamed* to the West ;
Of the gravest cut and the holiest brown
Were his Palmer's weeds ;
And he fingered his beads
With the right side up and the wrong side down.

(Hiatus in MS. valde deflendus)

St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile ;—
He had been living there years fourscore,—
And now, 'taking the air,
And saying a pray'r,'
He was walking at eve on the Red Sea shore.

Little he deemed—that Holy man !—
Of Old Nick's wiles and his fraudulent tricks,
When he was aware
Of a Stranger there,
Who seemed to have got himself into a fix. .

Deeply that Stranger groaned and sighed,
That wayfaring Stranger, grizzly and grey :—
'I can't raise my sack
On my poor old back !
Oh ! lend me a lift, kind Gentleman, pray !

'For I have been East, and I have been West,
Footsore, weary, and faint am I,
And, unless I get home
Ere the Curfew bome,
Here in this desert I well may die !'

'Now Heaven thee save !'—Nick winced at the words,
As ever he winces at words divine—
'Now Heaven thee save !
What strength I have,—
It's little, I wis,—shall be freely thine !

'For foul befall that Christian man
Who shall fail in a fix,—woe worth the while !—

His hand to lend,
To foe or to friend,
Or to help a lame dog over a stile !'

St. Medard hath booned himself for the task :
To hoist up the sack he doth well begin ;
But the fardel feels
Like a bag full of eels,
For the folks are all curling and kicking within.

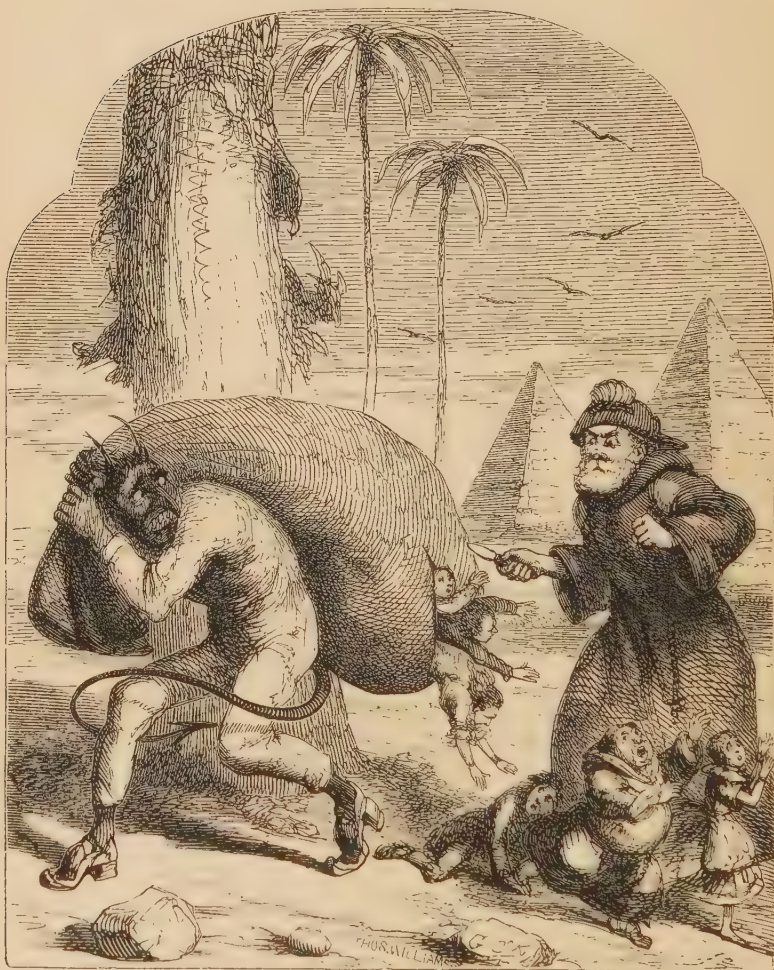
St. Medard paused—he began to 'smoke' ;
For a Saint—if he isn't exactly a cat—
Has a very good nose,
As this world goes,
And not worse than his neighbours for 'smelling a rat.'

The Saint looked up, and the Saint looked down ;
He '*smelt*' the rat,' and he '*smoked*' the trick ;
When he came to view
His comical shoe,
He saw in a moment his friend was Nick !

He whipped out his oyster-knife, broad and keen—
A Brummagem blade which he always bore,
To aid him to eat,
By way of a treat,
The 'natives' he found on the Red Sea shore :—

He whipped out his Brummagem blade so keen,
And he made three slits in the buffalo's hide,
And all its contents,
Through the rents and the vents,
Came tumbling out,—and away they all hied !

Away went the Quaker,—away went the Baker,—
Away went the Friar—that fine fat Ghost,



Whose marrow Old Nick
Had intended to pick,
Dressed like a Woodcock and served on toast!



Away went the nice little Cardinal's Niece,—
And the pretty *Grisettes*,—and the Dons from Spain,—
And the Corsair's Crew,
And the coin-clipping Jew,—
And they scampered, like lamplighters, over the plain !

Old Nick is a black-looking fellow at best,
Ay, e'en when he's pleased ; but never before
Had he looked *so* black
As on seeing his sack
Thus cut into slits on the Red Sea shore.

You may fancy his rage and his deep despair,
When he saw himself thus befooled by one
Whom, in anger wild,
He profanely styled
' A stupid, old, snuff-coloured Son of a gun !'

Then his supper—so nice!—that had cost him such pains—
Such a hard day's work—now 'all on the go !'
'Twas beyond a joke,
And enough to provoke
The mildest and best-tempered Fiend below !

Nick snatched up one of those great big stones,
Found in such numbers on Egypt's plains,
And he hurled it straight
At the Saint's bald pate,
To knock out 'the gruel he called his brains.'

Straight at his pate he hurled the weight,
The crushing weight of that great big stone ;
But Saint Medard
Was remarkably hard,
And solid, about the parietal bone ;

And, though the whole weight of that great big stone
Came straight on his pate, with a great big thump,
It failed to graze
The skin,—or to raise
On the tough epidermis a lump or bump !

As the hail bounds off from the pent-house slope,—
As the cannon recoils when it sends its shot,—
As the finger and thumb
Of an old woman come
From the kettle she handles, and finds too hot ;—

Or, as you may see, in the Fleet, or the Bench,—
Many folks do in the course of their lives,—
The well-struck ball
Rebound from the wall,
When the Gentlemen jail-birds are playing at ‘fives’ ;

All these,—and a thousand fine similes more,—
Such as all have heard of, or seen, or read
Recorded in print,
May give you a hint
How the stone bounced off from St. Medard’s head !

And it curled, and it twirled, and it whirled in air,
As this great big stone at a tangent flew !
Just missing his crown,
It at last came down
Plump upon Nick’s Orthopedical shoe !

Oh ! what a yell and a screech were there !—
How did he hop, skip, bellow and roar !
‘ Oh dear ! oh dear ! ’—
You might hear him here,
Though we’re such a way off from the Red Sea shore !

It smashed his shin, and it smashed his hoof,
 Notwithstanding his stout Orthopedical shoe ;
 And this is the way
 That, from that same day,
 Old Nick became what the French call *Boiteux* !



Quakers, and Bakers, *Grisettes*, and Friars,
 And Cardinals' Nieces,—wherever ye be,
 St. Medard bless !
 You can scarcely do less
 If you of your *corps* possess any *esprit*.

And mind and take care, yourselves, and beware
 How you get in Nick's buffalo bag !—if you do,
 I very much doubt
 If you'll ever get out,
 Now sins are so many and Saints so few !!

MORAL

Gentle Reader, attend
To the voice of a friend !

And, if ever you go to Herne Bay or Southend,
Or any gay Wat'ring-place outside the Nore,
Don't walk out at eve on the lone sea-shore !
—Unless you're too Saintly to care about Nick,
And are sure that your head is sufficiently thick !

Learn not to be greedy !—and, when you've enough,
Don't be anxious your bags any tighter to stuff :
Recollect that good fortune too far you may push,
And, 'A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE
BUSH !'

Then turn not each thought to increasing your store,
Nor look always like 'Oliver asking for more !'

Gourmandise is a vice—a sad failing at least ;
So remember 'Enough is as good as a feast !'
And don't set your heart on 'stewed,' 'fried,' 'boiled,' or
'roast,'
Nor on delicate 'Woodcocks served up upon toast !'

Don't give people nick-names !—don't, even in fun,
Call any one 'snuff-coloured Son of a gun !'
Nor fancy, because a man *nous* seems to lack,
That, whenever you please, you can 'give him the sack !'

Last of all, as you'd thrive and still sleep in whole bones,
IF YOU'VE ANY GLASS WINDOWS, NEVER THROW
STONES !!

END OF VOL. II

